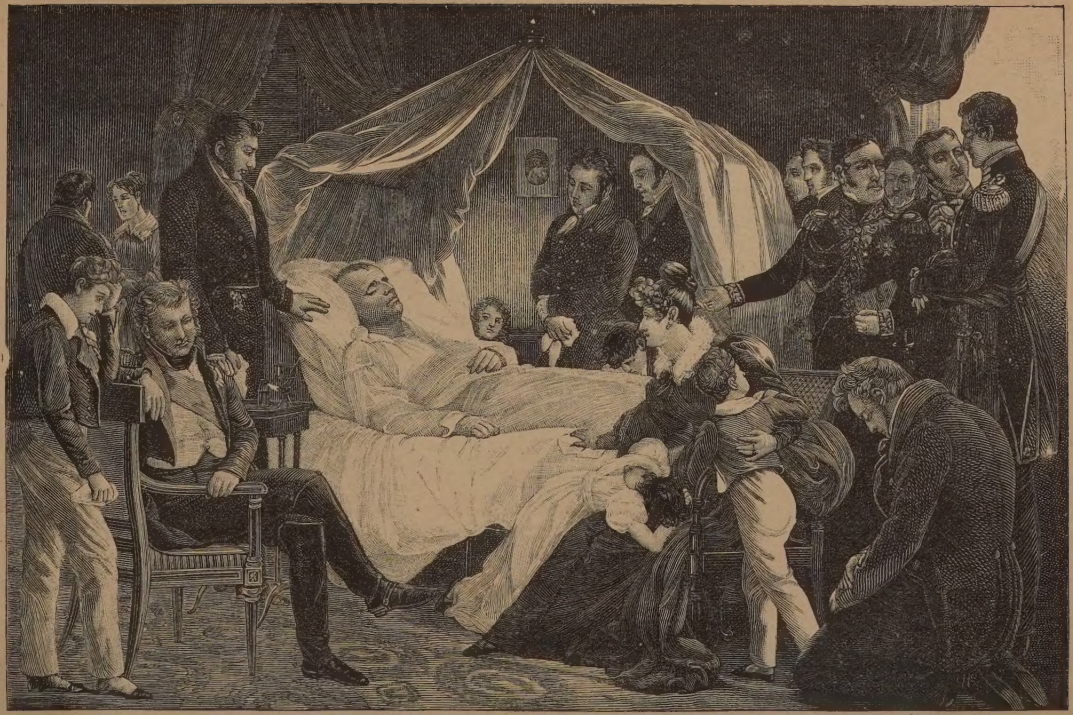
LIFE OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT



THE LAST EARTHLY MOMENTS OF NAPOLEON, May 5th, 1821.

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE:

THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO,

By SIR EDWARD CREASY.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF

NAPOLEON'S PARTING WITH JOSEPHINE.

THE DIARY OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN, DURING NAPOLEON'S PASSAGE TO ST. HELENA.

LIVES OF EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, QUEEN HORTENSE, AND CAROLINE BONAPARTE.

SOME PIQUANT LETTERS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT,

AND

A COPY OF NAPOLEON'S WILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES
VOL. III.

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THE STORY

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S DIVORCE

FROM THE

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

By NUGENT ROBINSON.

THE drama in real life performed on the great stage of France during the last years of the past and the earlier years of the present century, in which Napoleon Bonaparte played the principal *rôle*, is one of the most sensational the world ever beheld, and from the rising to the fall of the curtain the spectator who now witnesses it through the pages of history sits fascinated, inthralled, and almost breathless.

The heroine, so to speak, in this wondrous melodrama, is Josephine, *née* La Pagerie, a girl destined to wear the diadem of an Empress, and likewise destined to have it removed from her beauteous brow by "exigencies of state." With the inner history of this most memorable divorce this article has to deal, and, in order to lead up to it, I give a brief sketch of the character and career of the fascinating "daughter of destiny," who for many a long year held the greatest man of his age in the hollow of her shapely and dimpled hand.

The Marquis de Beauharnais, father of the general, who was the first husband of Madame Bonaparte, having been employed in a military capacity at Martinique, became attached to an aunt of Mme. Bonaparte's, with whom he returned to France, and whom he married in his old age.

This aunt brought her niece, Josephine de la Pagerie, to France. She conducted the girl's education and made use of her ascendency over her aged husband to marry the niece, at the age of fifteen, to young Beauharnais, her stepson. Although he married her against his inclination, there is no doubt that at one time he was very much attached to his wife. Of this marriage were born Eugene and Hortense.

When the revolution began, Beauharnais's love for his wife cooled. At the commencement of the Reign of Terror, M. de Beauharnais was still commanding in the French armies, and ceased to have relations with his wife.

It is not accurately known under what circumstances Josephine became acquainted with certain deputies of the Convention, but she had some influence with them; and as she was kind-hearted and obliging, she used it to do as much good to as many people as possible. From that time her reputation became sadly smirched, but her kindness, her grace, and the sweetness of her manner, proved omnipotent.

In those evil days, when everyone was forced to seek a place of safety from the persecutions by which all classes of society were beset, Mme. de Beauharnais was lost sight of. Her husband, being suspected by the Jacobins, had been thrown into prison in Paris, and condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. Josephine was also imprisoned, but escaped the guillotine, scandal averring through the influence of her personal charms. Being a friend of the beautiful Mme. Tallien, she was introduced into the society of the Directory, and was especially favored by Barras. Mme. Beauharnais had very little fortune, and her taste for dress and luxury rendered her dependent on those who could help her to indulge it. Without being precisely pretty, she possessed many personal charms. Her features were delicate; her expression was sweet; her mouth was very small, and concealed her bad teeth; her complexion was rather dark, but with the help of red and white, skillfuly applied, she remedied that defect; her figure was absolutely perfect; her limbs were flexible and delicate; her movements were very easy and elegant. La Fontaine's line could never have been more fitly applied than to her:

"Et la grâce, plus belle encore que la beauté."

She dressed with perfect taste, enhancing the beauty of what she wore; and with these advantages, and the constant care bestowed upon her attire, she contrived to avoid being eclipsed by the youth and beauty of many of the women by whom she was surrounded. To all this she added extreme kindness of heart, a remarkably even temper and great readiness to forget any wrong that had been done to her.

Josephine was not a person of remarkable intellect. A creole and frivolous, her education had been a good deal neglected; but she recognized her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation. She possessed true natural tact; she readily found pleasant things to say. Her memory was good—a useful quality for those in high position.

Unhappily she was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty rather than the influence of certain virtues. She carried complaisance to excess for his sake, and kept her hold on him by concessions which, perhaps, contributed to increase the contempt with which he habitually regarded woman. She might have taught him some useful lessons; but she feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything.

She was changeable, easy to move and easy to appease; incapable of prolonged emotion, of sustained attention, of serious reflection; and although her greatness did not turn her head, neither did it educate her. The bent of her character led her to console the unhappy; but she could only dwell on the troubles of individuals—she did not think of the woes of France. The genius of Bonaparte overawed her. She only criticised him in what concerned herself personally; in everything else she respected what he called "the force of his destiny." He exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with contempt for morality, and with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion; and he taught her the art of lying, which both he and she practiced with no little skill and effect.

It is said that she was the prize of his command of the Army of Italy. She has often stated that at that time Bonaparte was really in love with her. She hesitated between him, General Hoche and M. de Caulaincourt, who loved her. Bonaparte prevailed, and the fashionable world of Paris was surprised at learning that the widow of M. de Beauharnais was about to marry a man so little known as Bonaparte.

When questioned, in later years, as to what Bonaparte was like in his youth, she stated that he was then dreamy, silent and awkward in the society of women, but passionate and fascinating, although an odd person in every way. She charged the campaign of Egypt with having changed his temper, and developed that petty despotism from which she afterward suffered so keenly.

Letters written by Napoleon to Mme. Bonaparte at the time of the first Italian campaign are very singular. She accompanied him to Italy, but he sometimes left her with the rear-guard of the army until a victory had secured the safety of the road. The writing in these epistles is almost illegible; they are ill-spelled; the style is strange and confused. But there is in them such a tone of passionate feeling; their expressions are so animated, and, at the same time, so practical; they breathe a love so different from mere "amours," that there is no woman who would not have prized such letters. They formed a striking contrast with the graceful, elegant and measured style of M. de

Beauharnais. How strange it must have been for a woman to find herself one of the moving powers of the triumphant march of an army at a time when politics alone governed the actions of men! On the eve of one of his greatest battles, Bonaparte wrote: "I am far from you. It seems to me that I am surrounded by the blackest night. I need the lurid light of the thunderbolts which we are about to hurl upon our enemies to dispel the darkness into which your absence has thrown me. Josephine! you wept when I parted from you—you wept! At that thought all my being trembles. But calm yourself! Würmser shall pay dearly for tears I have seen you shed!" And on the morrow Würmser was beaten.

The enthusiasm with which General Bonaparte was received in beautiful Italy, the magnificence of the *fêtes*, the fame of his victories, and the wealth which every officer might acquire there, the unbounded luxury in which she lived, accustomed Mme. Bonaparte from that time forth to all the pomp with which she was afterward surrounded; and she acknowledged that nothing in her life ever equaled the emotions of that time, when love came (or seemed to come) daily to lay at her feet a new conquest over a people enraptured with their Emperor. It is, however, plain from these letters that Mme. Bonaparte, in the midst of this life of triumph, of victory, and of license, gave some cause for uneasiness to her husband. His letters, sometimes sullen and sometimes menacing, reveal torments of jealousy; and they abound in melancholy reflections, which betray his weariness of the fleeting delusions of life. It may have been that these misunderstandings—which outraged the first very keen feelings Bonaparte ever experienced—had a bad effect upon him and hardened him by degrees. Perhaps he would have been a better man if he had been more or better loved.

When, on his return from this brilliant campaign, the conquering general was obliged to exile himself to Egypt, to escape from the growing suspicion of the Directory, Mme. Bonaparte's position became both precarious and difficult. Her husband entertained serious doubts of her, and these were prompted by his brothers Joseph and Lucien, who dreaded the powerful influence that she might exercise through her son, who had accompanied Bonaparte. Her extravagant tastes led her into reckless expense, and she was continually harrassed by debts and duns.

Before leaving France, Bonaparte had directed her to purchase an estate; and as she wished to live in the neighborhood of Saint-Germain, where her daughter was being educated, she selected Malmaison. "There," says Mme. de Rémusat, whose memoirs as lady-in-waiting

to the Empress Josephine are most fascinating reading, "we met her again when we were residing for some months at the château of one of our friends, at a short distance from Malmaison. Mme. Bonaparte, who was naturally unreserved, and even indiscreet, had no sooner met my mother again, than she talked to her very freely about her absent husband, about her brothers-in-law—in fact, about a host of people who were utter strangers to us. Bonaparte was supposed to be almost lost to France, and his wife was neglected. My mother took pity on her; we showed her some attention, which she never forgot. At that time I was seventeen years of age, and I had been married one year. It was at Malmaison that Mme. Bonaparte showed us an immense quantity of pearls, diamonds and cameos, which at that time constituted the contents of her jewel-case. Even at that time it might have figured in a story of the 'Arabian Nights,' and it was destined to receive an immense accession." Invaded and grateful Italy had contributed to these riches, and the Pope also, as a mark of his appreciation of the respect with which the conqueror treated him by denying himself the pleasure of planting his flag upon the walls of Rome. The reception-rooms at Malmaison were sumptuously decorated with pictures, statues and mosaics, the spoils of Italy, and each of the generals who figured in the Italian campaign exhibited booty of the same kind.

Although she was surrounded with all these treasures, Mme. Bonaparte was often without money to meet her everyday expenses; and to get out of this difficulty she trafficked in her influence with the people in power at the time, and compromised herself by entering into imprudent relations. Dreadfully embarrassed, on worse terms than ever with her brothers-in-law, supplying too much reason for their accusations against her, and no longer counting on the return of her husband, she was strongly tempted to give her daughter in marriage to the son of Rewbell, a member of the Directory; but Mlle. de Beauharnais would not consent, and her opposition put an end to a project whose execution would doubtless have been highly displeasing to Bonaparte.

Presently a rumor of Bonaparte's arrival at Fréjus arose. He came back with his mind full of the evil reports that Lucien had repeated to him in his letters. His wife, on hearing of his disembarkation, set out to join him. She missed him, and had to retrace her steps and returned to her home in the Rue Chantereine some hours after his arrival there. She descended from her carriage in haste, followed by her son and daughter, and ran up the stairs leading to his room; but her surprise equaled her chagrin upon finding the door locked. She called to Bonaparte, and implored of him to open it. He replied

through the door that it should never again be opened for her. Then she wept, fell on her knees, implored for her sake and that of her two children: but all was profound silence around her, and several hours of the night passed over her in this dreadful suspense. At last, however, moved by her sobs and her perseverance, Bonaparte opened the door at about four o'clock in the morning, "and appeared," says Mme. de Rémusat, "as Mme. Bonaparte herself told me, with a stern countenance, which, however, betrayed that he too had been weeping." He bitterly reproached her with her conduct, her forgetfulness of him—all the real or imaginary sins of which Lucien had accused her—and concluded by announcing an eternal separation. Then turning to Eugene de Beauharnais, who was at that time about twenty years old, "As for you," he said "*you* shall not bear the burden of your mother's faults. You shall be always my son. I will keep you with me."

"No! no! general," replied Eugene; "I must share the ill-fortune of my mother, and from this moment I say farewell to you."

These words shook Bonaparte's resolution. He opened his arms to Eugene, weeping. His wife and Hortense knelt at his feet and embraced his knees, and in a few moments *all* was forgiven. In the explanation that ensued Mme. Bonaparte succeeded in clearing herself from the accusations of her brother-in-law, and Bonaparte, then burning to avenge her, sent for Lucien at seven o'clock in the morning, and had him, without any forewarning, ushered into the room where the husband and wife, entirely reconciled, occupied the same bed.

From that time Bonaparte desired his wife to break with Mme. Tallien and all the society of the Directory. The 18th Brumaire completely severed her connection with these individuals.

When he became Consul, the gentle and gracious qualities of his wife, which attracted many persons to his court whom his natural rudeness would have otherwise kept away, were of great service to him. To Josephine he intrusted the measures to be taken for the return of the emigrants. She was the first link that united the French nobility to the Consular Government.

In the year 1804 Bonaparte entertained serious thoughts of divorce. Josephine, having to complain of his continued infidelities, was forever having "scenes," not only with her husband, but with ladies whom he honored with his favors, and until her liege lord, in his imperiousness, nearly frightened her to death by allusions to separation for reasons of state. After a pitched battle on account of his *liaison* with a Mme.

N——, although Napoleon became reconciled to his wife, he startled her by exclaiming : " I have not the courage to come to a final decision, and if you let me see that you are too deeply afflicted—if you can render me obedience only—I feel that I shall have the strength to oblige you to leave me. I tell you plainly, however, that it is my earnest desire that you should resign yourself to the interests of my policy, and yourself spare me all the difficulties of a painful separation."

" The Empress told me," says Mme. de Rémusat, " that he wept bitterly while uttering the terrible words."

Josephine now resolved upon playing a part. She wanted to be crowned Empress of the French. Assuming the attitude of a resigned and submissive victim, she excited the jealous anger of all the Bonapartes by her gentle demeanor; yielding, sad, considerate of everybody, entirely obedient, but also skillful in availing herself of her ascendency over her husband, she reduced him to a condition of agitation and indecision from which he could not escape.

At length, one memorable evening, after long hesitation, during which the Empress suffered mental anguish and suspense, the Emperor told her that the Pope was about to arrive in Paris; that he would crown them both, and that she had better at once begin to prepare for the great ceremony. It is easy to picture to one's fancy the joy with which such a termination to all her misery filled the heart of the Empress, and also the discomfiture of the Bonapartes; for the Emperor had not failed to acquaint his wife, according to his usual custom, with the attempts that had been made to induce him to decide on a divorce. On this occasion the Empress confided to Mme. de Rémusat the ardent desire she had long felt to have her marriage, which had been civilly contracted, confirmed by a religious ceremony. She said that she had sometimes spoken of this to the Emperor, and although he had not evinced any repugnance, he had objected that, even if a priest were brought into the palace to perform the religious rite, it could not be done with sufficient secrecy to conceal the fact that, until then, they had not been married according to the Church. Either that was his real reason, or he wanted to hold this means of breaking his marriage in reserve for future use, should he consider it really advisable to do so. At any rate, he had rejected his wife's pleadings, firmly but mildly. She therefore determined to await the arrival of the Pope, being persuaded, very reasonably, that His Holiness would espouse her interest on such a point.

Two days before the coronation the grand chamberlain and keeper of the wardrobe submitted to the Empress the superb diadem which

had just been made for her. He found her in a state of delight and satisfaction which she could scarcely conceal from general notice. Presently she took him aside, and confided to him that, on the morning of the same day, an altar had been erected in the Emperor's cabinet, and that Cardinal Fesch had performed the marriage ceremony between herself and Bonaparte in the presence of two aides-de-camp. After the ceremony she had procured a written certificate of the marriage from the cardinal. She carefully preserved this document, and, notwithstanding all the Emperor's efforts to obtain it from her, she never could be induced to part with it.

When violent quarrels arose on the subject of the divorce, and the Empress went so far as to threaten her husband with the publication of the certificate in her possession, Cardinal Fesch was consulted upon the point. He repeatedly affirmed that the document was in good form, and that his conscience obliged him to declare the marriage so validly solemnized that it could not be broken otherwise than by an act of arbitrary authority. After the divorce the Emperor wanted to get possession of the document in question, but the cardinal advised the Empress not to part with it.

On the 2d of December the coronation took place. The Empress looked superb—she was in her forty-first year, having been born at Martinique on the 23d of June, 1763—and her head was fairly incrusted with diamonds. She wore her hair in countless curls, *à la* Louis XIV. She was attired in a white satin gown, and a court mantle of the same material, both profusely embroidered in mingled gold-and-silver. Her ornaments consisted of a diadem, a necklace, earrings, and a girdle of diamonds of immense value; all this gorgeousness was worn with her customary ease and grace.

The ceremony was grand and impressive. A general movement of admiration was noticeable at the moment the Empress was crowned. She was so unaffected, so graceful, as she advanced to the altar! She knelt down with such simple elegance that all eyes were delighted with the picture she presented. "When she had to walk from the altar to the throne," observes Mme. de Rémusat, "there was a slight altercation with her sisters-in-law, who carried her mantle with so ill a grace, and kept so tight a hold on it, that I observed at one moment the new-made Empress could not advance a step. The Emperor perceived this, and spoke a few sharp, short words to his sisters, which speedily brought them to reason."

Notwithstanding her husband's injunctions, the Empress could

never conform, in her own manner of life, to order or to etiquette. It was his desire that she should not deal directly with any shop, but on this point he was forced to yield. She had a mania for having her portrait taken, and would bestow it upon anyone whomsoever — relatives, friends, attendants, or even tradespeople. Diamonds, pearls, shawls, stuffs and finery of every kind were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and, for the most part, forgetting what she had purchased.

From the beginning she gave her lady of honor and her mistress of the robes to understand that they were not to interfere with her dress. She arranged everything with her dressers. There were six or eight of these. She rose at nine o'clock. Dressing was a very long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. This done, she put on a very elegant dressing-gown, trimmed with lace, and placed herself in the hands of the hair-dresser. Her undergarments were embroidered and trimmed with lace. She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore any but new stockings. If ladies went to her door while her hair was being dressed, she would have them admitted. When that stage was passed, large baskets were brought in, containing gowns, bonnets and shawls. In summer these gowns were of muslin or cambric, richly worked and trimmed; in winter they were of woolen materials or of velvet. She then selected her dresses for the day. In the morning she always wore a hat trimmed with flowers or feathers, and full gowns that wrapped her up a good deal. She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns or bedquilts, or cushions for her dog. She kept a shawl round her shoulders all the morning, and wore it with a grace never seen equaled. Bonaparte thought that she wrapped herself up too much, and would sometimes pull her shawl off and fling it on the fire; she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, whatever their price. She has been known to give eight, ten or twelve thousand francs for a Cashmere shawl. This was, in fact, one of the extravagances of the court; no one would condescend to wear a shawl that had cost only fifty louis, and the sums given for those worn by the court ladies were subjects of boasting.

The manner in which Mme. Bonaparte passed her life scarcely ever varied. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she worked scarcely at all, but never seemed to be dull. She did not care for theaters; the Emperor objected to her going to them without him, and receiving applause in which he did not share. She took walking exer-

cise only when at Malmaison—a residence on which she had spent large sums of money, to the great displeasure of Bonaparte. When he reproached her with this, Josephine would shed tears, promise to be more careful, and go on exactly as before. In the end Bonaparte had to pay.

Her evening toilet was conducted in the same manner as that of the morning. Everything was of the greatest elegance; a dress or a wreath was seldom worn a second time. The Empress's hair was generally dressed in the evening with flowers, pearls, or precious stones. She wore very low gowns, and the richer her attire the better she looked. The quietest party, the smallest dance, was an opportunity for ordering a new dress, in spite of the quantity of finery stored in each of the palaces; for she had a positive mania for hoarding. It would be impossible to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop in Paris there was always something being made for her. She wore lace trimmings worth forty, fifty and even a hundred thousand francs.

It seems almost incredible that this love of dress, which she could so fully gratify, never passed away. At Malmaison, after the divorce, she led the same luxurious life, and appeared in full dress even when she expected no one. On the day of her death, thinking that the Emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her, she desired her attendants to dress her in an elegant morning-gown. She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same color.

. . . . . .

The November of 1809 beheld a very constellation of crowned heads in Paris. The King of Wirtemberg, the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Holland, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the reigning princes of the Rhine Confederation, all had assembled in glittering Lutetia to pay their respects at the court of the Sovereign of Sovereigns. The concourse of monarchs was so great that the Count de Ségur, the noble who was destined to write the best and most reliable work on the fatal expedition to Russia in 1812—grand master of ceremonies—was compelled one morning to excuse himself for being late in his attendance upon the Emperor by pleading "an embarrassment of sovereigns."

It was in this crush of princes that the cruel operation, or sacrifice rather, of the divorce was to be consummated and, as if by a very mockery of destiny, the imperial court was never more brilliant than at the hour when its Empress was about to be compelled to leave its glittering glories forever.

The restraint and *gaucherie* of the Emperor, when he found himself

face to face with his resigned and unhappy wife, increased in proportion with the disquietude and vague preoccupation of Josephine, who was silently engaged in calling upon all her nerve-forces to support the impending and inevitable catastrophe. On his side, Napoleon, so prompt, so quick in decision that every second seemed a century, until even his most daring resolutions were carried into effect, still hesitated on the question of breaking with a woman who for fourteen years had been linked with his destinies, and who at once recalled the most brilliant days of his youth, of his passion, and of his glories.

The method, the right moment to select at which to inform Josephine of the fatal truth, the words, the medium, all seemed to render his embarrassment unendurable. This man, so accustomed to brave perils, to face obstacles, for the first time recoiled and became weak, timid and vacillating. A week had already elapsed since he had demanded the hand of the sister of the Czar of Russia, and yet he had not the pluck to utter to Josephine the painful declaration, which he postponed from day to day in the feeble hope that it might be forestalled by her voluntary devotion, for which he counted upon Prince Eugene, in addition to the latter's sympathy and devotion to the Empress in her hideous tribulation. The moment for breaking so tender and generous and loving a heart confronted him, and Napoleon cowered before the hand on the dial. The charm of the past came to him like a delicious perfume. He called up to his imagination the most delicious dreams of love and passion; of charming traits in her character, and he, who without an additional heart-beat, without the movement of a muscle, or the "passing tribute of a sigh," had seen many thousands perish on the battle-field, quailed before the thought of causing tears in the eyes of—a woman—only a woman! His love, which he had imagined extinct, revived at this the eleventh hour, and he was fain to apply to himself the line of Virgil:

"Dulciaque agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ."

Josephine was still very seductive—what Englishmen are pleased to term "awfully fetching!"—and her melancholy but served to add an additional and more potent charm. M. de Bausset, who assisted at this pathetic divorce-drama, thus depicts her: "The Empress at this crisis was forty-six years of age. It is impossible to conceive greater grace of manner or elegance of mien. Her eyes were perfectly enchanting, as indeed was every feature. Her smile was an absolute charm, coquettish yet bewitching; her face, as her voice, was soft and appealing; her figure was as noble as it was *svelte* and lissome, and

perfect in every detail. The most exquisite taste characterized her attire, and it was so deftly chosen as to cause her to look ten years younger than she really was. But all these wondrous attractions were flung into the shade by the goodness of her heart. Her mind was overflowing with the very honey of amiability, and though witty and full of repartee she never yet was known to hurt the susceptibilities of a human being, never having anything but what was agreeable to say. Her temper was equable, and ever sweet and sympathetic. Devoted to Napoleon, she impregnated him, without his being aware of it, with her sweetness and benevolence. Nature had endowed her with truth, and with an inner life of pure and noble sentiments. Very few women have possessed in the same degree the fascinating faculty of self-forgetfulness in their desire to aid and encourage others."

It was upon the 30th day of November, 1809, that Napoleon resolved upon breaking to Josephine the blighting intelligence of the divorce.

"What a scene for a tragedy!" said the Emperor, in subsequently speaking of what passed on that black day in the Palace of the Tuileries. M. de Bausset, prefect of the palace from November 27th, narrates the memorable scene of which he was one of the spectators and even one of the actors: "The Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," he says, "cut furrows into the face of the Empress, while a constrained silence hung upon Napoleon. If during dinner he broke the silence it was to put a few short questions to me. To the replies he paid little attention and vouchsafed no response. During these days the dinner only lasted ten minutes. The thunderstorm burst on Thursday the 30th."

Napoleon and Josephine dined together on the first *étage*, in a room adjoining the Emperor's private chamber. Josephine wore a large white hat, the flowing ribbons tied in so big a knot under her chin as to cover a portion of her face. Napoleon kept his eyes lowered, scarcely ever raising them. One only heard the noise of the plates and cutlery being removed or replaced by the officials on service. The two hosts did not even touch the dainties placed before them. The Emperor only broke the silence by asking of M. de Bausset the commonplace question, "What sort of weather is it?" Then he passed with the Empress into the large apartment designated by the name "Salon de l'Empereur," and which was situated between the Throne Room and the Gallery of Diana. The two most notable personages were alone, and face to face. Napoleon resolved upon speaking. He said that the safety of the Empire exacted a supreme resolution—a supreme sacrifice—and that he relied upon the devotion and the courage of Josephine to consent to

a divorce, to which he, after a most fearful mental struggle, had at last brought himself to consent. The Empress made no reply. She burst into a flood of tears and fell back in a swoon.

Napoleon then called M. de Bausset, who was close to the door, and who heard the one doleful cry of the Empress.

"Come in Bausset," called the Emperor, "and shut the door."

The prefect of the palace entered the *salon* and discovered Josephine prostrate on the floor, and now uttering the most piercing screams.

"No," she cried; "no. I shall not survive this!"

Then the Emperor said to M. de Bausset:

"Are you strong enough to lift the Empress and carry her to her apartments by the interior staircase that communicates with these, in order to afford her all the care and relief that her condition exacts?"

The prefect of the palace then took Josephine in his arms, while the Emperor opened the door of the *salon* and passed in advance into the dark passage which led to the little staircase.

This staircase was so straight that it was scarcely possible for a man laden with a bundle to descend without risking his neck. M. de Bausset having hinted this to Napoleon, the latter summoned the keeper of the door, who was posted at the top of the staircase. This functionary descended first, preceding the Emperor and M. de Bausset, one holding the legs and the other supporting the head of the Empress, and who, after having accomplished the descent without accident, but not without considerable trouble, arrived at the bed-chamber of the unfortunate sovereign, where they gently placed her upon the bed.

Napoleon furiously rang the bell, and the ladies of the bed-chamber having rushed in in hot haste, he retired, his eyes full of tears, and passed into the neighboring apartment, a visible prey to the most poignant emotion. In the paroxysm of his grief he so far thawed in his nature as to inform M. de Bausset of the cause of his anguish, and of the agonizing scene just witnessed, while uttering the half-pronounced words, choked with emotion: "The interest of France and of my dynasty has done outrage to my heart . . . divorce has become a supreme duty for me . . . I am the more afflicted at the scene that Josephine has made, since for three days she has been aware, through Hortense, of the horrible complication which has condemned me to separation from her. . . . I deplore it with all my soul. I thought she had more strength of character, and I was not prepared for these outbursts of grief."

Between each sentence he placed a long interval, and stopped short as if to catch his breath. Then he sent officials of the palace in search of

Corvisart, Queen Hortense, Fouché, Cambacèrés, and before returning to his own apartments he personally assured himself of Josephine's condition, whom he found more calm, more resigned, and whom he confided to the care of Dr. Corvisart. He received Fouché and Cambacèrés at the head of the staircase. Then he closeted himself with the Queen of Holland, and his interview with her was but a scene of renewed emotion.

At first, in speaking with the young Queen, Napoleon affected a certain hardness, as if to fortify himself against his actual tenderness.

"My decision is taken," he cried; "tears, screams, shall change nothing in a resolve that has become inevitable—a resolve absolutely essential to the safety of the Empire."

"Tears! cries!" responded Queen Hortense. "Sire, you shall not hear them. The Empress will not fail to submit to your wishes, and to descend from a throne as she ascended it, by virtue of your will. Her children, satisfied to resign grandeurs which did not bring happiness, will willingly devote their lives to the loving task of consoling the most tender and the best of mothers."

Napoleon, deeply moved, cried:

"This may not be. It would give rise to a rumor that there was secret discontent, you with me, or I with you, or against your mother and her family."

"In our exile," retorted Hortense, "we shall never forget what we owe to the Emperor."

Napoleon commenced to weep.

"What!" he sobbed. "*You* abandon me—you to whom I have been a father! No, you shall not do it. You will remain with me; the future of your children imposes this condition upon you.* However great the sacrifice on both sides, it must be accomplished with the dignity that the circumstances impose."

Napoleon then proceeded to explain all that he wished to do for Josephine, so as to make the situation, consequent upon the divorce, as rosy as possible. Palaces, châteaus, enormous revenues; the first rank next to that of reigning Empress, Josephine was to possess all these. Queen Hortense left Napoleon and repaired to her mother with a view to consoling her.

It was cruelly sad for Napoleon, as well as for Josephine, that night of November 30th merging into the 1st of December.

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* One of these children was destined to ascend the French throne as Napoleon III.—"The man of Sédan."

"The Emperor did not sleep a wink," Constant, his valet, informed M. de Bausset. He rose several times to ascertain for himself how the Empress really was. During all that night he never uttered a word, and his valet declared he had never beheld such mental grief.

In the morning, when the window-shutters were opened, Josephine called Mlle. Avrillon and said to her:

"My dear girl, approach my bed! I have a number of things to say to you; but first of all ascertain that the doors are all close shut!"

Then she related what had passed on the previous night. Her words were broken with sobbings. On beholding Mlle. Avrillon's consternation, Josephine excused the Emperor.

"He is desolated at having to separate from me. He has given me proofs of it. He wept like a child, crying, 'It is the greatest sacrifice I could make for France.' Yes, I *feel* that he requires an heir to his glory, a child to consolidate his Empire. He has told Hortense that he will be always the same to her and to Eugene, and that he will very often come to visit me in my retreat. He has sworn that he will never exact that I shall leave France. He will permit me to occupy Malmaison. He desires that I shall be treated with the highest consideration, and that I shall have an enormous revenue at my disposal."

The good Empress did not allow a single word against the Emperor to escape her. She was, in fact, much more desirous of pitying than of accusing him.

The sovereign then arose as usual, but the few people in the secret surrounding her were discreet. They spread the report that the Empress had been ill; they did not say that she knew that she was about to be repudiated.

Friday, the 15th of December, was the day chosen by the Emperor for the dissolution of his civil marriage. At nine o'clock in the evening Napoleon, Josephine, King Louis, King Jerome, King Murat; the Queens of Spain, Holland, Naples and Westphalia; the Princes Pauline Borghese and Prince Eugene; Prince Cambacérès; the Duke de Parma, archchancellor of the empire; and the Count Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, minister of state and secretary of state to the imperial family, found themselves gathered together in the Palace of the Tuileries, in the apartment known as the Grand Cabinet of the Emperor's Salon, situated between the Throne Room and the Gallery of Diana. Napoleon, deeply agitated, read the following, in a voice deep, hoarse and faltering: "My cousin, prince archchancellor, I sent you this morning an autograph letter, dated to-day, ordering you to attend here, with the view of acquainting you of a resolve taken by myself

and my dear wife, the Empress. I am exceedingly pleased that the kings, queens, and princesses, my brothers and sisters, my brothers and sisters-in-law, stepdaughter, and my stepson become my son by adoption, also my mother, are here present to hear what I have to communicate to you. The policy of my monarchy, the interest and requirements of my people, which have ever guided my actions, demand, that in succession to me I shall leave children, heirs of my love for the people of this throne whereon Providence has placed me. For, now many years, I have lost hope of having children of my marriage with my well-beloved spouse the Empress Josephine. It is this unhappy condition of affairs which impels me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart and to hearken to naught save the welfare of the state, and to design—if not to desire—the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may safely nurse the hope of living long enough to rear, after my own mode of education, such children as it may please Providence to send me. God only knows what such a resolve has cost my heart! But there is no sacrifice, however great, beyond my courage, when such a sacrifice is conducive to the interests and well-being of France." From the commencement of the reading of this document Josephine had betrayed the most acute nervousness. She was pale and trembling, and kept clutching at her dress as though she would pluck pieces out of it. When Napoleon came to read the following a paleness of death overspread her handsome features, while her lips became almost blue, and the ladies surrounding her prepared for a faint, if not death itself. "I wish to add," said the Emperor, in a quivering voice, "that far from having any fault, I have nothing but admiration and praise for my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, the souvenirs of which will ever remain engraven on my heart. She has been crowned by my hand. I wish that she shall retain the rank and title of Empress, and above all, that she shall never doubt my affection for her, and that she will always consider me as her best, dearest and truest friend."

It was now Josephine's turn to speak. She made several frantic efforts. She failed absolutely. Her blue lips crackled, but came forth never a sound. Turning her burning eyes, blinded with tears, upon the paper which she held in her hand, she endeavored to read it, but her sight failed her, sobs strangled her choking voice, and in despair at being unable to conquer her emotion, she tremblingly passed the paper to Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, who then proceeded to read on her part the following touching document: "By the permission of my august and dearly loved spouse, I wish to declare that since all hope

of having children has died out—children that would satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interest of France—it rejoices me to give to him the greatest proof of earthly attachment and devotion. I owe everything to him. It was his hand that crowned me, and, on the height of the throne, I have received nothing but testimonials of love and affection from the French people. I hope to recognize all these sympathies, all these sentiments, by the dissolution of a marriage that presents an obstacle to the well-being of France, and which deprives her of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, so evidently created by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible Revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage shall change nothing in the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor shall ever find in me his best friend. I am aware of how this act—the outcome of a political necessity, and in the necessity of great interests—has torn his heart; but both of us glory in the sacrifice that we offer for the good of the country."

The reading of this speech ended, Napoleon embraced Josephine, and reconducted her to her apartments, where she remained half-dead in the arms of her attendants.

The night was equally dolorous for her as for him. Constant, Napoleon's valet, has related how Napoleon, at the moment he was preparing to retire, was astounded by the arrival of the unhappy Josephine, who yearned to pass a few hours with him who was about to cease to be her husband. She entwined her arms around his neck, and he, rising from where he was seated, pressed her closely to his heart, exclaiming, his eyes full of tears:

"Come! come! my dear, good Josephine; be more reasonable. Come! come! Courage! I shall always be your friend."

On the morrow, Saturday, December the 16th, 1809, the woman who had been the Empress of the French and Queen of Italy was destined to take leave of the Tuileries forever. From early morning, after a night of agony, she made feverish preparations for her departure. Her children were around her. Eugene was compelled to leave her at eleven o'clock in the morning to repair to the Senate, where a *senatus consultum* was about to declare the annulment of the Imperial marriage.

While the last echoes of official adulation were dying beneath the dome of the Senate, Josephine departed from the Tuileries. It had been arranged that during the day she should set out for Malmaison, her favorite dwelling, while the Emperor would repair to Trianon. It

was Napoleon who first set out, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Less insensible than his enemies suppose, he had suffered horribly. Napoleon had wept; the heart of the man had throbbed beneath the robe of the sovereign. He mused in deep melancholy over the fact that the sweet voice of Josephine would never again be heard in the Tuileries, a voice that now seemed sweeter to him than all the harmonies combined, and the ancient palace of the sovereigns of France appeared to him so sad, so gloomy, that he sought distraction by leaving it, if not oblivion. In burying himself at Trianon he evoked the souvenirs of a woman more unhappy still than Josephine—the memory of the hapless Marie Antoinette.

When the palace official announced to him that the carriage was in readiness in the court of the Tuileries, he quickly seized upon his hat and cried to his secretary Ménéval: "Come with me!" The latter followed the Emperor by the small stairway that led to the entrance to the apartments of the Empress. Josephine was alone and plunged in the saddest of reverie. On beholding the Emperor and Ménéval she leaped to her feet, and rushing forward, flung herself on Napoleon's neck, where she clung sobbing as if her heart would break. The Emperor, clasping her close, embraced her after the most impassioned fashion. Then she swooned, and as M. de Ménéval hastened to ring for help, Napoleon, being desirous of cutting short the melancholy situation, placed the unhappy Josephine in the arms of his secretary the moment he perceived that she was coming to, and having ordered M. de Ménéval not to leave her, he quickly retired, leaped into his carriage, and started for Trianon.

The disappearance of the Emperor redoubled the sobbings of the unfortunate Empress. Her ladies, who entered the chamber, laid her on the bed, rendering her the utmost attention. In the paroxysm of her misery she seized the hands of M. de Ménéval, crying, "Say to the Emperor that he is not to forget me. Assure him of a love that will survive any event. Promise to let me have news of him the moment you reach the Trianon, and see that he writes to me!" She would scarcely permit Napoleon's secretary to leave, as if his departure would snap the last link which still bound her to the Emperor.

The fatal hour was sounded. Josephine in her turn departs. The vestibule is filled with the residents of the palace, who are desirous of saluting her in passing. Everybody regrets her. Tears are in many eyes. And how could it be otherwise? She had always been so good. When they had any favor to ask, any wrong to be righted, any kindness to be rendered, it was always to her that they repaired. Every

servant of Napoleon, every follower, important or menial, regarded her as their good angel.

What a difference, what a contrast, between that 19th day of February, 1800, when she entered the Tuileries, and the day of the 16th of December, 1809, when she quitted them!

The history of Josephine ends here. Of the condition of her mind consequent upon the divorce the following extract from a letter of Madame de Rémusat gives direct evidence. The letter is dated Malmaison, December, 1809:

"I was received here with real affection. All is very sad, as you may suppose. The Empress, who has no more need of effort, is greatly cast down; she weeps incessantly, and it is really painful to see her. Her children are full of courage. The viceroy is come—he keeps her up as much as possible; they are both of the greatest use to her.

. . . . . .

"The Empress has passed a wretched morning. She receives visitors, who renew her grief, and then every time anything reaches her from the Emperor she gets into a terrible state. We must find means, either through the grand marshal or the Prince de Neufchâtel, to induce the Emperor to moderate the expression of his regret and affliction when he writes to her, because, when he dwells in this way upon his grief, she falls into real despair and seems to lose her head completely. I do all in my power for her; it gives me terrible pain to see her. She is gentle, sad and affectionate; in fact, it is heart-rending. By affecting her so deeply the Emperor increases her sufferings. In the midst of all this she never says a word too much, she never utters a bitter complaint; she is really like an angel. I induced her to take a walk this morning; I wanted to try to fatigue her body in order to rest her mind. She complied mechanically. I talked to her, I questioned her, I did all I could; she seconded my efforts, understanding my intentions, and seemed grateful to me in the midst of her tears. At the end of an hour I acknowledged that I was almost fainting with the effort that I had made, and for a few minutes was almost as weak as herself. 'It seems to me sometimes,' said she, 'that I am dead, and that there remains to me only a sort of vague consciousness that I am no longer living.'"

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

By SIR EDWARD CREASY.

THE Congress of emperors, kings, princes, generals and statesmen who had assembled at Vienna to remodel the world after the overthrow of the mighty conqueror, and who thought Napoleon had passed away forever from the great drama of European politics, had not yet completed their triumphant festivities and their diplomatic toils when Talleyrand, on the 11th of March, 1815, rose up among them and announced that the ex-Emperor had escaped from Elba, and was Emperor of France once more. It is recorded by Sir Walter Scott, as a curious physiological fact, that the first effect of the news of an event which threatened to neutralize all their labors, was to excite a loud burst of laughter from nearly every member of the Congress. But the jest was a bitter one: and they soon were deeply busied in anxious deliberations respecting the mode in which they should encounter their arch-enemy, who had thus started from torpor and obscurity into renovated splendor and strength.

Napoleon sought to disunite the formidable confederacy which he knew would be arrayed against him by endeavoring to negotiate separately with each of the allied sovereigns. It is said that Austria and Russia were at first not unwilling to treat with him. Disputes and jealousies had been rife among several of the allies on the subject of the division of the conquered countries; and the cordial unanimity with which they had acted during 1813 and the first months of 1814 had grown chill during some weeks of discussions. But the active exertions of Talleyrand, who represented Louis XVIII. at the Congress, and who both hated and feared Napoleon with all the intensity of which his powerful spirit was capable, prevented the secession of

any member of the Congress from the new great league against their ancient enemy. Still it is highly probable that, if Napoleon had triumphed in Belgium over the Prussians and the English, he would have succeeded in opening negotiations with the Austrians and Russians; and he might have thus gained advantages similar to those which he had obtained on his return from Egypt, when he induced the Czar Paul to withdraw the Russian armies from co-operating with the other enemies of France in the extremity of peril to which she seemed reduced in 1799. But fortune now had deserted him both in diplomacy and in war.

On the 13th of March, 1815, the ministers of the seven powers, Austria, Spain, England, Portugal, Prussia, Russia and Sweden, signed a manifesto, by which they declared Napoleon an outlaw; and this denunciation was instantly followed up by a treaty between England, Austria, Prussia and Russia (to which other powers soon acceded), by which the rulers of those countries bound themselves to enforce that decree, and to prosecute the war until Napoleon should be driven from the throne of France and rendered incapable of disturbing the peace of Europe. The Duke of Wellington was the representative of England at the Congress of Vienna, and he was immediately applied to for his advice on the plan of military operations against France. It was obvious that Belgium would be the first battle-field; and by the general wish of the allies, the English duke proceeded thither to assemble an army from the contingents of Dutch, Belgian, and Hanoverian troops that were most speedily available, and from the English regiments which his own government was hastening to send over from their country. A strong Prussian corps was near Aix-la-Chapelle, having remained there since the campaign of the preceding year. This was largely re-enforced by other troops of the same nation; and Marshal Blucher, the favorite hero of the Prussian soldiery, and the deadliest foe of France, assumed the command of this army, which was termed the Army of the Lower Rhine; and which, in conjunction with Wellington's forces, was to make the van of the armaments of the allied powers. Meanwhile Prince Schwartzenburg was to collect one hundred and thirty thousand Austrians and one hundred and twenty-four thousand troops of other Germanic states as "the Army of the Upper Rhine;" and one hundred and sixty-eight thousand Russians, under the command of Barclay de Tolly, were to form "the Army of the Middle Rhine," and to repeat the march from Muscovy to that river's banks.

The exertions which the allied powers thus made at this crisis to

grapple promptly with the French Emperor have truly been termed gigantic; and never were Napoleon's genius and activity more signally displayed, than in the celerity and skill by which he brought forward all the military resources of France, which the reverses of the three preceding years, and the pacific policy of the Bourbons during the months of their first restoration, had greatly diminished and disorganized. He re-entered Paris on the 20th of March, and by the end of May, besides sending a force into La Vendée to put down the armed risings of the royalists in that province, and besides providing troops under Massena and Suchet for the defense of the southern frontiers of France, Napoleon had an army assembled in the northeast, for active operations under his own command, which amounted to between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty thousand men, with a superb park of artillery and in the highest possible state of equipment, discipline, and efficiency.

The approach of the multitudinous Russian, Austrian, Bavarian and other foes of the French Emperor to the Rhine was necessarily slow; but the two most active of the allied powers had occupied Belgium with their troops while Napoleon was organizing his forces. Marshal Blucher was there, with one hundred and sixteen thousand Prussians; and, before the end of May, the Duke of Wellington was there also with about one hundred and six thousand troops, either British or in British pay. Napoleon determined to attack these enemies in Belgium. The disparity of numbers was indeed great, but delay was sure to increase the proportionate numerical superiority of his enemies over his own ranks. The French Emperor considered also that "the enemy's troops were now cantoned under the command of two generals and composed of nations differing both in interest and in feelings." His own army was under his own sole command. It was composed exclusively of French soldiers, mostly of veterans, well acquainted with their officers and with each other, and full of enthusiastic confidence in their commander. If he could separate the Prussians from the British, so as to attack each singly, he felt sanguine of success, not only against these the most resolute of his many adversaries, but also against the other masses that were slowly laboring up against his eastern dominions.

The triple chain of strong fortresses which the French possessed on the Belgian frontier formed a curtain behind which Napoleon was able to concentrate his army, and to conceal, till the very last moment, the precise line of attack which he intended to take. On the other hand, Blucher and Wellington were obliged to canton their troops along a

line of open country of considerable length, so as to watch for the outbreak of Napoleon from whichever point of his chain of strongholds he should please to make it. Blucher, with his army, occupied the banks of the Sambre and the Meuse, from Liege on his left to Charleroi on his right; and the Duke of Wellington covered Brussels; his cantonments being partly in front of that city and between it and the French frontier, and partly on its west; their extreme right reaching to Courtray and Tournay, while the left approached Charleroi and communicated with the Prussian right. It was upon Charleroi that Napoleon resolved to level his attack, in hopes of severing the two allied armies from each other, and then pursuing his favorite tactic of assailing each separately with a superior force on the battle-field, though the aggregate of their numbers considerably exceeded his own.

The first French corps d'armée, commanded by Count d'Erlon, was stationed in the beginning of June in and around the city of Lille, near to the northeastern frontier of France. The second corps, under Count Reille, was at Valenciennes, to the right of the first one. The third corps, under Count Vandamme, was at Mezières. The fourth, under Count Gérard, had its headquarters at Metz, and the sixth, under Count Lobau, was at Laon. Four corps of reserve cavalry, under Marshal Grouchy, were also near the frontier, between the rivers Aisne and Sambre. The Imperial Guard remained in Paris until the 8th of June, when it marched towards Belgium and reached Avesnes on the 13th; and in the course of the same and the following day, the five corps d'armée, with the cavalry reserves which have been mentioned, were, in pursuance of skillfully combined orders, rapidly drawn together and concentrated in and around the same place, on the right bank of the river Sambre. On the 14th, Napoleon arrived among his troops, who were exulting at the display of their commander's skill in the celerity and precision with which they had been drawn together, and in the consciousness of their collective strength. Although Napoleon too often permitted himself to use language unworthy of his own character respecting his great English adversary, his real feelings in commencing this campaign may be judged from the last words which he spoke as he threw himself into his traveling carriage to leave Paris for the army. "I go," he said, "to measure myself with Wellington."

The enthusiasm of the French soldiers at seeing their Emperor among them was still more excited by the "Order of the day," in which he thus appealed to them:

"Napoleon, by the Grace of God, and the Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French, etc., to the Grand Army.

"AT THE IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS,

"*Avesnes, June 14th*, 1815.

"Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us, then, march to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men?

"Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one to three, and at Montmirail one to six!

"Let those among you who have been captive to the English describe the nature of their prison-ships, and the frightful miseries they endured.

"The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are compelled to use their arms in the cause of princes, the enemies of justice and of the rights of all nations. They know that this coalition is insatiable! After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons and six millions of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the states of the second rank in Germany.

"Madmen! one moment of prosperity has bewildered them. The oppression and the humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France they will there find their grave.

"Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but, with firmness, victory will be ours. The rights, the honor, and the happiness of the country will be recovered!

"To every Frenchman who has a heart the moment is now arrived to conquer or to die. NAPOLEON.

"THE MARSHAL DUKE OF DALMATIA,

"MAJOR-GENERAL."

The 15th of June had scarcely dawned before the French army was in motion for the decisive campaign, and crossed the frontier in three columns, which were pointed upon Charleroi and its vicinity. The French line of advance upon Brussels, which city Napoleon resolved to occupy, thus lay right through the center of the cantonments of the allies.

Much criticism has been expended on the supposed surprise of Wellington's army in its cantonments by Napoleon's rapid advance. These comments would hardly have been made if sufficient attention had been paid to the geography of the Waterloo campaign; and if it had been remembered that the protection of Brussels was justly considered by the allied generals a matter of primary importance. If Napoleon could, either by maneuvering or fighting, have succeeded in occupying that city, the greater part of Belgium would unquestionably have declared in his favor; and the results of such a success, gained by the Emperor at the commencement of the campaign, might have decisively influenced the whole after-current of events. A glance at a map will show the numerous roads that lead from the different fortresses on the French northeastern frontier and converge upon Brussels; any one of which Napoleon might have chosen for the advance of a strong force upon that city. The duke's army was judiciously arranged, so as to enable him to concentrate troops on any one of these roads sufficiently in advance of Brussels to check an assailing enemy. The army was kept thus available for movement in any necessary direction, till certain intelligence arrived on the 15th of June that the French had crossed the frontier in large force near Thuin, that they had driven back the Prussian advanced troops under General Ziethen, and were also moving across the Sambre upon Charleroi.

Marshal Blucher now rapidly concentrated his forces, calling them in from the left upon Ligny, which is to the northeast of Charleroi. Wellington also drew his troops together, calling them in from the right. But even now, though it was certain that the French were in large force at Charleroi, it was unsafe for the English general to place his army directly between that place and Brussels, until it was certain that no corps of the enemy was marching upon Brussels by the western road through Mons and Hal. The duke, therefore, collected his troops in Brussels and its immediate vicinity, ready to move due southward upon Quatre Bras, and co-operate with Blucher, who was taking his station at Ligny; but also ready to meet and defeat any maneuver that the enemy might make to turn the right of the allies, and occupy Brussels by a flanking movement. The testimony of the Prussian general, Baron Müffling, who was attached to the duke's staff during the campaign, and who expressly states the reasons on which the English general acted, ought forever to have silenced the "weak inventions of the enemy" about the Duke of Wellington having been deceived and surprised by his assailant, which some English writers, as well as those of other countries, have incautiously repeated.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th that a Prussian officer reached Brussels, whom General Ziethen had sent to Müffling to inform him of the advance of the main French army upon Charleroi. Müffling immediately communicated this to the Duke of Wellington, and asked him whether he would now concentrate his army, and what would be his point of concentration; observing that Marshal Blucher, in consequence of this intelligence, would certainly concentrate the Prussians at Ligny. The duke replied—"If all is as General Ziethen supposes, I will concentrate on my left wing, and so be in readiness to fight in conjunction with the Prussian army. Should, however, a portion of the enemy's force come by Mons, I must concentrate more towards my center. This is the reason why I must wait for positive news from Mons before I fix the rendezvous. Since, however, it is certain that the troops *must* march, though it is uncertain upon what precise spot they must march, I will order all to be in readiness, and will direct a brigade to move at once towards Quatre Bras."

Later in the same day a message from Blucher himself was delivered to Müffling, in which the Prussian field-marshal informed the baron that he was concentrating his men at Sombref and Ligny, and charged Müffling to give him speedy intelligence respecting the concentration of Wellington. Müffling immediately communicated this to the duke, who expressed his satisfaction with Blucher's arrangements, but added that he could not even then resolve upon his own point of concentration before he obtained the desired intelligence from Mons. About midnight this information arrived. The duke went to the quarters of General Müffling, and told him that he now had received his reports from Mons, and was sure that no French troops were advancing by that route, but that the mass of the enemy's force was decidedly directed on Charleroi. He informed the Prussian general that he had ordered the British troops to move forward upon Quatre Bras; but with characteristic coolness and sagacity resolved not to give the appearance of alarm by hurrying on with them himself. A ball was to be given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels that night, and the duke proposed to General Müffling that they should go to the ball for a few hours, and ride forward in the morning to overtake the troops at Quatre Bras.

To hundreds who were assembled at that memorable ball the news that the enemy was advancing, and that the time for battle had come, must have been a fearfully exciting surprise, and the magnificent stanzas of Byron, commemorative of this incident, are as true as they are beautiful; but the duke and his principal officers knew well the stern termination to that festive scene which was approaching. One by one,

and in such a way as to attract as little observation as possible, the leaders of the various corps left the ball-room, and took their stations at the head of their men, who were pressing forward through the last hours of the short summer night to the arena of anticipated slaughter.

Napoleon's operations on the 15th had been conducted with signal skill and vigor; and their results had been very advantageous for his plan of the campaign. With his army formed in three vast columns, he had struck at the center of the line of cantonments of his allied foes; and he had so far made good his blow that he had effected the passage of the Sambre, he had beaten with his left wing the Prussian corps of General Ziethen at Thuin, and with his center he had in person advanced right through Charleroi upon Fleurus, inflicting considerable loss upon the Prussians that fell back before him. His right column had with little opposition moved forward as far as the bridge of Chatelet.

Napoleon had thus a powerful force immediately in front of the point which Blucher had fixed for the concentration of the Prussian army, and that concentration was still incomplete. The French Emperor designed to attack the Prussians on the morrow in person, with the troops of his center and right columns, and to employ his left wing in beating back such English troops as might advance to the help of their allies, and also in aiding his own attack upon Blucher. He gave the command of this left wing to Marshal Ney. Napoleon seems not to have originally intended to employ this celebrated general in the campaign. It was only on the night of the 11th of June that Marshal Ney received at Paris an order to join the army. Hurrying forward to the Belgian frontier, he met the Emperor near Charleroi. Napoleon immediately directed him to take the command of the left wing, and to press forward with it upon Quatre Bras by the line of the road which leads from Charleroi to Brussels, through Gosselies, Frasne, Quatre Bras, Genappe, and Waterloo. Ney immediately proceeded to the post assigned him; and before ten on the night of the 15th he had occupied Gosselies and Frasne, driving out without much difficulty some weak Belgian detachments which had been stationed in those villages. The lateness of the hour, and the exhausted state of the French troops, who had been marching and fighting since ten in the morning, made him pause from advancing further to attack the much more important position of Quatre Bras. In truth, the advantages which the French gained by their almost superhuman energy and activity throughout the long day of the 15th of June were necessarily bought at the price of more delay and inertness during the following night and morrow than would

have been observable if they had not been thus overtasked. Ney has been blamed for want of promptness in his attack upon Quatre Bras; and Napoleon has been criticised for not having fought at Ligny before the afternoon of the 16th; but their censors should remember that soldiers are but men; and that there must be necessarily some interval of time before troops, that have been worn and weakened by twenty hours of incessant fatigue and strife, can be fed, rested, reorganized, and brought again into action with any hope of success.

Having on the night of the 15th placed the most advanced of the French under his command in position in front of Frasne, Ney rode back to Charleroi, where Napoleon also arrived about midnight, having returned from directing the operations of the center and right column of the French. The Emperor and the marshal supped together, and remained in earnest conversation till two in the morning. An hour or two afterwards Ney rode back to Frasne, where he endeavored to collect tidings of the numbers and movements of the enemy in front of him; and also busied himself in the necessary duty of learning the amount and composition of the troops which he himself was commanding. He had been so suddenly appointed to his high station that he did not know the strength of the several regiments under him, or even the names of their commanding officers. He now caused his aides-de-camp to prepare the requisite returns, and drew together the troops whom he was thus learning before he used them.

Wellington remained at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels till about three o'clock in the morning of the 16th, "showing himself very cheerful," as Baron Müffling, who accompanied him, observes. At five o'clock the duke and the baron were on horseback, and reached the position at Quatre Bras about eleven. As the French, who were in front of Frasne, were perfectly quiet, and the duke was informed that a very large force under Napoleon in person was menacing Blucher, it was thought possible that only a slight detachment of the French was posted at Frasne in order to mask the English army. In that event Wellington, as he told Baron Müffling, would be able to employ his whole strength in supporting the Prussians; and he proposed to ride across from Quatre Bras to Blucher's position, in order to concert with him personally the measures which should be taken in order to bring on a decisive battle with the French. Wellington and Müffling rode accordingly towards Ligny, and found Marshal Blucher and his staff at the windmill of Bry, near that village. The Prussian army, eighty thousand strong, was drawn up chiefly along a chain of heights, with the villages of Sombref, St. Amand, and Ligny in their front. These

villages were strongly occupied by Prussian detachments, and formed the keys of Blucher's position. The heads of the columns which Napoleon was forming for the attack, were visible in the distance. The duke asked Blucher and General Gneisenau (who was Blucher's adviser in matters of strategy) what they wished him to do. Müffling had already explained to them in a few words the duke's earnest desire to support the field-marshal, and that he would do all that they wished, provided they did not ask him to divide his army, which was contrary to his principles. The duke wished to advance with his army (as soon as it was concentrated) upon Frasne and Gosselies, and thence to move upon Napoleon's flank and rear. The Prussian leaders preferred that he should march his men from Quatre Bras by the Namur road, so as to form a reserve in rear of Blucher's army. The duke replied, "Well, I will come if I am not attacked myself," and galloped back with Müffling to Quatre Bras, where the French attack was now actually raging.

Marshal Ney began the battle about two o'clock in the afternoon. He had at this time in hand about 16,000 infantry, nearly 2,000 cavalry, and 38 guns. The force which Napoleon nominally placed at his command exceeded 40,000 men. But more than one-half of these consisted of the first French corps d'armée, under Count d'Erlon; and Ney was deprived of the use of this corps at the time that he most required it, in consequence of its receiving orders to march to the aid of the Emperor at Ligny. A magnificent body of heavy cavalry under Kellermann, nearly five thousand strong, and several more battalions of artillery were added to Ney's army during the battle of Quatre Bras; but his effective infantry force never exceeded sixteen thousand.

When the battle began, the greater part of the duke's army was yet on its march towards Quatre Bras from Brussels and the other parts of its cantonments. The force of the allies actually in position there consisted only of a Dutch and Belgian division of infantry, not quite seven thousand strong, with one battallion of foot and one of horse-artillery. The Prince of Orange commanded them. A wood, called the Bois de Bossu, stretched along the right (or western) flank of the position of Quatre Bras; a farmhouse and building, called Gemiancourt, stood on some elevated ground in its front; and to the left (or east) were the inclosures of the village of Pierremont. The Prince of Orange endeavored to secure these posts; but Ney carried Gemiancourt in the center and Pierremont on the east, and gained occupation of the southern part of the wood of Bossu. He ranged the chief part of his artillery on the high ground of Gemiancourt, whence it played throughout the action with most destructive effect upon the

allies. He was pressing forward to further advantages, when the fifth infantry division under Sir Thomas Picton and the Duke of Brunswick's corps appeared upon the scene.

Wellington (who had returned to Quatre Bras from his interview with Blucher shortly before the arrival of these forces) restored the fight with them; and, as fresh troops of the allies arrived, they were brought forward to stem the fierce attacks which Ney's columns and squadrons continued to make with unabated gallantry and zeal. The only cavalry of the Anglo-allied army that reached Quatre Bras during the action consisted of Dutch and Belgians, and a small force of Brunswickers, under their duke, who was killed on the field. These proved wholly unable to encounter Kellermann's cuirassiers and Piré's lancers; the Dutch and Belgian infantry also gave way early in the engagement; so that the whole brunt of the battle fell on the British and Germany infantry. They sustained it nobly. Though repeatedly charged by the French cavalry, though exposed to the murderous fire of the French batteries, which from the heights of Gemiancourt sent shot and shell into the devoted squares whenever the French horsemen withdrew, they not only repelled their assailants, but Kempt's and Pack's brigades, led on by Picton, actually advanced against and through their charging foes, and with stern determination made good to the end of the day the ground which they had thus boldly won. Some, however, of the British regiments were during the confusion assailed by the French cavalry before they could form squares, and suffered severely. One regiment, the Ninety-second, was almost wholly destroyed by the cuirassiers. A French private soldier, named Lami, of the Eighth regiment of cuirassiers, captured one of the English colors and presented it to Ney. It was a solitary trophy. The arrival of the English Guards, about half-past six o'clock, enabled the Duke to recover the wood of Bossu, which the French had almost entirely won, and the possession of which by them would have enabled Ney to operate destructively upon the allied flank and rear. Not only was the wood of Bossu recovered on the British right, but the inclosures of Pierremont were also carried on the left. When night set in the French had been driven back on all points towards Frasne; but they still held the farm of Gemiancourt in front of the duke's center. Wellington and Müffling were unacquainted with the result of the collateral battle between Blucher and Napoleon, the cannonading of which had been distinctly audible at Quatre Bras throughout the afternoon and evening. The duke observed to Müffling that of course the two allied armies would assume the offensive against the enemy on the

morrow; and consequently it would be better to capture the farm at once, instead of waiting till next morning. Müffling agreed in the duke's views, and Gemiancourt was forthwith attacked by the English and captured with little loss to its assailants.

Meanwhile the French and the Prussians had been fighting in and around the villages of Ligny, Sombref and St. Amand, from three in the afternoon to nine in the evening, with a savage inveteracy almost unparalleled in modern warfare. Blucher had in the field, when he began the battle, eighty-three thousand four hundred and seventeen men, and two hundred and twenty-four guns. Bulow's corps, which was twenty-five thousand strong, had not joined him; but the field-marshal hoped to be re-enforced by it, or by the English army before the end of the action. But Bulow, through some error in the transmission of orders, was far in the rear; and the Duke of Wellington was engaged, as we have seen, with Marshal Ney. Blucher received early warning from Baron Müffling that the duke could not come to his assistance; but, as Müffling observes, Wellington rendered the Prussians the great service of occupying more than forty thousand of the enemy, who otherwise would have crushed Blucher's right flank. For, not only did the conflict at Quatre Bras detain the French troops which actually took part in it, but d'Erlon received orders from Ney to join him, which hindered d'Erlon from giving effectual aid to Napoleon. Indeed, the whole of d'Erlon's corps, in consequence of conflicting directions from Ney and the Emperor, marched and countermarched, during the 16th, between Quatre Bras and Ligny, without firing a shot in either battle.

Blucher had, in fact, a superiority of more than twelve thousand in number over the French army that attacked him at Ligny. The numerical difference was even greater at the beginning of the battle, as Lobau's corps did not come up from Charleroi till eight o'clock. After five hours and a half of desperate and long-doubtful struggle, Napoleon succeeded in breaking the center of the Prussian line at Ligny, and in forcing his obstinate antagonists off the field of battle. The issue was attributable to his skill, and not to any want of spirit or resolution on the part of the Prussian troops; nor did they, though defeated, abate one jot in discipline, heart or hope. As Blucher observed, it was a battle in which his army lost the day but not its honor. The Prussians retreated during the night of the 16th and the early part of the 17th with perfect regularity and steadiness. The retreat was directed not towards Maestricht, where their principal depots were established, but towards Wavre, so as to be

able to maintain their communication with Wellington's army, and still follow out the original plan of the campaign. The heroism with which the Prussians endured and repaired their defeat at Ligny is more glorious than many victories.

The messenger who was sent to inform Wellington of the retreat of the Prussian army was shot on the way; and it was not until the morning of the 17th that the allies, at Quatre Bras, knew the result of the battle of Ligny. The duke was ready at daybreak to take the offensive against the enemy with vigor, his whole army being by that time fully assembled. But on learning that Blucher had been defeated, a different course of action was clearly necessary. It was obvious that Napoleon's main army would now be directed against Wellington, and a retreat was inevitable. On ascertaining that the Prussian army had retired upon Wavre, that there was no hot pursuit of them by the French, and that Bulow's corps had taken no part in the action at Ligny, the duke resolved to march his army back towards Brussels, still intending to cover that city, and to halt at a point in a line with Wavre, and there restore his communication with Blucher. An officer from Blucher's army reached the duke about nine o'clock, from whom he learned the effective strength that Blucher still possessed, and how little discouraged his ally was by the yesterday's battle. Wellington sent word to the Prussian commander that he would halt in the position of Mont St. Jean, and accept a general battle with the French, if Blucher would pledge himself to come to his assistance with a single corps of twenty-five thousand men. This was readily promised; and after allowing his men ample time for rest and refreshment, Wellington retired over about half the space between Quatre Bras and Brussels. He was pursued, but little molested by the main French army, which about noon of the 17th moved laterally from Ligny and joined Ney's forces, which had advanced through Quatre Bras when the British abandoned that position. The Earl of Uxbridge with the British cavalry covered the retreat of the duke's army, with great skill and gallantry; and a heavy thunderstorm, with torrents of rain, impeded the operations of the French pursuing squadrons. The duke still expected that the French would endeavor to turn his right, and march upon Brussels by the high road that leads through Mons and Hal. In order to counteract this anticipated maneuver, he stationed a force of eighteen thousand men, under Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, at Hal, with orders to maintain himself there if attacked as long as possible. The duke halted with the rest of his army at the position near Mont St. Jean, which, from a village in its

neighborhood, has received the ever-memorable name of the field of Waterloo.

Wellington was now about twelve miles distant, on a line running from west to east, from Wavre, where the Prussian army had now been completely reorganized and collected, and where it had been strengthened by the junction of Bulow's troops, which had taken no part in the battle of Ligny. Blucher sent word from Wavre to the duke that he was coming to help the English at Mont St. Jean, in the morning, not with one corps, but with his whole army. The fiery old man only stipulated that the combined armies, if not attacked by Napoleon on the 18th, should themselves attack him on the 19th. So far were Bulcher and his army from being in the state of annihilation described in the boastful bulletin by which Napoleon informed the Parisians of his victory at Ligny. Indeed, the French Emperor seems himself to have been misinformed as to the extent of loss which he had inflicted on the Prussians. Had he known in what good order and with what undiminished spirit they were retiring, he would scarcely have delayed sending a large force to press them in their retreat until noon on the 17th. Such, however, was the case. It was about that time that he confided to Marshal Grouchy the duty of pursuing the defeated Prussians, and preventing them from joining Wellington. He placed for this purpose thirty-two thousand men and ninety-six guns under his orders. Violent complaints and recriminations passed afterwards between the Emperor and the marshal respecting the manner in which Grouchy attempted to perform this duty, and the reasons why he failed on the 18th to arrest the lateral movement of the Prussians from Wavre to Waterloo. It is sufficient to remark here that the force which Napoleon gave to Grouchy (though the utmost that the Emperor's limited means would allow) was insufficient to make head against the entire Prussian army, especially after Bulow's junction with Bulcher. We shall presently have occasion to consider what opportunities were given to Grouchy during the 18th, and what he might have effected if he had been a man of original military genius.

But the failure of Grouchy was, in truth, mainly owing to the indomitable heroism of Blucher himself; who, though he had received severe personal injuries in the battle of Ligny, was as energetic and ready as ever in bringing his men into action again, and who had the resolution to expose a part of his army, under Thielman, to be overwhelmed by Grouchy at Wavre on the 18th, while he urged the march of the mass of his troops upon Waterloo. "It is not at Wavre, but at Waterloo," said the old field-marshal, "that the campaign is to be

decided;" and he risked a detachment, and won the campaign accordingly. Wellington and Blucher trusted each other as cordially, and co-operated as zealously, as formerly had been the case with Marlborough and Eugene. It was in full reliance on Blucher's promise to join him that the duke stood his ground and fought at Waterloo; and those who have ventured to impugn the duke's capacity as a general, ought to have had common-sense enough to perceive that to charge the duke with having won the battle of Waterloo by the help of the Prussians, is really to say that he won it by the very means on which he relied, and without the expectation of which the battle would not have been fought.

Napoleon himself has found fault with Wellington for not having retreated further, so as to complete a junction of his army with Blucher's before he risked a general engagement. But, as we have seen, the duke justly considered it important to protect Brussels. He had reason to expect that his army could singly resist the French at Waterloo until the Prussians came up; and that, on the Prussians joining, there would be a sufficient force united under himself and Blucher for completely overwhelming the enemy. And while Napoleon thus censures his great adversary, he involuntarily bears the highest possible testimony to the military character of the English, and proves decisively of what paramount importance was the battle to which he challenged his fearless opponent. Napoleon asks, "*If the English army had been beaten at Waterloo, what would have been the use of those numerous bodies of troops, of Prussians, Austrians, Germans, and Spaniards, which were advancing by forced marches to the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees?*"

The strength of the army under the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo was 49,608 infantry, 12,402 cavalry, and 5,645 artillerymen with 156 guns. But of this total of 67,655 men, scarcely 24,000 were British, a circumstance of very serious importance, if Napoleon's own estimate of the relative value of troops of different nations is to be taken. In the Emperor's own words, speaking of this campaign, "A French soldier would not be equal to more than one English soldier, but he would not be afraid to meet two Dutchmen, Prussians, or soldiers of the Confederation." There were about six thousand men of the old German Legion with the duke; these were veteran troops, and of excellent quality. Of the rest of the army the Hanoverians and Brunswickers proved themselves deserving of confidence and praise. But the Nassauers, Dutch, and Belgians were almost worthless; and not a few of them were justly suspected of a strong wish to fight, if they fought at all, under the French eagles rather than against them.

Napoleon's army at Waterloo consisted of 48,950 infantry, 15,765 cavalry, 7,232 artillerymen, being a total of 71,947 men, and 246 guns. They were the flower of the national forces of France; and of all the numerous gallant armies which that martial land has poured forth, never was there one braver, or better disciplined, or better led, than the host that took up its position at Waterloo on the morning of the 18th of June, 1815.

Perhaps those who have not seen the field of battle at Waterloo may gain a generally accurate idea of the localities by picturing to themselves a valley, between two and three miles long, of various breadths at different points, but generally not exceeding half a mile. On each side of the valley there is a winding chain of low hills running somewhat parallel with each other. The declivity from each of these ranges of hills to the intervening valley is gentle but not uniform, the undulations of the ground being frequent and considerable. The English army was posted on the northern, and the French army occupied the southern ridge. The artillery of each side thundered at the other from their respective heights throughout the day, and the charges of horse and foot were made across the valley that has been described. The village of Mont St. Jean is situate a little behind the center of the northern chain of hills, and the village of La Belle Alliance is close behind the center of the southern ridge. The high road from Charleroi to Brussels (a broad paved causeway) runs through both these villages, and bisects therefore both the English and the French positions. The line of this road was the line of Napoleon's intended advance on Brussels.

There are some other local particulars connected with the situation of each army which it is necessary to bear in mind. The strength of the British position did not consist merely in the occupation of a ridge of high ground. A village and ravine, called Merk Braine, on the Duke of Wellington's extreme right, secured his flank from being turned on that side; and on his extreme left, two little hamlets called La Haye and Papelotte, gave a similar, though a slighter, protection. Behind the whole British position is the extensive forest of Soignies. As no attempt was made by the French to turn either of the English flanks, and the battle was a day of straightforward fighting, it is chiefly important to ascertain what posts there were in front of the British line of hills, of which advantage could be taken either to repel or facilitate an attack; and it will be seen that there were two, and that each was of very great importance in the action. In front of the British right, that is to say, on the northern slope of the valley towards its

western end, there stood an old-fashioned Flemish farm-house called Goumont, or Hougoumont, with out-buildings and a garden, and with a copse of beech trees of about two acres in extent round it. This was strongly garrisoned by the allied troops; and, while it was in their possession, it was difficult for the enemy to press on and force the British right wing. On the other hand, if the enemy could take it, it would be difficult for that wing to keep its ground on the heights, with a strong post held adversely in its immediate front, being one that would give much shelter to the enemy's marksmen, and great facilities for the sudden concentration of attacking columns. Almost immediately in front of the British center, and not so far down the slope as Hougoumont, there was another farm-house, of a smaller size, called La Haye Sainte, which was also held by the British troops and the occupation of which was found to be of very serious consequence.

With respect to the French position, the principal feature to be noticed is the village of Planchenoit, which lay a little in the rear of their right (*i.e.*, on the eastern side), and which proved to be of great importance in aiding them to check the advance of the Prussians.

Napoleon, in his "Memoirs," and other French writers, have vehemently blamed the duke for having given battle in such a position as that of Waterloo. They particularly object that the duke fought without having the means of a retreat, if the attacks of his enemy had proved successful; and that the English army, if once broken, must have lost all its guns and *material* in its flight through the Forest of Soignies, that lay in its rear. In answer to these censures, instead of merely referring to the event of the battle as proof of the correctness of the duke's judgment, it is to be observed that many military critics of high authority have considered the position of Waterloo to have been admirably adapted for the duke's purpose of protecting Brussels by a battle; and that certainly the duke's opinion in favor of it was not lightly or hastily formed. It is a remarkable fact (mentioned in the speech of Lord Bathurst when moving the vote of thanks to the duke in the House of Lords), that when the Duke of Wellington was passing through Belgium in the preceding summer of 1814, he particularly noticed the strength of the position of Waterloo, and made a minute of it at the time, stating to those who were with him that if it ever should be his fate to fight a battle in that quarter for the protection of Brussels, he should endeavor to do so in that position. And with respect to the Forest of Soignies, which the French (and some few English) critics have thought calculated to prove so fatal to a retreating force, the duke on the contrary believed it to be a post that might have proved of

infinite value to his army in the event of his having been obliged to give way. The Forest of Soignies has no thicket or masses of close-growing trees. It consists of tall beeches, and is everywhere passable for men and horses. The artillery could have been withdrawn by the broad road which traverses it towards Brussels; and in the meanwhile a few regiments of resolute infantry could have held the forest and kept the pursuers in check. One of the best writers on the Waterloo campaign, Captain Pringle, well observes that "every person, the least experienced in war, knows the extreme difficulty of forcing infantry from a wood which cannot be turned." The defense of the Bois de Bossu, near Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June, had given a good proof of this; and the Duke of Wellington, when speaking in after years of the possible events that might have followed if he had been beaten back from the open field of Waterloo, pointed to the wood of Soignies as his secure rallying place, saying, "they never could have beaten us so that we could not have held the wood against them." He was always confident that he could have made good that post until joined by the Prussians, upon whose co-operation he throughout depended.

As has been already mentioned, the Prussians, on the morning of the 18th, were at Wavre, which is about twelve miles to the east of the field of battle of Waterloo. The junction of Bulow's division had more than made up for the loss sustained at Ligny; and leaving Thielman with about seventeen thousand men to hold his ground, as he best could, against the attack which Grouchy was about to make on Wavre, Bulow and Blucher moved with the rest of the Prussians through St. Lambert upon Waterloo. It was calculated that they would be there by three o'clock; but the extremely difficult nature of the ground which they had to traverse, rendered worse by the torrents of rain that had just fallen, delayed them long on their twelve miles' march.

An army, indeed, less animated by bitter hate against the enemy than was the Prussians, and under a less energetic chief than Blucher, would have failed altogether in effecting a passage through the swamps, into which the incessant rain had transformed a greater part of the ground through which it was necessary to move not only with columns of foot, but with cavalry and artillery. At one point of the march, on entering the defile of St. Lambert, the spirits of the Prussians almost gave way. Exhausted in the attempts to extricate and drag forward the heavy guns, the men began to murmur. Blucher came to the spot, and heard cries from the ranks of—"We cannot get on."—"But you *must* get on," was the old field-marshal's answer. "I have pledged my word to Wellington, and you surely will not make me break it.

Only exert yourselves for a few hours longer, and we are sure of victory." This appeal from old "Marshal Forwards," as the Prussian soldiers loved to call Blucher, had its wonted effect. The Prussians again moved forward, slowly, indeed, and with pain and toil; but still they moved forward.

The French and British armies lay on the open field during the wet and stormy night of the 17th; and when the dawn of the memorable 18th of June broke, the rain was still descending heavily upon Waterloo. The rival nations rose from their dreary bivouacs, and began to form, each on the high ground which it occupied. Towards nine the weather grew clearer, and each army was able to watch the position and arrangements of the other on the opposite side of the valley.

The Duke of Wellington drew up his army in two lines; the principal one being stationed near the crest of the ridge of hills already described, and the other being arranged along the slope in the rear of his position. Commencing from the eastward, on the extreme left of the first or main line, were Vivian's and Vandeleur's brigades of light cavalry, and the fifth Hanoverian brigade of infantry, under Von Vincke. Then came Best's fourth Hanoverian brigade. Detachments from these bodies of troops occupied the little villages of Papelotte and La Haye, down the hollow in advance of the left of the duke's position. To the right of Best's Hanoverians, Bylandt's brigade of Dutch and Belgian infantry was drawn up on the outer slope of the heights. Behind them were the ninth brigade of British infantry under Pack; and to the right of these last, but more in advance, stood the eighth brigade of English infantry under Kempt. These were close to the Charleroi road, and to the center of the entire position. These two English brigades, with the fifth Hanoverian, made up the fifth division, commanded by Sir Thomas Picton. Immediately to their right, and westward of the Charleroi road, stood the third division, commanded by General Alten, and consisting of Ompteda's brigade of the King's German Legion and Kielmansegge's Hanoverian brigade. The important post of La Haye Sainte, which it will be remembered lay in front of the duke's center, close to the Charleroi road, was garrisoned with troops from this division. Westward, and on the right of Kielmansegge's Hanoverians, stood the fifth British brigade under Halkett; and behind, Kruse's Nassau brigade was posted. On the right of Halkett's men stood the English Guards. They were in two brigades, one commanded by Maitland and the other by Byng. The entire division was under General Cooke. The buildings and gardens of Hougoumont, which lay immediately under the height on which stood the

British Guards, were principally manned by detachments from Byng's brigade, aided by some brave Hanoverian riflemen, and accompanied by a battalion of a Nassau regiment. On a plateau in the rear of Cooke's division of Guards, and inclining westward towards the village of Merk Braine, were Clinton's second infantry division, composed of Adams's third brigade of light infantry, Du Plat's first brigade of the King's German Legion, and third Hanoverian brigade under Colonel Halkett.

The duke formed his second line of cavalry. This only extended behind the right and center of his first line. The largest mass was drawn up behind the brigades of infantry in the center, on either side of the Charleroi road. The brigade of household cavalry under Lord Somerset was on the immediate right of the road, and on the left of it was Ponsonby's brigade. Behind these were Trip's and Ghingy's brigades of Dutch and Belgian horse. The third hussars of the King's German Legion were to the right of Somerset's brigade. To the right of these, and behind Maitland's infantry, stood the third brigade under Dornberg, consisting of the Twenty-third English Light Dragoons, and the regiments of light dragoons of the King's German Legion. The last cavalry on the right was Grant's brigade, stationed in the rear of the Foot-Guards. The corps of Brunswickers, both horse and foot, and the tenth British brigade of foot, were in reserve behind the center and right of the entire position. The artillery was distributed at convenient intervals along the front of the whole line. Besides the generals who have been mentioned, Lord Hill, Lord Uxbridge (who had the general command of the cavalry), the Prince of Orange and General Chassé were present, and acting under the duke.

On the opposite heights the French army was drawn up in two general lines, with the entire force of the Imperial Guards, cavalry as well as infantry, in rear of the center as a reserve.

The first line of the French army was formed of the two corps commanded by Count d'Erlon and Count Reille. D'Erlon's corps was on the right, that is, eastward of the Charleroi road, and consisted of four divisions of infantry under Generals Durette, Marcognet, Alix and Donzelot, and of one division of light cavalry under General Jaquinot. Count Reille's corps formed the left or western wing, and was formed of Bachelu's, Foy's, and Jerome Bonaparte's divisions of infantry, and of Piré's division of cavalry. The right wing of the second general French line was formed of Milhaud's corps, consisting of two divisions of heavy cavalry. The left wing of this line was formed by Kellermann's cavalry corps, also in two divisions. Thus each of the

corps of infantry that composed the first line had a corps of cavalry behind it; but the second line consisted also of Lobau's corps of infantry, and Dumont and Subervie's divisions of light cavalry; these three bodies of troops being drawn up on either side of La Belle Alliance, and forming the center of the second line. The third, or reserve line, had its center composed of the infantry of the Imperial Guard. Two regiments of grenadiers and two of chasseurs formed the foot of the Old Guard under General Friant. The Middle Guard, under Count Morand, was similarly composed; while two regiments of voltigeurs, and two of tirailleurs, under Duhesme, constituted the Young Guard. The chasseurs and lancers of the Guard were on the right of the infantry, under Lefebvre Desnouettes; and the grenadiers and dragoons of the Guards, under Guyot, were on the left. All the French corps comprised, besides their cavalry and infantry regiments, strong batteries of horse artillery; and Napoleon's numerical superiority in guns was of deep importance throughout the action.

Besides the leading generals who have been mentioned as commanding particular corps, Ney and Soult were present, and acted as the Emperor's lieutenants in the battle.

Wellington had caused, on the preceding night, every brigade and corps to take up its station on or near the part of the ground which it was intended to hold in the coming battle. He had slept a few hours at his headquarters in the village of Waterloo; and rising on the 18th, while it was yet deep night, he wrote several letters to the governor of Antwerp, to the English minister at Brussels, and other official personages, in which he expressed his confidence that all would go well, but "as it was necessary to provide against serious losses should any accident occur," he gave a series of judicious orders for what should be done in the rear of the army, in the event of the battle going against the allies. He also, before he left the village of Waterloo, saw to the distribution of the reserves of ammunition which had been parked there, so that supplies should be readily forwarded to every part of the line of battle where they might be required. The duke also personally inspected the arrangements that had been made for receiving the wounded, and providing temporary hospitals in the houses in the rear of the army. Then, mounting a favorite charger, a small thoroughbred chestnut horse, named "Copenhagen," Wellington rode forward to the range of hills where his men were posted. Accompanied by his staff and by the Prussian General Müffling, he rode along his lines, carefully inspecting all the details of his position. Hougoumont was the object of his special attention. He rode down to the southeastern extremity

of its inclosures, and after having examined the nearest French troops, he made some changes in the disposition of his own men, who were to defend that important post.

Having giving his final orders about Hougoumont, the duke galloped back to the high ground in the right center of his position; and halting there, sat watching the enemy on the opposite heights, and conversing with his staff with that cheerful serenity which was ever his characteristic in the hour of battle.

Not all brave men are thus gifted; and many a glance of anxious excitement must have been cast across the valley that separated the two hosts during the protracted pause which ensued between the completion of Napoleon's preparations for attack and the actual commencement of the contest. It was, indeed, an awful calm before the coming storm, when armed myriads stood gazing on their armed foes, scanning their number, their array, their probable powers of resistance and destruction, and listening with throbbing hearts for the momentarily expected note of death; while visions of victory and glory came thronging on each soldier's high-strung brain, not unmingled with recollections of the home which his fall might soon leave desolate, nor without shrinking nature sometimes prompting the cold thought, that in a few moments he might be writhing in agony, or lie a trampled and mangled mass of clay on the grass now waving so freshly and purely before him.

Such thoughts *will* arise in human breasts, though the brave man soon silences "the child within us that trembles before death," and nerves himself for the coming struggle by the mental preparation which Xenophon has finely called "the soldier's arraying his own soul for battle." Well, too, may we hope and believe that many a spirit sought aid from a higher and holier source; and that many a fervent though silent prayer arose on that Sabbath morn (the battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday) to the Lord of Sabaoth, the God of Battles, from the ranks, whence so many thousands were about to appear that day before His judgment-seat.

Not only to those who were thus present as spectators and actors in the dread drama, but to all Europe, the decisive contest then impending between the rival French and English nations, each under its chosen chief, was the object of exciting interest and deepest solicitude. "Never, indeed, had two such generals as the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor Napoleon encountered since the day when Scipio and Hannibal met at Zama." The two great champions, who now confronted each other, were equals in years, and each had entered the military profession at the same early age.

It was approaching noon before the action commenced. Napoleon, in his "Memoirs," gives as the reason for this delay the miry state of the ground through the heavy rain of the preceding night and day, which rendered it impossible for cavalry or artillery to maneuver on it till a few hours of dry weather had given it its natural consistency. It has been supposed, also, that he trusted to the effect which the sight of the imposing array of his own forces was likely to produce on the part of the allied army. The Belgian regiments had been tampered with; and Napoleon had well-founded hopes of seeing them quit the Duke of Wellington in a body, and range themselves under his own eagles. The duke, however, who knew and did not trust them, had guarded against the risk of this by breaking up the corps of Belgians, and distributing them in separate regiments among troops on whom he could rely.

At last, at about half-past eleven o'clock, Napoleon began the battle by directing a powerful force from his left wing under his brother, Prince Jerome, to attack Hougoumont. Column after column of the French now descended from the west of the southern heights, and assailed that post with fiery valor, which was encountered with the most determined bravery. The French won the copse round the house, but a party of the British Guards held the house itself throughout the day. The whole of Byng's brigade was required to man this hotly-contested post. Amid shell and shot, and the blazing fragments of part of the buildings, this obstinate contest was continued. But still the English were firm in Hougoumont; though the French occasionally moved forward in such numbers as enabled them to surround and mask it with part of their troops from their left wing, while others pressed onward up the slope and assailed the British right.

The cannonade, which commenced at first between the British right and the French left, in consequence of the attack on Hougoumont, soon became general along both lines; and, about one o'clock, Napoleon directed a grand attack to be made under Marshal Ney upon the center and left wing of the allied army. For this purpose four columns of infantry, amounting to about eighteen thousand men, were collected, supported by a strong division of cavalry under the celebrated Kellermann; and seventy-four guns were brought forward ready to be posted on the ridge of a little undulation of the ground in the interval between the two principal chains of heights, so as to bring their fire to bear on the duke's line at a range of about seven hundred yards. By the combined assault of these formidable forces, led on by Ney, "the bravest of the brave," Napoleon hoped to force the left center of the British

position, to take La Haye Sainte, and then pressing forward to occupy also the farm of Mont St. Jean. He then could cut the mass of Wellington's troops off from their line of retreat upon Brussels, and from their own left, and also completely sever them from any Prussian troops that might be approaching.

The columns destined for this great and decisive operation descended majestically from the French line of hills, and gained the ridge of the intervening eminence, on which the batteries that supported them were now ranged. As the columns descended again from this eminence, the seventy-four guns opened over their heads with terrible effect upon the troops of the allies that were stationed on the heights to the left of the Charleroi road. One of the French columns kept to the east, and attacked the extreme left of the allies; the other three continued to move rapidly forwards upon the left center of the allied position. The front line of the allies here was composed of Bylandt's brigade of Dutch and Belgians. As the French columns moved up the southward slope of the height on which the Dutch and Belgians stood, and the skirmishers in advance began to open their fire, Bylandt's entire brigade turned and fled in disgraceful and disorderly panic; but there were men more worthy of the name behind.

In this part of the second line of the allies were posted Pack and Kempt's brigades of English infantry, which had suffered severely at Quatre Bras. But Picton was here as general of division, and not even Ney himself surpassed in resolute bravery that stern and fiery spirit. Picton brought his two brigades forward, side by side, in a thin, two-deep line. Thus joined together, they were not three thousand strong. With these Picton had to make head against the three victorious French columns, upwards of four times that strength, and who, encouraged by the easy rout of the Dutch and Belgians, now came confidently over the ridge of the hill. The British infantry stood firm; and as the French halted and began to deploy into line, Picton seized the critical moment. He shouted in his stentorian voice to Kempt's brigade: "A volley, and then charge!" At a distance of less than thirty yards that volley was poured upon the devoted first sections of the nearest column; and then, with a fierce hurrah, the British dashed in with the bayonet. Picton was shot dead as he rushed forward, but his men pushed on with the cold steel. The French reeled back in confusion. Pack's infantry had checked the other two columns, and down came a whirlwind of British horse on the whole mass, sending them staggering from the crest of the hill, and cutting them down by whole battalions. Ponsonby's brigade of

heavy cavalry (the Union Brigade as it was called, from its being made up of the British Royals, the Scots Greys, and the Irish Inniskillings), did this good service. On went the horsemen amid the wrecks of the French columns, capturing two eagles and two thousand prisoners; onwards still they galloped, and sabered the artillerymen of Ney's seventy-four advanced guns; then severing the traces, and cutting the throats of the artillery horses, they rendered these guns totally useless to the French throughout the remainder of the day. While thus far advanced beyond the British position and disordered by success, they were charged by a large body of French lancers, and driven back with severe loss, till Vandeleur's light horse came to their aid, and beat off the French lancers in their turn.

Equally unsuccessful with the advance of the French infantry in this grand attack had been the efforts of the French cavalry who moved forward in support of it, along the east of the Charleroi road. Somerset's cavalry of the English Household Brigade had been launched, on the right of Picton's division, against the French horse, at the same time that the English Union Brigade of heavy horse charged the French infantry columns on the left.

Somerset's brigade was formed of the Life Guards, the Blues, and the Dragoon Guards. The hostile cavalry, which Kellermann led forward, consisted chiefly of cuirassiers. This steel-clad mass of French horsemen rode down some companies of German infantry, near La Haye Sainte, and, flushed with success, they bounded onward to the ridge of the British position. The English Household Brigade, led on by the Earl of Uxbridge in person, spurred forward to the encounter, and in an instant the two adverse lines of strong swordsmen, on their strong steeds, dashed furiously together. A desperate and sanguinary hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which the physical superiority of the Anglo-Saxons, guided by equal skill, and animated with equal valor, was made decisively manifest. Back went the chosen cavalry of France; and after them, in hot pursuit, spurred the English Guards. They went forward as far and as fiercely as their comrades of the Union Brigade; and, like them, the Household cavalry suffered severely before they regained the British position, after their magnificent charge and adventurous pursuit.

Napoleon's grand effort to break the left center had thus completely failed; and his right wing was seriously weakened by the heavy loss which it had sustained. Hougoumont was still being assailed, and was still successfully resisting. Troops were now beginning to appear at the edge of the horizon on Napoleon's right, which he too well knew to

be Prussian, though he endeavored to persuade his followers that they were Grouchy's men coming to their aid.

Grouchy was in fact now engaged at Wavre, with his whole force, against Thielman's single Prussian corps, while the other three corps of the Prussian army were moving without opposition, save from the difficulties of the ground, upon Waterloo. Grouchy believed, on the 17th, and caused Napoleon to believe, that the Prussian army was retreating by lines of march remote from Waterloo upon Namur and Maestricht. Napoleon learned only on the 18th that there were Prussians in Wavre, and felt jealous about the security of his own right. He accordingly, before he attacked the English, sent Grouchy orders to engage the Prussians at Wavre, without delay, *and to approach the main French army, so as to unite his communication with the Emperor's.* Grouchy entirely neglected this last part of his instructions; and in attacking the Prussians whom he found at Wavre he spread his force more and more towards his right, that is to say, in the direction most remote from Napoleon. He thus knew nothing of Blucher's and Bulow's flank march upon Waterloo till six in the evening of the 18th, when he received a note which Soult, by Napoleon's orders, had sent off from the field of battle at Waterloo at one o'clock to inform Grouchy that Bulow was coming over the heights of St. Lambert, on the Emperor's right flank, and directing Grouchy to approach and join the main army instantly, and crush Bulow *en flagrant delit.* It was then too late for Grouchy to obey; but it is remarkable that as early as noon on the 18th, and while Grouchy had not proceeded as far as Wavre, he and his suite heard the sound of heavy cannonading in the direction of Planchenoit and Mont St. Jean. General Gérard, who was with Grouchy, implored him to march towards the cannonade, and join his operations with those of Napoleon, who was evidently engaged with the English. Grouchy refused to do so, or even to detach part of his force in that direction. He said that his instructions were to fight the Prussians at Wavre. He marched upon Wavre and fought for the rest of the day with Thielman accordingly, while Blucher and Bulow were attacking the Emperor.

Napoleon had witnessed with bitter disappointment the rout of his troops—foot, horse and artillery—which attacked the left center of the English, and the obstinate resistance which the garrison of Hougoumont opposed to all the exertions of his left wing. He now caused the batteries along the line of high ground held by him to be strengthened, and for some time an unremitting and most destructive cannonade raged across the valley, to the partial cessation of other

conflict. But the superior fire of the French artillery, though it weakened, could not break the British line, and more close and summary measures were requisite.

It was now about half-past three o'clock; and though Wellington's army had suffered severely by the unremitting cannonade and in the late desperate encounter, no part of the British position had been forced. Napoleon determined therefore to try what effect he could produce on the British center and right by charges of his splendid cavalry, brought on in such force that the duke's cavalry could not check them. Fresh troops were at the same time sent to assail La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, the possession of these posts being the Emperor's unceasing object. Squadron after squadron of the French cuirassiers accordingly ascended the slopes on the duke's right, and rode forward with dauntless courage against the batteries of the British artillery in that part of the field. The artillerymen were driven from their guns, and the cuirassiers cheered loudly at their supposed triumph. But the duke had formed his infantry in squares, and the cuirassiers charged in vain against the impenetrable hedges of bayonets, while the fire from the inner ranks of the squares told with terrible effect on their squadrons. Time after time they rode forward with invariably the same result, and as they receded from each attack the British artillerymen rushed forward from the centers of the squares, where they had taken refuge, and plied their guns on the retiring horsemen. Nearly the whole of Napoleon's magnificent body of heavy cavalry was destroyed in these fruitless attempts upon the British right. But in another part of the field fortune favored him for a time. Two French columns of infantry from Donzelot's division took La Haye Sainte between six and seven o'clock, and the means were now given for organizing another formidable attack on the center of the allies.

There was no time to be lost—Blucher and Bulow were beginning to press hard upon the French right. As early as five o'clock Napoleon had been obliged to detach Lobau's infantry and Domont's horse to check these new enemies. They succeeded in doing so for a time; but as larger numbers of the Prussians came on the field they turned Lobau's right flank, and sent a strong force to seize the village of Planchenoit, which, it will be remembered, lay in the rear of the French right.

The design of the allies was not merely to prevent Napoleon from advancing upon Brussels, but to cut off his line of retreat and utterly destroy his army. The defense of Planchenoit therefore became abso-

lutely essential for the safety of the French, and Napoleon was obliged to send his Young Guard to occupy that village, which was accordingly held by them with great gallantry against the reiterated assaults of the Prussian left, under Bulow. Three times did the Prussians fight their way into Planchenoit, and as often did the French drive them out: the contest was maintained with the fiercest desperation on both sides, such being the animosity between the two nations that quarter was seldom given or even asked. Other Prussian forces were now appearing on the field nearer to the English left; whom also Napoleon kept in check by troops detached for that purpose. Thus a large part of the French army was now thrown back on a line at right angles with the line of that portion which still confronted and assailed the English position. But this portion was now numerically inferior to the force under the Duke of Wellington, which Napoleon had been assailing throughout the day, without gaining any other advantage than the capture of La Haye Sainte. It is true that, owing to the gross misconduct of the greater part of the Dutch and Belgian troops, the duke was obliged to rely exclusively on his English and German soldiers, and the ranks of these had been fearfully thinned; but the survivors stood their ground heroically and opposed a resolute front to every forward movement of their enemies.

On no point of the British line was the pressure more severe than on Halkett's brigade in the right center, which was composed of battalions of the Thirtieth, the Thirty-third, the Sixty-ninth and the Seventy-third British regiments. We fortunately can quote from the journal of a brave officer of the Thirtieth a narrative of what took place in this part of the field. The late Major Macready served at Waterloo in the light company of the Thirtieth. The extent of the peril and the carnage which Halkett's brigade had to encounter may be judged of by the fact that this light company marched into the field three officers and fifty-one men, and that at the end of the battle they stood one officer and ten men. Major Macready's blunt soldierly account of what he actually saw and felt gives a far better idea of the terrific scene than can be gained from the polished generalizations which the conventional style of history requires, or even from the glowing stanzas of the poet. During the earlier part of the day Macready and his light company were thrown forward as skirmishers in front of the brigade; but when the French cavalry commenced their attacks on the British right center, he and his comrades were ordered back. The brave soldier thus himself describes what passed.

"Before the commencement of this attack our company and the Grenadiers of the Seventy-third were skirmishing briskly in the low ground, covering our guns and annoying those of the enemy. The line of tirailleurs opposed to us was not stronger than our own, but on a sudden they were re-enforced by numerous bodies, and several guns began playing on us with canister. Our poor fellows dropped very fast, and Colonel Vigoureux, Rumley and Pratt were carried off badly wounded in about two minutes. I was now commander of our company. We stood under this hurricane of small shot till Halkett sent to order us in, and I brought away about a third of the light bobs; the rest were killed or wounded, and I really wonder how one of them escaped. As our bugler was killed I shouted and made signals to move by the left, in order to avoid the fire of our guns and to put as good a face upon the business as possible.

"When I reached Lloyd's abandoned guns, I stood near them for about a minute to contemplate the scene: it was grand beyond description. Hougoumont and its wood sent up a broad flame through the dark masses of smoke that overhung the field; beneath this cloud the French were indistinctly visible. Here a waving mass of long red feathers could be seen; there, gleams as from a sheet of steel showed that the cuirassiers were moving; four hundred cannon were belching forth fire and death on every side; the roaring and shouting were indistinguishably commixed—together they gave me an idea of a laboring volcano. Bodies of infantry and cavalry were pouring down on us, and it was time to leave contemplation, so I moved towards our columns, which were standing up in square. Our regiment and 73d formed one, and 33d and 69th another; to our right beyond them were the Guards, and on our left the Hanoverians and German legion of our division. As I entered the rear face of our square I had to step over a body, and looking down, recognized Harry Beere, an officer of our Grenadiers, who about an hour before shook hands with me, laughing, as I left the columns. I was on the usual terms of military intimacy with poor Harry—that is to say, if either of us had died a natural death the other would have pitied him as a good fellow, and smiled at his neighbor as he congratulated him on the step; but seeing his herculean frame and animated countenance thus suddenly stiff and motionless before me (I know not whence the feeling could originate, for I had just seen my dearest friend drop, almost with indifference), the tears started in my eyes as I sighed out, 'Poor Harry!' The tear was not dry on my cheek when poor Harry was no longer thought of. In a few minutes after the enemy's cavalry galloped up and crowned the crest of our position.

Our guns were abandoned, and they formed between the two brigades, about a hundred paces in our front. Their first charge was magnificent. As soon as they quickened their trot into a gallop the cuirassiers bent their heads so that the peaks of their helmets looked like vizors, and they seemed cased in armor from the plume to the saddle. Not a shot was fired till they were within thirty yards, when the word was given, and our men fired away at them. The effect was magical. Through the smoke we could see helmets falling, cavaliers starting from their seats with convulsive springs as they received our balls, horses plunging and rearing in the agonies of fright and pain, and crowds of the soldiery dismounted, part of the squadron in retreat, but the more daring remainder backing their horses to force them on our bayonets. Our fire soon disposed of these gentlemen. The main body re-formed in our front, and rapidly and gallantly repeated their attacks. In fact, from this time (about four o'clock) till near six, we had a constant repetition of these brave but unavailing charges. There was no difficulty in repulsing them, but our ammunition decreased alarmingly. At length an artillery wagon galloped up, emptied two or three casks of cartridges into the square, and we were all comfortable.

"The best cavalry is contemptible to a steady and well-supplied infantry regiment; even our men saw this, and began to pity the useless perseverance of their assailants, and, as they advanced, would growl out, 'Here come these fools again!' One of their superior officers tried a *ruse de guerre*, by advancing and dropping his sword, as though he surrendered; some of us were deceived by him, but Halkett ordered the men to fire, and he coolly retired, saluting us. Their devotion was invincible. One officer whom we had taken prisoner was asked what force Napoleon might have in the field, and replied with a smile of mingled derision and threatening, 'Vous verrez bientot sa force, messieurs.' A private cuirassier was wounded and dragged into the square; his only cry was, 'Tuez donc, tuez, tuez moi, soldats!' and as one of our men dropped dead close to him, he seized his bayonet and forced it into his own neck; but this not dispatching him, he raised up his cuirass, and plunging the bayonet into his stomach, kept working it about till he ceased to breathe.

"Though we constantly thrashed our steel-clad opponents, we found more troublesome customers in the round shot and grape, which all this time played on us with terrible effect, and fully avenged the cuirassiers. Often as the valleys created openings in our square would the cavalry dash on, but they were uniformly unsuccessful. A regiment on our right seemed sadly disconcerted, and at one moment was in considerable

confusion. Halkett rode out to them, and seizing their color, waved it over his head, and restored them to something like order, though not before his horse was shot under him. At the height of their unsteadiness we got the order to 'right face' to move to their assistance; some of the men mistook it for 'right about face,' and faced accordingly, when old Major McLaine, Seventy-third, called out, 'No, my boys, it's "right face;" you'll never hear the right about as long as a French bayonet is in front of you!' In a few moments he was mortally wounded. A regiment of light dragoons, by their facings either the Sixteenth or Twenty-third, came up to our left and charged the cuirassiers. We cheered each other as they passed us; they did all they could, but were obliged to retire after a few minutes at the saber. A body of Belgian cavalry advanced for the same purpose, but on passing our square they stopped short. Our noble Halkett rode out to them and offered to charge at their head; it was of no use; the Prince of Orange came up and exhorted them to do their duty, but in vain. They hesitated till a few shots whizzed through them, when they turned about, and galloped like fury, or rather like fear. As they passed the right face of our square the men, irritated by their rascally conduct, unanimously took up their pieces and fired a volley into them, and 'many a good fellow was destroyed so cowardly.'

"The enemy's cavalry were by this time nearly disposed of, and as they had discovered the inutility of their charges, they commenced annoying us by a spirited and well-directed carbine fire. While we were employed in this manner it was impossible to see farther than the columns on our right and left, but I imagine most of the army were similarly situated: all the British and Germans were doing their duty. About six o'clock I perceived some artillery trotting up our hill, which I knew by their caps to belong to the imperial guard. I had hardly mentioned this to a brother officer when two guns unlimbered within seventy paces of us, and, by their first discharge of grape, blew seven men into the center of the square. They immediately reloaded, and kept up a constant destructive fire. It was noble to see our fellows fill up the gaps after every discharge. I was much distressed at this moment; having ordered up three of my light bobs, they had hardly taken their station when two of them fell horribly lacerated. One of them looked up in my face and uttered a sort of reproachful groan, and I involuntarily exclaimed, 'I couldn't help it.' We would willingly have charged these guns, but, had we deployed, the cavalry that flanked them would have made an example of us.

"The 'vivida vis animi'—the glow which fires one upon entering

into action—had ceased; it was now to be seen which side had most bottom, and would stand killing longest. The duke visited us frequently at this momentous period; he was coolness personified. As he crossed the rear face of our square a shell fell amongst our grenadiers, and he checked his horse to see its effect. Some men were blown to pieces by the explosion, and he merely stirred the rein of his charger, apparently as little concerned at their fate as at his own danger. No leader ever possessed so fully the confidence of his soldiery; wherever he appeared, a murmur of 'Silence—stand to your front—here's the duke,' was heard through the column, and then all was steady as on a parade. His aides-de-camp, Colonels Canning and Gordon, fell near our square, and the former died within it. As he came near us late in the evening, Halkett rode out to him and represented our weak state, begging his Grace to afford us a little support. 'It's impossible, Halkett,' said he. And our general replied, 'If so, sir, you may depend on the brigade to a man!"'

All accounts of the battle show that the duke was ever present at each spot where danger seemed the most pressing; inspiriting his men by a few homely and good-humored words; and restraining their impatience to be led forward to attack in their turn.—"Hard pounding, this, gentlemen: we will try who can pound the longest!" was his remark to a battalion, on which the storm from the French guns was pouring with peculiar fury. Riding up to one of the squares, which had been dreadfully weakened, and against which a fresh attack of French cavalry was coming, he called to them: "Stand firm, my lads; what will they say of this in England?" As he rode along another part of the line where the men had for some time been falling fast beneath the enemy's cannonade, without having any close fighting, a murmur reached his ear of natural eagerness to advance and do something more than stand still to be shot at. The duke called to them: "Wait a little longer, my lads, and you shall have your wish." The men were instantly satisfied and steady. It was, indeed, indispensable for the duke to bide his time. The premature movement of a single corps down from the British line of heights would have endangered the whole position, and have probably made Waterloo a second Hastings.

But the duke inspired all under him with his spirit of patient firmness. When other generals besides Halkett sent to him for re-enforcements, or for leave to withdraw corps which were reduced to skeletons, the answer was the same: "It is impossible; you must hold your ground to the last man, and all will be well." He gave a similar reply

to some of his staff, who asked instructions from him, so that, in the event of his falling, his successor might follow out his plan. He answered, "My plan is simply to stand my ground here to the last man." His personal danger was indeed imminent throughout the day; and though he escaped without injury to himself or horse, one only of his numerous staff was equally fortunate.

Napoleon had stationed himself during the battle on a little hillock near La Belle Alliance, in the center of the French position. Here he was seated with a large table from the neighboring farm-house before him, on which maps and plans were spread; and thence with his telescope he surveyed the various points of the field. Soult watched his orders close at his left hand, and his staff was grouped on horseback a few paces in the rear. Here he remained till near the close of the day, preserving the appearance at least of calmness, except some expressions of irritation which escaped him when Ney's attack on the British left center was defeated. But now that the crisis of the battle was evidently approaching, he mounted a white Persian charger, which he rode in action because the troops easily recognized him by the horse's color. He had still the means of effecting a retreat. His Old Guard had yet taken no part in the action. Under cover of it, he might have withdrawn his shattered forces and retired upon the French frontier. But this would only have given the English and Prussians the opportunity of completing their junction; and he knew that other armies were fast coming up to aid them in a march upon Paris, if he should succeed in avoiding an encounter with them, and retreating upon the capital. A victory at Waterloo was his only alternative from utter ruin, and he determined to employ his Guard in one bold stroke more to make that victory his own.

Between seven and eight o'clock the infantry of the Old Guard was formed into two columns, on the declivity near La Belle Alliance. Ney was placed at their head. Napoleon himself rode forward to a spot by which his veterans were to pass; and, as they approached, he raised his arm and pointed to the position of the allies, as if to tell them that their path lay there. They answered with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and descended the hill from their own side into that "valley of the shadow of death," while the batteries thundered with redoubled vigor over their heads upon the British line. The line of march of the columns of the Guard was directed between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, against the British right center; and at the same time the French under Donzelot, who had possession of La Haye Sainte, commenced a fierce attack upon the British center, a lit-

tle more to its left. This part of the battle has drawn less attention than the celebrated attack of the Old Guard; but it formed the most perilous crisis for the allied army; and if the Young Guard had been there to support Donzelot, instead of being engaged with the Prussians at Planchenoit, the consequences to the allies in that part of the field must have been most serious. The French tirailleurs who were posted in clouds in La Haye Sainte, and the sheltered spots near it, picked off the artillerymen of the English batteries near them; and, taking advantage of the disabled state of the English guns, the French brought some field-pieces up to La Haye Sainte, and commenced firing grape from them on the infantry of the allies, at a distance of not more than a hundred paces. The allied infantry here consisted of some German brigades, who were formed in squares, as it was believed that Donzelot had cavalry ready behind La Haye Sainte to charge them with, if they left that order of formation. In this state the Germans remained for some time with heroic fortitude, though the grape-shot was tearing gaps in their ranks, and the side of one square was literally blown away by one tremendous volley which the French gunners poured into it. The Prince of Orange in vain endeavored to lead some Nassau troops to the aid of the brave Germans. The Nassauers would not or could not face the French; and some battalions of Brunswickers whom the Duke of Wellington had ordered up as a re-enforcement, at first fell back, until the duke in person rallied them, and led them on. Having thus barred the farther advance of Donzelot, the duke galloped off to the right to head his men who were exposed to the attack of the Imperial Guard. He had saved one part of his center from being routed; but the French had gained ground and kept it; and the pressure on the allied line in front of La Haye Sainte was fearfully severe, until it was relieved by the decisive success which the British in the right center achieved over the columns of the Guard.

The British troops on the crest of that part of the position, which the first column of Napoleon's Guards assailed, were Maitland's brigade of British Guards, having Adams's brigade (which had been brought forward during the action) on their right. Maitland's men were lying down, in order to avoid as far as possible the destructive effect of the French artillery, which kept up an unremitting fire from the opposite heights, until the first column of the Imperial Guard had advanced so far up the slope towards the British position that any further firing of the French artillerymen would have endangered their own comrades. Meanwhile the British guns were not idle; but shot and shell plowed fast through the ranks of the stately array of veterans that still

moved imposingly on. Several of the French superior officers were at its head. Ney's horse was shot under him, but he still led the way on foot, sword in hand. The front of the massive column now was on the ridge of the hill. To their surprise they saw no troops before them. All they could discern through the smoke was a small band of mounted officers. One of them was the duke himself. The French advanced to about fifty yards from where the British Guards were lying down, when the voice of one of the group of British officers was heard calling, as if to the ground before him, "Up, Guards, and at them!" It was the duke who gave the order; and at the words, as if by magic, up started before them a line of the British Guards four deep, and in the most compact and perfect order. They poured an instantaneous volley upon the head of the French column, by which no less than three hundred of those chosen veterans are said to have fallen. The French officers rushed forwards; and, conspicuous in front of their men, attempted to deploy them into a more extended line, so as to enable them to reply with effect to the British fire. But Maitland's brigade kept showering in volley after volley with deadly rapidity. The decimated column grew disordered in its vain efforts to expand itself into a more efficient formation. The right word was given at the right moment to the British for the bayonet-charge, and the brigade sprang forward with a loud cheer against their dismayed antagonists. In an instant the compact mass of the French spread out into a rabble, and they fled back down the hill, pursued by Maitland's men, who, however, returned to their position in time to take part in the repulse of the second column of the Imperial Guard.

This column also advanced with great spirit and firmness under the cannonade which was opened on it; and passing by the eastern wall of Hougoumont, diverged slightly to the right as it moved up the slope towards the British position, so as to approach nearly the same spot where the first column had surmounted the height, and been defeated. This enabled the British regiments of Adams's brigade to form a line parallel to the left flank of the French column; so that while the front of this column of French Guards had to encounter the cannonade of the British batteries, and the musketry of Maitland's Guards, its left flank was assailed with a destructive fire by a four-deep body of British infantry, extending all along it. In such a position all the bravery and skill of the French veterans were vain. The second column, like its predecessor, broke and fled, taking at first a lateral direction along the front of the British line towards the rear of La Haye Sainte, and so becoming blended with the divisions of French infantry, which under Don-

zelot had been assailing the allies so formidably in that quarter. The sight of the Old Guard broken and in flight checked the ardor which Donzelot's troops had hitherto displayed. They, too, began to waver. Adams's victorious brigade was pressing after the flying Guard, and now cleared away the assailants of the allied center. But the battle was not yet won. Napoleon had still some battalions in reserve near La Belle Alliance. He was rapidly rallying the remains of the first column of his Guards, and he had collected into one body the remnants of the various corps of cavalry which had suffered so severely in the earlier part of the day. The duke instantly formed the bold resolution of now himself becoming the assailant, and leading his successful though enfeebled army forward, while the disheartening effect of the repulse of the Imperial Guard on the rest of the French army was still strong, and before Napoleon and Ney could rally the beaten veterans themselves for another and a fiercer charge. As the close approach of the Prussians now completely protected the duke's left, he had drawn some reserves of horse from that quarter, and he had a brigade of Hussars under Vivian fresh and ready at hand. Without a moment's hesitation he launched these against the cavalry near La Belle Alliance. The charge was as successful as it was daring; and as there was now no hostile cavalry to check the British infantry in a forward movement, the duke gave the long-wished-for command for a general advance of the army along the whole line upon the foe.

It was now past eight o'clock, and for nearly nine deadly hours had the British and German regiments stood unflinching under the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry, and every variety of assault which the compact columns or the scattered tirailleurs of the enemy's infantry could inflict. As they joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies, while they poured down into the valley and towards the heights that were held by the foe. The duke himself was among the foremost in the advance, and personally directed the movements against each body of the French that essayed resistance. He rode it front of Adams's brigade, cheering it forward, and even galloped among the most advanced of the British skirmishers, speaking joyously to the men, and receiving their hearty shouts of congratulation. The bullets of both friends and foes were whistling fast round him; and one of the few survivors of his staff remonstrated with him for thus exposing a life of such value. "Never mind," was the duke's answer; "never mind, let them fire away; the battle's won, and my

life is of no consequence now." And, indeed, almost the whole of the French host was now in irreparable confusion. The Prussian army was coming more and more rapidly forwards on their right; and the Young Guard, which had held Planchenoit so bravely, was at last compelled to give way. Some regiments of the Old Guard in vain endeavored to form in squares and stem the current. They were swept away and wrecked among the waves of the flyers. Napoleon had placed himself in one of these squares: Marshal Soult, Generals Bertrand, Drouot, Corbineau, De Flahaut and Gourgaud, were with him. The Emperor spoke of dying on the field, but Soult seized his bridle and turned his charger round, exclaiming, "Sire, are not the enemy already lucky enough?" With the greatest difficulty, and only by the utmost exertion of the devoted officers round him, Napoleon cleared the throng of fugitives and escaped from the scene of the battle and the war, which he and France had lost past all recovery. Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington still rode forward with the van of his victorous troops, until he reined up on the elevated ground near Rossomme. The daylight was now entirely gone; but the young moon had risen, and the light which it cast, aided by the glare from the burning houses and other buildings in the line of the flying French and pursuing Prussians, enabled the duke to assure himself that his victory was complete. He then rode back along the Charleroi road toward Waterloo; and near La Belle Alliance he met Marshal Blucher. Warm were the congratulations that were exchanged between the allied chiefs. It was arranged that the Prussians should follow up the pursuit and give the French no chance of rallying. Accordingly the British army, exhausted by its toils and sufferings during that dreadful day did not advance beyond the heights which the enemy had occupied. But the Prussians drove the fugitives before them in merciless chase throughout the night. Cannon, baggage, and all the *materiel* of the army were abandoned by the French; and many thousands of the infantry threw away their arms to facilitate their escape. The ground was strewn for miles with the wrecks of their host. There was no rear-guard; nor was even the semblance of order attempted. An attempt at resistance was made at the bridge and village of Genappe, the first narrow pass through which the bulk of the French retired. The situation was favorable; and a few resolute battalions, if ably commanded, might have held their pursuers at bay there for some considerable time. But despair and panic were now universal in the beaten army. At the first sound of the Prussian drums and bugles, Genappe was abandoned, and nothing thought of but headlong flight.

The Prussians, under General Gneisenau, still followed and still slew; nor even when the Prussian infantry stopped in sheer exhaustion was the pursuit given up. Gneisenau still pushed on with the cavalry; and by an ingenious stratagem made the French believe that his infantry were still close on them, and scared them from every spot where they attempted to pause and rest. He mounted one of his drummers on a horse which had been taken from the captured carriage of Napoleon, and made him ride along with the pursuing cavalry, and beat the drum whenever they came on any large number of the French. The French thus fled, and the Prussians pursued through Quatre Bras, and even over the heights of Frasne; and when at length Gneisenau drew bridle, and halted a little beyond Frasne with the scanty remnant of keen hunters who had kept up the chase with him to the last, the French were scattered through Gosselies, Marchiennes, and Charleroi; and were striving to regain the left bank of the river Sambre, which they had crossed in such pomp and pride not a hundred hours before.

No returns ever were made of the amount of the French loss in the battle of Waterloo; but it must have been immense, and may be partially judged of by the amount of killed and wounded in the armies of the conquerors. On this subject both the Prussian and British official evidence is unquestionably full and authentic. The figures are terribly emphatic.

Of the army that fought under the Duke of Wellington nearly fifteen thousand men were killed and wounded on this single day of battle. Seven thousand Prussians also fell at Waterloo. At such a fearful price was the deliverance of Europe purchased.

The overthrow of the French military power at Waterloo was so complete that the subsequent events of the brief campaign have little interest. Lamartine truly says: "This defeat left nothing undecided in future events, for victory had given judgment. The war began and ended in a single battle." Napoleon himself recognized instantly and fully the deadly nature of the blow which had been dealt to his empire. In his flight from the battle-field he first halted at Charleroi, but the approach of the pursuing Prussians drove him thence before he had rested there an hour. With difficulty getting clear of the wrecks of his own army, he reached Philippeville, where he remained a few hours, and sent orders to the French generals in the various extremities of France to converge with their troops upon Paris. He ordered Soult to collect the fugitives of his own force, and lead them to Laon. He then hurried forward to Paris, and reached his capital before the news of his own defeat. But the stern truth soon transpired. At the demand of

the Chambers of Peers and Representatives, he abandoned the throne by a second and final abdication on the 22d of June. On the 29th of June he left the neighborhood of Paris, and proceeded to Rochefort in the hope of escaping to America; but the coast was strictly watched, and on the 15th of July the ex-Emperor surrended himself on board of the English man-of-war the *Bellerophon.*

Meanwhile the allied armies had advanced steadily upon Paris, driving before them Grouchy's corps, and the scanty force which Soult had succeeded in rallying at Laon. Cambray, Peronne, and other fortresses were speedily captured; and by the 29th of June the invaders were taking their positions in front of Paris. The provisional government, which acted in the French capital after the Emperor's abdication, opened negotiations with the allied chiefs. Blucher, in his quenchless hatred of the French, was eager to reject all proposals for a suspension of hostilities, and to assault and storm the city. But the sager and calmer spirit of Wellington prevailed over his colleague; the entreated armistice was granted; and on the 3d of July the capitulation of Paris terminated the War of the Battle of Waterloo.

NAPOLEON'S LAST VOYAGE:

EXTRACT FROM A DIARY OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN, WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO GENERAL NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, ON PASSAGE FROM ENGLAND TO ST. HELENA, IN 1815, ON BOARD H.M.S. "NORTHUMBERLAND," BEARING THE REAR-ADMIRAL'S FLAG.

PREFACE.

THE MS. from which this "Extract" has been printed was found, in his own handwriting, among the papers of my late father; attached to it being a note, also in his own handwriting, to the effect that it is a reproduction of a copy found at St. Helena, in 1824 or 1825, among the effects of one who had held an official position as admiral's secretary or captain's clerk on board the *Northumberland* on her voyage to St. Helena, where he died, and who had no doubt made it as a matter of pardonable curiosity and satisfaction for himself; and it is now published in the belief that its intrinsic interest, as closing a gap in the later career of the great soldier, will be deemed sufficient excuse for its seeing the light.

THOS. SALKELD BORRADAILE.

Surbiton, 1888.

ON the 6th August, being off the Start in the *Northumberland*, I met Lord Keith in the *Tonnant*, having with him the *Bellerophon* and some frigates in which were General Bonaparte and all his suite. As the removal of the General and his things was likely to occupy some time,

and the doing of it with the ships under sail might be attended with inconvenience, Lord Keith agreed with me in the propriety of anchoring the whole off the Berry Head, which was accordingly done the same evening; and his lordship afterwards accompanied me on board the *Bellerophon* to make known to General Bonaparte that in pursuance of instructions under which I was acting, he, the General, was to be removed as quickly as convenient into the *Northumberland* for the purpose of being conveyed to St. Helena. The General protested very strongly against this proceeding and against the right of the British Government thus to dispose of him. Very little other conversation passed between us; we did not think it necessary to enter into the merits of the question with him, but contented ourselves with observing that, as military officers, we must, of course, obey the instructions of our Government, and therefore that we hoped he would be ready to remove to the *Northumberland* the next morning.

On the 7th August, after breakfast, I went again to the *Bellerophon* to examine the baggage, etc., of the General and of those who were to accompany him, at which he was extremely indignant. I, however, in conformity with my instructions, caused everything to be inspected previous to permitting it to be sent on board the *Northumberland;* all the arms of every description were delivered up by him and his suite, and I stopped four thousand napoleons in gold, which I delivered to Captain Maitland to be by him transmitted to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Everything else belonging to them being transshipped and the necessary arrangements completed, about midday Bonaparte embarked on board the *Northumberland,* with the persons undermentioned, viz.—

Grand Maréchal Comte de Bertrand.
Madame de Bertrand.
3 children of ditto.
1 female servant with her child.
1 man servant.

General Comte de Montholon.
Madame de Montholon.
1 child.
1 female servant.

Le Comte de Las Cases.
1 son (a boy about 13 years of age).

General Gourgaud.
3 valets de chambre.
3 ditto de pied.
1 maitre d'hotel.
1 chef d'office.
1 cook.
1 huissier.
1 lampiste.

Of which—

7 grown-up, to be at my table.
2 maid servants
1 young gentleman } at a separate table.
5 children
12 domestics, with my servants.

27 in all.

On reaching the deck he said to me, "Here I am, admiral, at your orders!" He then asked to be introduced to the captain, then asked the names of the different officers and gentlemen upon deck, asked them in what countries they were born and other questions of such trifling import, and he then went into the cabin with Lord Keith and myself, followed by some of his own people. After I had shown him the cabin I had appropriated for his exclusive use and requested him to sit down in the great cabin, he begged me to cause the lieutenant of the ship to be introduced to him; as, however, at this time his own followers came to take leave of him, I thought it best to leave him for a little while to himself, and I found soon afterwards advantage was taken of this for him to assume *exclusive* right to the after, or great cabin. When I therefore had finished my letters I went into it again with some of my officers and desired M. de Bertrand to explain to him that the after cabin must be considered as common to us all, and that the sleeping cabin I had appropriated to him could alone be considered as exclusively his. He received this intimation with submission and good humor, and soon afterwards went on deck, where he chatted loosely and good-naturedly with everybody.

At dinner he ate heartily of almost every dish, praised everything and seemed most perfectly contented and reconciled to his fate. He talked with me during dinner much on his Russian campaign, said he meant only to have refreshed his troops at Moscow for four or five days

and then to have marched for Petersburg, but the destruction of Moscow subverted all his projects, and he said nothing could have been more horrible than was that campaign; that for several days together it appeared to him as if he were marching through a sea of fire, owing to the constant succession of villages in flames which arose in every direction as far as his eye could reach; that this had been by some attributed to his troops, but that it was always done by the natives. Many of his soldiers, however, he said, lost their lives by endeavoring to pillage in the midst of the flames. He spoke much of the cold during their disastrous retreat, and stated that one night, after he had quitted the army to return to Paris, an entire half of his Guard were frozen to death. He also told me, in the course of this evening, that previous to his going to Elba he had made preparations for having a navy of one hundred sail of the line; that he had established a conscription for the navy, and that the Toulon fleet was entirely manned and brought forward by people of this description; that he ordered them positively to get under weigh and maneuver every day the weather would permit of it, and to stand out occasionally and to exchange long shots with our ships; that this had been much remonstrated against by those about him, and had cost him at first a good deal of money to repair the accidents that occurred from the want of maritime knowledge, such as from the ships getting aboard of each other, splitting their sails, springing their masts, etc.; but he found that even these accidents tended to improve the crews, and therefore he continued to pay his money and oblige them to continue to exercise. He said he had built his ships at Antwerp in rather too great a hurry, but he spoke highly in praise of the port, and said he had already given orders for a similar establishment to have been formed on the Elbe; and had fortune not turned against him, he hoped to have sooner or later given us some trouble, even on the seas. He stated that the reason he had over-hurried the ships at Antwerp, before mentioned, was because he was anxious to press forward an expedition from thence against Ireland. After taking his wine and coffee, he took a short walk on deck, and afterwards proposed a round game at cards; in compliance with which we played at vingt-un until about half-past ten, won from him about seven or eight napoleons, and he then retired to his bedroom, apparently as much at his ease as if he had belonged to the ship all his life. I afterwards disposed of his whole party for the night, though not without some difficulty; the ladies with their families making it necessary I should provide them with adequate room and accommodation, and yet each other person of the suite asking for and

expecting a separate cabin to sleep in and in which to put their things.

On the 8th August we lay-to the most of the day off Plymouth, waiting to be joined by the squadron destined to accompany us. It had blown fresh during the night, which left rather a heavy swell, the effect of which prevented General Bonaparte from preparing for dinner (at least that was the excuse made for his non-appearance), and I consequently did not see him during the day.

On the 9th August, being joined by all our squadron (except the *Weymouth*, which I could not wait for), we proceeded on our way down Channel, with tolerably fine weather but wind from N.W. General Bonaparte came out of his cabin, for the first time this day, about two P.M., and took a short walk on deck; but as I was busy writing I did not see him until dinner time. I found him rather lower and more reserved than the first day; indeed, until after drinking a tumbler of champagne he hardly spoke at all, but afterwards he conversed with more freedom, and made many and particular inquiries on the number and state of our forces in India; said he had been in correspondence with Tippoo Saib, and that he had hoped to have reached India when he went to Egypt, but the removal of the vizier and the alteration of politics of the Ottoman porte, with other circumstances, had prevented his pursuing the career there which he had at first contemplated. After dinner he went upon deck, and persisted in keeping off his hat as he walked up and down, evidently with a view to inducing the English officers on deck also to continue uncovered (as his French attendants did, and as I am told the officers of the *Bellerophon* used to do whilst he remained on the deck of that ship). Observing this, I made a point of putting on my hat immediately after the first compliment upon going out, and I desired the officers to do the same, at which he seemed considerably piqued, and he soon afterwards went into the cabin and made up his party at vingt-un; but he certainly neither played nor talked with the same cheerfulness he did the first night: this might, indeed, have been accident, but it appeared to me to proceed rather from downright sulkiness, though I cannot but remark that his general manners, as far as I am yet able to speak of them, are uncouth and disagreeable, and to his *French friends* most overbearing, if not absolutely rude. About eleven he retired to his bedroom, having been as unfortunate at his vingt-un party as the evening before. (Just before dark this evening I dispatched a brig to put letters into the post-office at Falmouth, off which place we were, to inform Government of our progress.)

On the 10th August, as soon as the brig I had sent to Falmouth

rejoined me, we made sail on the starboard tack, the wind being still from the westward with considerable swell from that quarter. Bonaparte did not make his appearance until just before dinner, when I found him playing at chess in the great cabin with the Comte de Montholon. He appeared to me to play but badly, and was evidently inferior to his antagonist, who I observed nevertheless was quite determined not to win the game from his ex-majesty.

At dinner, Bonaparte told me, when talking about our late contests with America, that Mr. Madison was too late in declaring his war, and that he never made any requisition to France for assistance; but that he (Bonaparte) would very readily have lent any number of line-of-battle ships Mr. Madison might have wished for, if American seamen could have been sent to man them and carry them over; but that the affairs of France beginning to go wrong about that period, it was out of his power to afford any other material assistance to the American Government.

Immediately after dinner to-day, the General got up rather uncivilly and went upon deck as soon as he had swallowed his own coffee and before all the rest of us were even served. This induced me to request particularly the remainder of the party to sit still, and he consequently went out only attended by his marèchal, without the slightest further notice being taken of him. (It is clear he is still inclined to act the sovereign occasionally, but I cannot allow it, and the sooner therefore he becomes convinced it is not to be admitted the better.)

General Gourgaud (who was in the battle of Waterloo) told me to-day that during that battle, when the Prussians appeared, Bonaparte believed them to have been General Grouchy's division, he having left between thirty and forty thousand men with that general, under orders to advance (in the same direction from which the Prussians had come) if from the firing heard General Grouchy should have reason to suppose the day was obstinately contested by the English; and this, he said, induced Bonaparte to persist in his efforts so long, and occasioned (when it was discovered that there was nothing but Prussians on the French flank) so general and complete a rout.

He said Bonaparte was forced off the ground at last by Soult, and he proceeded afterwards as quickly as possible to Paris; but so great was the panic and disorder among the French soldiers that many of them (without arms or accoutrements) actually arrived in Paris (some behind carriages, others in carts, etc.) on the same day with the General and his attendants, not having halted once from the moment of their quitting the field, and reporting everywhere as they passed

that all was lost. So well do these soldiers seem to have followed their chief's example in the hour of difficulty and danger!

Our latitude this day at noon was 49° 41′ N.

On the 11th August it blew very fresh all day from the N.W., and I was forced to carry sail to weather Ushant, which occasioned all my French party, from the master to the man, to be miserably sick; I therefore saw nothing of General Bonaparte throughout the day. I had, however, some conversation with M. de Bertfand, which tended to prove to me how blindly attached he is to Bonaparte, and how decidedly inimical to the Bourbon family. He affirmed that neither Ney, nor Soult, nor any of the French maréchals were apprised of Bonaparte's intention of returning from Elba to France; that it was adopted by the General of his own accord, in consequence of his observing in the public papers how unwisely the Bourbons were acting, and which rendered him certain how unpopular they would be throughout France, and consequently that he (General Bonaparte) had only to show himself there to be joined by everybody; but to the moment of his actually landing in France he had not received a promise or a line from anybody with proposals or recommending the step. M. de Bertrand told me they landed with only six hundred men; that he was sure Ney left Paris with the intention of obeying the King's orders and opposing Bonaparte's progress; but finding the soldiers he commanded, and indeed almost all his officers, resolved on joining Bonaparte instead of acting against him, he (Ney) then determined on taking the same line, as the only way of keeping the command of his division; and after having so resolved, he thenceforth acted most zealously for the new cause he had adopted, and did everything in his power to forward Bonaparte's views and thwart and destroy those of the Bourbons. Bertrand then added that General Bonaparte was received everywhere, as he advanced in France, like a father returning to his children, and that he would be always so received again in the event of his landing there (after the allied troops had quitted the country) owing to the love and affection borne him by every individual in the country. I could not help smiling at this statement of M. de Bertrand's, and asking him, in reply, if Bonaparte were so popular with all descriptions of persons throughout France, why he had so quickly determined on quitting it altogether after the defeat of Waterloo, instead of endeavoring to rally the dispersed armies and make further efforts to defend the country? The only answer I could get from him to this question was that General Bonaparte had expected to have been very differently received by the English; and that he had been much influ-

enced in taking the step he had done by the Abbé Sieyes, who had strongly advised the General to proceed at once to England in preference to taking any other course.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 48° 48′ N., 5° 58′ W.

On the 12th August our weather was more moderate, though the west wind and swell continued. Bonaparte came upon deck this day earlier than usual, that is to say about three o'clock. He does not generally quit his bed till between ten and eleven, and, like most Frenchmen, he breakfasts, reads, etc., before he makes his toilet, but he does not come out of his own cabin until he is dressed. He appeared to-day thoughtful and low, though in good health. I had a tolerably long conversation with him relative to Ferdinand of Spain: he said he considered him to be both a fool and a coward; that he was now perfectly under the dominion of the priesthood and was merely a passive instrument in the hands of the monks; he added, he looked upon King Charles of Spain as an honest, good man, but that he had lost everything by his attachment to a bad wife.

He told me that Baron de Kolly, who was sent by our government to bring off Ferdinand, was first found out by his endeavoring to gain some person to his interest in Paris, as also from suspicion excited by the command of money which he appeared to possess; that upon his being arrested all his papers were discovered, and then that it was determined to send off a police officer from Paris to personate Kolly at Vallançay, to deliver the prince regent's letter, and to assure Ferdinand that everything was prepared for his escape, purposely to prove how he would act under such circumstances; but in spite of everything this sham Kolly could urge (and Bonaparte added that he was a clever fellow) Ferdinand's courage was not equal to the undertaking, and he obstinately refused to have anything to do with the supposed agent of Great Britain. The General assured me that until Kolly was discovered at Paris the French Government had no idea of our attempting to carry off Ferdinand; but, however, that he was quite convinced, had Kolly not been discovered, that the pusillanimity of Ferdinand would have prevented all possibility of our success. I told him we had some suspicion of Baron de Kolly having played a double part in the transaction, but he said upon his honor it was no such thing.

Speaking of Captain Wright, he said that when Lord Ebrington, at Elba, first drew his attention to the name and to the circumstances respecting Captain Wright he did not recollect the case, which, he said, was exactly this; that Captain Wright, being supposed in France to

have been concerned with the conspiracy of Georges and others, was, when taken, conveyed to the Temple preparatory to being examined with reference to that transaction, and on being ordered to attend a council charged with the investigation of it, he had *put an end to himself*. Bonaparte, though he confessed he could not give any reason for Captain Wright committing such an act, yet added that the inferior rank and little consequence of this officer ought to have exempted him (Bonaparte) from the charge of having either ordered or attached any importance to his death.

He asked me during this day's conversation a good many questions respecting the Spanish-American colonies, and said he thought Spain would, by the present bigoted misconduct of Ferdinand, infallibly lose them all.

In the evening he played at vingt-un as usual until about eleven, but he did not seem to recover his spirits; he talked but little and appeared much absorbed in thought.

This day at noon we were in latitude 46° 30′ N., longitude 8° 2′ W.

On the 13th August it was calm most of the twenty-four hours, but still we were attended by a disagreeable swell. I did not see much of General Bonaparte throughout this day, as owing to his appearing inclined to try to assume again improper consequence, I was purposely more than usually distant with him, and therefore, though we exchanged common salutations and *high looks*, nothing passed between us worth noticing.

Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 45° 42′ N., and 8° 10′ W.

On the 14th August we had a continuation of fine weather and light winds. The General and myself were again distant and high with each other, though perfectly civil—at least he has been as much so as his nature (which is not very polished) seems capable of—and his attendants are certainly behaving as if anxious to gain my good opinion.

Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 45° 13′ N., 9° 5′ W.

On the 15th August we had still light winds and fine weather with less swell than usual, which may in some measure account for General Bonaparte being more sociable and apparently more at his ease. It being his birthday I made him my compliments upon it and drank his health, which civility he seemed to appreciate; and after dinner I walked with him on deck and had rather a long conversation with him, in which I asked him whether he really had intended to invade England when he made the demonstration at Boulogne.

He told me he had most perfectly and decidedly made up his mind to it, but his putting guns into the praams, and the rest of his armed flotilla, was only to deceive and endeavor to make us believe he intended to attempt making a descent on England with their assistance only, whereas he had never intended to make any other use of them than as transports; and he had entirely depended on his fleets deceiving ours by the routes and maneuvers he directed them to make, and that they would thereby have been enabled to get off Boulogne, so as to have a decided superiority in the Channel long enough to insure his making good his landing; for which he said everything was so arranged and prepared that he would only have required twenty-four hours after arriving at the spot fixed upon. He said he had two hundred thousand men for this service, out of which six thousand cavalry would have been landed with horses and every appointment complete, fit for acting the moment they were thrown on shore; that his praams were particularly intended for the carrying over these horses. He told me the exact point of debarkation had not been fixed upon by him, as he considered it not material and only therefore to be determined by the winds and circumstances of the moment; but that he had intended to have got as near to Chatham as he conveniently could, to have secured our resources there at once, and to have pushed on to London by that road. He said he had ordered his Mediterranean admiral to proceed with his fleet to Martinique to distract our attention and draw our fleets after him, and then to exert his utmost efforts to get quickly back to Europe; and, looking into Brest (where he had ordered another fleet under Gantheaume to be ready to join him), the whole was to push up Channel to Boulogne, where Bonaparte was to be ready to join them and to move with them over to our coast at an hour's notice; and in point of fact, he said, he *was so ready*, his things embarked and himself anxiously looking for the arrival of his fleets, when he heard of their having indeed returned to Europe, but that, instead of coming into the Channel in conformity with the instructions he had given, they had got to Cadiz, where they were blockaded by the English fleet, with which they had a partial engagement off Ferrol; and thus, he said, by disobedience and want of management of his admiral, he saw in a moment that all his hopes with regard to invading England were frustrated, with this additional disadvantage (which he had fully foreseen when he first turned in his mind the idea of such attempt), that the preparations at Boulogne had given a stronger military bias to every individual in England, and enabled ministers to make greater efforts than they otherwise perhaps would have been permitted to do.

He added that he believed, however, the English administration had entertained great alarms for the issue if he *had* got over, as his secret agents at the Russian Government reported to him that Great Britain had most pressingly urged that court, with Austria, to declare war against France for the purpose of averting from England the danger of this threatened invasion; which he said, however, he had given up from the moment he found his fleets had failed him, and, having then turned his whole attention to his new enemies on the Continent, his forces collected at Boulogne enabled him to make the sudden movement which proved fatal to General Mack, and gave him (Bonaparte) all the advantages which followed. In short, the account he gave me very much tallied with Goldsmith's relation of the same circumstances (as given in his secret history of St. Cloud), and I must say, from what I have hitherto seen and learned, I begin to think Mr. Goldsmith had more foundation for many of his statements than he has generally received credit for. Bonaparte, however, told me in a manner not at all suspicious that Admiral Villeneuve decidedly *put himself to death*, though the General, in talking to me of him, seemed very strongly impressed with an idea of the admiral's unpardonable disobedience and misconduct throughout. He also told me that he had ordered Admiral Dumanois to be tried by a court martial for his conduct at the battle of Trafalgar, and that he had exerted all his influence to get him shot or broke, but that he had been acquitted in spite of him; and he added, when the sentence of acquittal was given, Admiral Cosmas (who was one of the members of the court, and who he said he decidedly considered to be the best sea officer now in France, and who has therefore been lately created a peer) broke his own sword at the time that of Dumanois was returned to him; which act Bonaparte seemed to have been most highly pleased with, and which was most probably the real cause of Cosmas's advancement to the peerage.

In the course of this evening's conversation he informed me that he had prepared a strong expedition at Antwerp, destined to act against Ireland, which he had only been prevented from sending forward by his own affairs beginning to take an unfavorable turn on the Continent.

His spirits throughout this day appeared considerably better than for some days past; he won a good deal at vingt-un, and his good fortune seemed to gratify him, the more as it was his birthday. He did not go to his bedroom this evening until past eleven o'clock.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 43° 51′ N., and 10° 21′ W.

On 16th August we had a continuation of fine weather, but light

winds with calms. General Bonaparte is, I am glad to observe, evidently improving in his spirits and his behavior; and as I am always ready to meet him half-way, when he appears to conduct himself with due modesty and consideration of his present situation, after dinner to-day I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with him; in the course of which some of the most remarkable circumstances he mentioned were, he assured me upon his word and honor (as Comte de Bertrand had done before), that he had not any communication or invitation from any of the maréchals or generals, or from any other person in France, when he returned to it from Elba, but that the public papers conveyed to him such an account of the state of France as induced him no longer to hesitate in taking the step he did: that on his getting within about five leagues of Grenoble, soon after his landing in France, a detachment of troops of the Third Regiment showed inclination to resist him; that he put himself immediately in front, and throwing open his great coat, to show himself more conspicuously, called to them to kill their Emperor if they wished it; that this had the effect he expected, and they all immediately joined him; and afterwards he received nothing but congratulations and proofs of attachment all the way to Paris.

He said at Paris he had paid too much attention to and submitted too much to the opinion of the Jacobin party, which he now was persuaded had not been so requisite for him as he had conceived it to be, and that he should have done better if he had taken his measures from himself, and depended on his own popularity. He said the conduct of the allies obliged him to form his army, and move it so quickly that he had not time to examine it and weed it as he should have done, and therefore many officers remained in it who had received their appointments from the Bourbons, and were extremely disaffected to him and anxious for opportunity to betray him. He said that he did not lose any soldiers from desertion on his march, but that his officers were constantly deserting. He then paid a compliment to the lower order of people in France at the expense of the higher orders. He said the former were the most sincere, the most firm, and at the same time the best dispositioned people in the world; but in proportion as you rose in class of people in France, the character became worse, and above the bourgeois they were too fickle and too volatile to be at all depended upon; they had one principle for to-day, and another for to-morrow, according to the circumstances of the moment; and he attributed solely to the disaffected officers of his army his Waterloo disasters. He contradicted what General Gourgaud said the other day respecting his having mistaken the Prussians for General Grouchy's division,

and assured me he knew early in the day the Prussians were closing on his flank; that this, however, gave him little or no uneasiness, as he depended on General Grouchy also closing with him at the same time, and he had ordered a sufficient force to oppose the Prussians, who were in fact already checked; and he added that he considered the battle to have been upon the whole rather in his favor than otherwise throughout the day, but that after dusk the disaffected officers he had alluded to promulgated the cry of "*sauve qui peut,*" which spread such confusion and alarm throughout his whole line that it became impossible to counteract it or to rally his troops, situated as they were; though he said had it been daylight he was positive the result would have been different, as he then would only have had to have placed himself in a conspicuous situation in the front to have insured the rallying of all his troops around him, but, as it was, treachery and darkness combined rendered his ruin inevitable.

He said he did not, on the morning of the 18th June, entertain the most distant idea that the Duke of Wellington would have willingly allowed him to have brought the English army to a decisive battle, and he (Bonaparte) had therefore been the more anxious to push on, and if possible force it, as he considered nothing else could offer him a chance of surmounting the difficulties with which he was surrounded; but, he added, if he could have beaten the English army, which (from the approximation of their numbers) he was led to consider possible, the situation was such that he was positive hardly any of the English forces would have escaped being either killed or taken; that the Russian army, having been already beaten on the 16th, would (upon any decided disaster to the English) have been forced to make a precipitate retreat and perhaps have been dispersed, certainly entirely disorganized; that he (Bonaparte) might then have pushed by forced marches to have met the Austrians before any junction could have taken place between them and the Russians, which would have placed the game in his hands even if hostilities had been obstinately persevered in; though, in the then state of things, he had built, he said, rather upon the idea that a victory over the English army in Belgium, with its immediate results, would have been sufficient to have produced a change in the administration in England and have afforded him a chance of concluding an immediate general truce; which was really his first object, as France was hardly equal to the effort she was then making, and it was perfectly impossible for her to think of making any adequate resistance against the numerous forces of the allies if once united and acting in concert against him.

He said things, however, having taken the turn they did, and forced him, consequently, to act as he had done, he thought Great Britain had not pursued the wisest policy in refusing to receive him in a friendly manner; that he would have given *his word of honor* not to have quitted the kingdom nor to have interfered in any manner, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of France or in politics of any sort, unless hereafter requested so to do by our Government; that the influence he had over the minds of people of every description in France would have enabled him to have kept them quiet under whatever terms it might have been thought necessary for the future security to impose upon France; but that if terms at all repugnant to the vanity of the French nation are acquiesced in by the Bourbons it will render them, if possible, even more unpopular than they now are, and the people of France will only await a favorable crisis to rise *en masse* for their destruction. He said the disbanding of the French army was of no great consequence, as the whole nation was now military and could always form into an army at a given signal. In answer to all this I told him very fairly that, conscious as *he* no doubt was of *his* own integrity and how sacredly he would have observed any stipulations to which he pledged *his word of honor*, it was, perhaps, natural for him at the moment to feel as he had stated; yet that I did not think, after the events of latter years, the government of Great Britain could be supposed to have sufficient reliance on him to have allowed him to take up his abode in England in conformity with his request, due reference being had to the present state of things in France and to the feelings of our allies on the Continent; and I therefore observed to him that, with this view of the subject, I had been surprised at his not retiring in preference to Austria, where his connection with the emperor would have afforded him so strong a claim to more distinguished reception and consideration. He said if he had gone there, he had no doubt he would have been received with every attention, but that he could not bring himself to receive any favors from the Emperor of Austria after the manner in which he had now taken part against him, notwithstanding his former professions of affection and his close connection with him; which latter, the General added, had not been by any means sought by himself. He then gave me the following curious relation respecting his marriage with Maria Louisa. He told me that when he was with the Emperor of Russia at Erfurth, Alexander took an opportunity of pressing upon him one day how important his having a legitimate heir must prove to the repose of France and Europe; and Alexander therefore advised his

setting aside Josephine, to which, if he would consent, the emperor offered him in marriage a Russian princess (Bonaparte said he believed the emperor called her the Princess Ann); but he said he did not pay much attention to it at the time, for he had lived so long in such harmony, and had so much reason to be satisfied, with Josephine, that the idea of causing her pain disinclined him from then entering further on the subject; added to which, he said, he was already well aware of the falseness of character of the Emperor Alexander. He therefore merely observed to him in reply that he was living on the best terms possible with the Empress Josephine, and consequently had never turned his thoughts towards any arrangement of the nature mentioned by his Imperial Majesty. However, some time afterwards at Paris, being strongly pressed by his friends on the same point, and Josephine having herself assented to the arrangement, he sent to Russia to acquaint Alexander with his wish and readiness to expouse the Russian princess who had been proffered to him. This intimation, he said, the Russian government received with every outward mark of satisfaction, professing its readiness to accede to the match, but at the same time starting difficulties upon various points connected with it, and particularly with regard to securing to the princess the right of exercising her own religion, to which end it was demanded a Greek chapel might be established for her in the Tuileries. This, Bonaparte said, he would not have cared about himself, but being a thing so uncustomary, it, with the other points requested by Russia, caused much discussion and difficulty at Paris; therefore, in consequence of these inconveniences presenting themselves with regard to the Russian alliance, some of his ministers, with Eugene Beauharnais (his step-son), waited upon him to press the advantage it would be if he would consent to ask in marriage an Austrian princess instead, adding that the Austrian ambassador would readily engage for his court coming into any arrangements he (Bonaparte) might wish for this object; to which he replied if such were the case, and the thing could be concluded at once, he should not on his part make objections to this new plan. It was, therefore, almost immediately agreed upon to take the contract of marriage of Louis XVI. for their guide in arranging his with an Austrian princess, and before twelve o'clock that night the necessary documents were prepared and signed and sent off for the approbation of the Emperor of Austria; who acceded without hesitation to everything, and by his manner of forwarding it gave all reason to believe that he was not only satisfied, but highly pleased with the arrangement; and thus Bonaparte said he became the emperor's son-in-law without any other solicitation or

intrigue on his part, and without having even once seen Maria Louisa until she arrived in France as his wife. He therefore seemed to think that the emperor's conduct towards him, since his reverses began, was not in unison with his conduct or professions towards him in prosperity, or such as he had a right to expect from the father of his wife; and consequently he said he would rather have gone anywhere in his distress, or done anything, than have placed himself in a situation to have been obliged to ask protection *as a favor* from a prince who, he thought, had behaved toward him so unjustly. He finished by saying he had been deceived with respect to the reception he looked for from the English, but still, harshly and unfairly as he considered himself treated by them, yet he found comfort from feeling that he was under the protection of British laws; which he could not have felt had he gone to any other country, where his fate might have depended on the whim of an individual. He hardly said anything more about his wish to have gone to America, and though his attendants assured me he was very anxious to have got there, and to have remained there as a private individual, I believe he gave up all idea of that country after the passports were refused him, and he saw the situation of our ships. He played his game of vingt-un this evening, as usual, and went to bed about ten o'clock.

Our latitude and longitude were to-day at noon 42° 59′ N., and 10° 42′ W.

On the 17th August we had light, baffling weather. In my conversation this day with General Bonaparte the only thing which passed, worthy of noticing, was his remarking to me, amongst other things, that he had been placed in chief command as a general officer at the age of twenty-four years; that he made the conquest of Italy at twenty-five; that he had risen from nothing to be sovereign of his country (as Consul) at thirty; and that if chance had caused him to have died or to have been killed the day after he entered Moscow, his would have been a career of advancement and uninterrupted success without a parallel; and the very misfortunes which afterwards befell the French army would in such case probably have tended rather to the advantage than disadvantage of his fame, as, however inevitable they were, they would certainly have been attributed to *his* loss rather than to their true cause.

The General left the vingt-un party rather abruptly this evening, and retired earlier than usual.

Our latitude and longitude this day were 41° 57′ N., 11° 11′ W.

On the 18th August we had fine weather with light winds from the

westward. The brig I sent to Guernsey joined us again this day, which enabled me to give General Bonaparte some French papers and gazettes which she brought. He told me in the evening that the Presidents des Departements and des Arrondissements appointed by the king were, with very few exceptions, the same persons as he (Bonaparte) should have appointed. In the course of our conversation this evening he talked much of the late Queen of Naples and said he had had a good deal of correspondence with her, as well whilst he was in Sicily as in Naples: he said his general advice to her was to remain quiet and not to intermeddle with the arrangements of the greater powers of Europe. By letters which, he said, he had received from his wife, he learned that after the Queen of Naples had returned to Vienna she had taken notice of and been very kind to his son, and that in a conversation she had with his wife she had asked her why she did not follow him (Bonaparte) to Elba. Maria Louisa answered that she wished to do so, but her father and mother would not allow her, etc. The Queen of Naples then interrogated her as to whether she really liked him, when, being answered in the affirmative, and Maria Louisa speaking further in his favor, the queen said to her, "My child, when one has the *happiness to be married to such a man,* papas and mammas should not keep one away from him whilst there are windows and sheets by which an escape to him might be effected." If there be any truth in the archduchess having written to him in this style whilst he was at Elba, it will tend to prove that she entertained some idea of his restoration to power; for were she (as he would infer by it) really attached to him, she would, I think, have been more likely to have attempted following the Queen of Naples's advice than to have written about it.

In the course of this evening's conversation he told me that he considered the Russians and Poles to be decidedly a braver race of people than all the rest of Europe excepting the French and English, and in particular very superior to the Austrians. He said that the Emperor of Austria had neither abilities nor firmness of character; that the King of Prussia was *un pauvre bête;* that the Emperor Alexander was a more active and clever man than any of the sovereigns of Europe, but that he was extremely false; and he asked me if I was aware that, when in friendship with him at Erfurth, he had signed with him a joint letter to the King of England to request his majesty would relinquish the right of maritime visitation of Neutrals.

He said Russia was much to be feared if Poland was not preserved as an independent nation, to be a barrier between Russia (which was

already able to call forth such hordes of soldiers) and the rest of Europe. He added, however, that whatever might be decided on this subject at the Congress, *he did not think* Russia would succeed in making Poland an appendage to the empire, the Poles being too brave and too determined ever to be brought to submit quietly to what they considered as disgrace and national degradation. He spoke in high terms of the King of Saxony and said he was the only sovereign who had kept faith with him to the last. He mentioned to me also that, after his arrival at Paris from Elba, he had received assurances, both from the King of Spain and from the Portuguese, that, whatever appearances they might be forced to make, he might depend on their not taking any active offensive part against him. He talked to me of many of our principal characters in England, and stated particularly the high respect he entertained for the character of the late Lord Cornwallis, whose manners and behavior at Amiens he spoke of as being most noble and honorable, both to himself and his country. He spoke in equal terms of panegyric of Mr. Fox, with whom he said he had had much conversation when he was in France. He likewise talked of several other people in England, but not in so flattering a strain as of those I have mentioned. He told me he had formed a great friendship with Captain Usher, who conveyed him to Elba, and added that he had hoped to have seen him at Paris; that he had confidently looked for a visit from him there, and was much disappointed at his not coming to see him in his prosperity, as he had commenced acquaintance with him in his adversity.

He told me this evening, likewise, that he had gained possession of a correspondence from a foreign royal personage of high consideration in England, which spoke very disrespectfully of different branches of our royal family; that he (Bonaparte) had been on the point of publishing these letters in the *Moniteur*, but had desisted, or rather recalled them from the publisher, at the earnest intercession of and from consideration towards the person by whose means he obtained them.

Our latitude and longitude to-day were 40° 50′ N., 11° 20′ W.

On the 19th August our weather was moderate with a pleasant breeze from the northwest. General Bonaparte, since on board the *Northumberland*, has kept nearly the same hours; he gets up late (between ten and eleven); he then has his breakfast (of meat and wine) in his bedroom, and continues there in his *déshabillé* until he dresses for dinner, generally between three and four in the afternoon; he then comes out of his bed cabin and either takes a short walk on deck or

plays a game of chess with one of his generals until the dinner hour (which is five o'clock). At dinner he generally eats and drinks a great deal and talks but little; he prefers meats of all kinds, highly dressed, and never touches vegetables. After dinner he generally walks for about an hour or hour and-a-half, and it is during these walks that I usually have the most free and pleasant conversations with him. About eight he quits the deck and we then make up a game at cards for him, in which he seems to engage with considerable pleasure and interest until about ten, when he retires to his bedroom, and I believe goes almost immediately to bed. Such a life of inactivity, with the quantity and description of his food, makes me fear he will not retain his health through the voyage; he however as yet does not appear to suffer any inconvenience from it.

In our conversation this evening he gave me an amusing account of being admitted a Mussulman. When in Egypt he said the sheiks and other chiefs there had many consultations on the subject, but at last admitted him and his followers amongst the Faithful, and with express permission to drink wine, provided that every bottle they opened they would determine to do some good action. On his requiring an explanation of what was intended by the term a good action, the head sheik informed him they meant such as giving charity to people in distress, making a well in a desert, building a mosque, and such like.

He said had he continued in Egypt things would not have ended there as they did; that Kleber was an excellent man and a good soldier, but that he did not understand or try to manage the people of the country, and that he had beaten one of the principal sheiks, which, being considered an indignity to the whole, caused him to be assassinated; and he said General Menon, who succeeded him, though a brave man, had no abilities whatever. He told me the Turks had sent two or three people at different times to kill him (Bonaparte); but that the people of the country, from his having humored them and made friends with them, always gave him sufficient warning, and prevented the assassins getting near him; whereas, he said, the man who killed Kleber had been suffered to hide himself in Kleber's garden, and when the general was walking there alone, he sprang upon him unawares and stabbed him; after which, instead of attempting to escape, he sat down at one end of the garden until he was taken by the general's guard, almost immediately after he had perpetrated the deed.

If Bonaparte had any share in causing the death of Kleber (as has been generally reported), he certainly is the most consummate hypocrite that ever existed, for I eyed him closely whilst he was talking to

me about it, and he certainly did not betray the least embarrassment or hesitation whilst telling his story.

In answer to a question I put to him, he said if everything had turned out in Egypt according to the best hopes and wishes he entertained when he sailed for that country, yet that he should nevertheless have returned as he did in consequence of the information he received from France. He played at cards as usual this evening until about half-past ten, and he appeared in excellent humor and spirits.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 39° 9′ N. and 11° 26′ W.

On the 20th August the weather continued fine, and would have been pleasant but for the swell. Being Sunday, divine service was performed on board, and I was rather surprised that none of my French passengers attended, even from curiosity. I did not see the General to-day until dinner-time. At dinner he asked the clergyman many questions with respect to the differences between our religion and the Roman Catholic. After dinner he walked but a very short time, and then went directly to his sleeping cabin, which I attributed to his having observed the preceding Sunday that neither myself nor any of the officers of the ship joined in his card party, and his not choosing to risk infringing any of our regulations.

Our latitude and longitude to-day were 37° 19′ N. and 12° 14′ W.

On the 21st August our weather continued much the same, but rather more thick and cloudy, and the wind, though light, veering to the northeast. Captain Hamilton of the *Havannah* and Captain Mansell of the Fifty-third, dined with me to-day. Bonaparte was pleasant, and talked more than usual with them, but on indifferent subjects. Our dinner having been later than usual, curtailed our customary walk and conversation, and he went to his card party almost immediately after getting up from dinner. He played, however, only until about half-past nine, and then retired to his bedroom. His French friends generally continue playing after he retires, until about eleven. They do not breakfast with me in the morning at eight; but have one for themselves more according to their palates, of hot meats with wines, between ten and eleven, before which time (like their chief) they seldom get up.

Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 35° 56′ N. and 13° 16′ W.

On the 22d August we got the northeast wind which usually prevails in these latitudes, with fine weather, though unpleasantly hazy. General Bonaparte requested me to write home from Madeira for some

books for him, which I promised to do. All my French party have been engaged writing letters this day for Europe to send to Madeira as we pass it. Bonaparte asked me at dinner several questions about the different islands in the Atlantic; to what nations they belonged and so forth. His ignorance on these points seems quite wonderful, and I cannot understand what object he can have in pretending to be so if not so in reality.

He said to-day that had he continued at the head of the French government in peace, and had found it to have been within his power, he never would have attempted the occupation of St. Domingo; that the most he would willingly have established with regard to that island would have been to have kept frigates and sloops stationed round it to force the blacks to receive everything they wanted from, and to export all their produce exclusively to, France; for, he added, he considered the independence of the blacks there to be more likely to prove detrimental to England than to France (and it really appears that in all his calculations he has made or does make, the proportion of evil which may accrue to England from any measure bears always in his mind the first consideration).

He complained to-day of suffering much from the heat: he played, however, at cards until ten o'clock and then went to his room.

Our latitude and longitude to-day were 34° 58′ N. and 13° 31′ W.

On the 23d August our northeast wind veered to east, freshened, and the weather became hot, hazy and unpleasant. Soon after noon we made the Island of Porto Santo and afterwards Madeira. General Bonaparte did not come on deck before dinner, as I expected he would have done, to look at the land, and during dinner he appeared thoughtful and out of spirits, as if the passing of this island made him reflect the more strongly on the little chance he had of ever seeing Europe again. He went upon deck, however, after dinner, and observed the island very particularly whilst we ran down along it, until we brought to close off Funchal after dark, when he went into the cabin and played a game or two at piquet and then retired for the night to his bedroom, evidently not so well or not in such good spirits as on many of the preceding days.

We were this day at noon about nine leagues east southeast of Porto Santo.

On the 24th August we remained lying-to off the town of Funchal. I sent the frigate and troopships to the anchorage with my letters for England and to procure water and refreshments. We were unfortunate in having a very strong and unpleasant siroc wind which kept the

thermometer above 80°. General Bonaparte came out of his cabin earlier than usual to look at and make his remarks on the town, which he had not been able to make out last night, and he appeared better than yesterday.

Mr. Veitch, His Majesty's Consul at Madeira, came on board, and I requested him to stay to dinner. Bonaparte asked him a good many questions about the island, its produce, its height from the level of the sea, its population, etc. He walked with Mr. Veitch and myself, talking on general topics for about an hour after dinner, and then retired at once to his bedroom without joining the card table.

This day at noon we were off the town of Funchal, Madeira.

On the 25th of August we had a continuance of the violent and disagreeable siroc wind. The frigate and troopships which had anchored in Funchal Roads did not rejoin me until about three o'clock, the strength of the wind having opposed great difficulties to them in procuring their water and other supplies; and after they did join, it occupied us until dark to remove the different things they brought out for those of the squadron which had remained under way; we then made sail again to the southward.

The heat of this day and the disagreeable nature of the wind, added to the motion of the ship, which was considerable, evidently affected General Bonaparte very much. He was on deck but little either before or after dinner; he seemed to have lost his appetite, and was in very low spirits and retired early to his bedroom. We were this day at noon about seven leagues southwest of Madeira.

On the 26th August, though the wind continued from the east, its siroc qualities had quitted it (to our great relief) and this proved a pleasant, cool day in comparison with what we had experienced off Madeira. The sea, which had been excited by the violence of the siroc wind, had likewise subsided, and with scarce any motion we ran about nine knots an hour during the day. This pleasant change brought General Bonaparte out of his bedroom early, and he appeared evidently better in health, though I observed at dinner he had not recovered his former appetite. After dinner he walked with me very late, talking generally of the affairs of Europe. He told me, amongst other things, that he had observed in some of the French papers brought from Guernsey, the King of Prussia was about to change the nature of his government, and to admit of national representation in it; he foretold that this would produce the greatest difficulties and mischief, both to the King of Prussia and Emperor of Austria; that he knew there were many revolutionary spirits in both those

countries, and that the nations of the continent were not adapted for a representative government like England. I remarked to him in reply that he had, however, admitted it into the constitutions which he had himself established in France. This he acknowledged, but added that he had not done so because he had considered it a wise measure for the nations, but because his situation at the moment required him to yield this point to the popular feeling; and it being, he said, at the time his particular interest to *substantiate* all the late innovations, and in short whatever differed essentially from the old system of government, thereby to render more difficult the restoration of the former order of things *and therewith the dynasty of the Bourbons*. He went again over the old ground of the military bias of the French nation, and the impolicy of exasperating the French people. He spoke much of their determined aversion to the Bourbons, which he said could not but be materially increased by the idea of that family being again put in possession of the government by means of foreign troops, who had carried ruin and devastation into the greatest part of the country; therefore he was quite sure the troubles in France were by no means at an end. They might, he said, be smothered for a moment by terror, and by the presence of the allied troops, but if these forces withdrew from the country whilst the recollection of events remained in the minds of the people, he averred that a general insurrection throughout France would immediately take place, and it would cost much difficulty and bloodshed ere it would again be suppressed.

He mentioned in the course of our conversation that he had left his brother Jerome at Paris, who had determined to remain there in disguise for some time, and until he saw the turn affairs were likely to take; he added he did not know what befell him (Jerome) afterwards, as of course he had not been able to hear from him since.

After walking, and so conversing, in a frank strain until past nine o'clock, he went into the cabin and from thence almost immediately to his bedroom.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 30° 53′ N., 17° 22′ W.

On the 27th August we had a fine breeze from the northeast, but the weather became more than usually foggy and hazy, which I the more regretted as, General Bonaparte having expressed some curiosity respecting the Peak of Teneriffe and the Canary Islands, I caused the squadron to be this day steered between the islands of Gomera and Palma for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity; but though we passed close to Gomera about midday, yet the haze continued so thick

that we obtained but bad views of the land, and could only make it out very imperfectly and with much difficulty.

The General seemed much recovered to-day; he did not, however, walk before dinner, and our days are now so much shortened by having got so far to the southward that our walks and conversations after dinner are considerably curtailed. This evening he told me he had spent £3,000,000 sterling in the improvements at Cherbourg . that he had constructed a basin, or rather a kind of inner harbor (as it is without gates), which would contain thirty sail-of-the-line and which had fifty feet of depth at low water; that the outer road, which, he said, was now perfectly safe with all winds, would also contain thirty sail-of-the-line more; that he had arranged everything necessary for building ships there, and in short for making it a naval port of the first rank; and he added that he had conceived such an establishment, so situated, would have caused as much difficulty with reference to our possessions in Guernsey and Jersey. The only thing, he said, he had dreaded relative to it, and which he was taking therefore every precaution to avert, was our getting momentary possession of the place by a *coup de main* at any favorable juncture, and in which case he was aware that a few barrels of gunpowder, scientifically applied to the walls of his basins, cones, etc, might destroy in an instant what had cost so much time, expense, and labor to complete. He withdrew to his own cabin again very early this evening.

To-day at noon we were about four leagues west from Gomera, with a fresh breeze from the northeast, running between the islands at the rate of about eleven miles an hour.

On the 28th August our northeast trade continued, but not so fresh as yesterday, and the weather became hot, thermometer being from 78° to 80°. My French party appeared distant and much out of humor to-day, especially M. de Bertrand, who presumed to appear dissatisfied because I would not desire he might be permitted to have a light burning in his cabin throughout the night. I have, of course, left them to get out of this temper their own way, and have taken little or no notice of them throughout the day. General Bonaparte took but a short walk after dinner and I had very little conversation with him.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 26° 2′ N., 19° 9′ W.

On the 29th August we had a moderate trade wind with a good deal of swell. The day has passed nearly as the preceding one with regard to my passengers, and without any circumstance worthy of notice.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 24° 23′ N., 20° 23′ W.

On the 30th August we had a fresh trade wind, disagreeable weather and heavy swell, which made the ship roll much. Bonaparte seemed to suffer much from these causes, and though he attended our dinner-party, he ate very little, seemed disinclined to enter into conversation, and retired to his own room again soon after dinner.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 22° 27′ N., and 22° 12′ W.

On the 31st August the fresh trade wind and swell continued; the General, however, appeared better, though the rolling of the ship seemed still to affect him considerably. He mentioned to-day that, when his army in Egypt was so severely visited by the plague, his soldiers, and indeed the officers, became so disheartened that, as General-in-chief, he found it to be an absolutely necessary part of his duty to endeavor to give them confidence and reanimate them by visiting frequently himself the plague hospital, and talking to and cheering the different patients in it. He said he caught the disorder himself, but recovered again quickly; he added that those who kept up their spirits and did not give way to the idea that they must die, generally recovered, but those who desponded almost invariably died. He played at chess with M. de Bertrand this evening till later than his usual hour of going to bed, and appeared in better spirits than for two or three days past.

Our latitude and longitude to-day were 19° 53′ N., 25° 43′ W.

On the 1st September we had a fresh trade wind accompanied by uncommonly thick weather, which prevented our making out the Island of St. Antonio so soon as we expected; but, just as the sun set, we found ourselves close to the southwest end, not having been able previously to discover any part of it. I then brought-to, with an intention of communicating with the island in the morning, and to wait for two brigs I had sent to reconnoiter the nearest shores to search for a convenient watering-place.

Our conversation at table this day, and afterwards on deck, was principally with reference to the islands near us, and did not draw forth anything I have considered worth noticing.

General Bonaparte has given up his evening card parties for chess, at which game he has of late entertained himself from his dinner to his bed-time.

Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 17° 45′ N., and 25° 4′ W.

On the 2d September, about one A.M., the trade wind, which had been for some time strong, freshened to a perfect gale of wind, bringing

with it a very heavy sea and violent rain. Soon after daylight the wind veered from northeast to east,and then from east to southest and south, still blowing hard, which rendered it impracticable for me to communicate with the islands; and the brigs I had sent to reconnoiter being driven off by the gale without effecting anything, I made the signal to put the crews of the squadron on short allowance of water, and pushed on again to the southwest. All my French passengers suffered much by the bad weather of the night; General Bonaparte, however, contrary to my expectation, made his appearance at dinner and seemed in tolerable spirits.

The weather moderated a little after dinner, and this evening passed with regard to the general, as the preceding one, without offering anything worthy of notice.

We were to-day at noon west-northwest from the southwest end of St. Antonio, about seven leagues distance; our latitude 17° 6′ N.

On the 3d September, the wind continued from the southest and became light, baffling and calm at times, the weather extremely hot, the thermometer being from 82° to 83° throughout the day. General Bonaparte complained much of the heat, and I saw but little of him and had no conversation with him.

I took advantage of the calm to collect returns from the squadron, and had the satisfaction to find it unusually healthy; the troopships, with 448 persons on board the one, and 446 on board the other, having the one only *two*, and the other only *six*, in their respective weekly sick reports.

Our latitude and longitude this day were 16° 15′ N., and 26° 30′ W.

On the 4th September the calm weather which continued until a little after daylight was succeeded by a moderate breeze from the northeast, and though we had much swell from the southwest the ship proceeded forward on her course pleasantly, which brought General Bonaparte from his cabin earlier than usual. He was occupied playing at chess before dinner, but after dinner I had a long walk and a good deal of conversation with him, in the course of which I was enabled to draw from him a relation of the *Jaffa poisoning story*. His statement of it was that, finding himself obliged to evacuate Jaffa, and leave it to be taken possession of by the troops of Djezzer Pasha (whose cruelty of character was well known) he ordered off before him all the sick and wounded of the army that could be moved, to facilitate which he lent even his own horses; but the chief physician then represented to him that there were a few Frenchmen in such an advanced state of the plague that there did not remain even a possibility of their recovery,

and that attempting to remove them with the rest would endanger the whole army. Knowing, however, as he (Bonaparte) well did, that if these unhappy wretches fell into the hands of Djezzer Pasha they would have all sorts of cruelties practised on them in their last moments, he felt the best thing he could do was to order a council of all the medical men in the army to be assembled, to ascertain, in the first place, whether the removal of these poor people, or any of them, might be effected without endangering, in an unwarrantable degree, the remainder of the army, and whether there existed any chance of adequate benefit accruing to themselves if their removal were attempted; and, in the next place, if the council agreed with the chief physician and confirmed the absolute necessity of some being left behind, then to consider whether it would not be better for the individuals themselves to *accelerate their death by opium* rather than leave them in the state they were, to be tormented by the implacable enemies into whose hands they would inevitably be doomed to fall. He said the council was public and everybody knew what passed in it, and therefore he had been surprised at the many contradictory stories which he knew had gone abroad respecting this transaction. He added that after the medical council had finished its deliberations, they reported to him it was their decided opinion the people ought not, on any account, to be removed, yet that the majority of the council could not bear the idea of adopting such a measure as accelerating the death of individuals under their charge, however desperate their situations; but they further stated they had every reason to believe all difficulties on this head would be done away, by the natural consequences of the disease under which these poor fellows labored, if the General would so arrange as to retain the place forty-eight hours longer, at the expiration of which time they considered it scarcely possible that one of them could remain alive. Upon this report, the General told me, he immediately determined on retaining Jaffa the time specified by the board, and he continued in it himself, with the whole army, twenty-four hours longer, and then left a strong rear-guard to hold it the other twenty-four hours: at the expiration of which, he said, the prediction of the medical officers was pretty well fulfilled by the death of almost every one of the patients in question, though, he added, he believed one or two might have been left not quite dead.*

* This part of the statement has since been confirmed to me by Captain Beattie, of the Marines, serving on board the *Northumberland*, who belonged to the *Theseus* in Egypt, and entered Jaffa immediately after the French quitted it, and even before the troops of Djezzer Pasha; he assures me there were only three or four Frenchmen found alive, and those in an advanced stage of the plague.

He considered the measure he wished to have adopted as more worthy of praise than of censure, and said had he been one of the people afflicted he should have considered it the greatest act of kindness to have been so dealt with, rather than left (without hope of recovery) to be tormented by such wanton savages as Djezzer Pasha's troops. Thus by his own acknowledgment (at least as far as regards his ideas and orders thereupon) is now placed beyond doubt a circumstance which, from its nature and the numbers who have constantly denied it, has not been hitherto generally credited, and which has been also, very recently, flatly contradicted in a publication stated to have been written by a person who never quitted him for fifteen years.

In the course of this evening's conversation Bonaparte also mentioned to me particulars of what had passed between the Queen of Prussia and himself at Tilsit, when (to solicit that Magdeburg might be left to Prussia) she joined the royal party already assembled there. He said that had she arrived there sooner, it was probable she would have gained her point in this particular, not only by reason of the great advantage an extremely clever and fine woman of high rank must always have when *personally* urging any suit she has much at heart, but also from the inclination he (Bonaparte) then had to meet (as far as he conveniently could) the wishes of the Emperor Alexander, who he did not hesitate in affirming was at the time a strongly attached *and much favored* admirer of her Prussian Majesty. It was, he said, owing to the King of Prussia being apprised of this latter circumstance, and consequently being extremely jealous of the Emperor of Russia, that the former prevented the queen from coming sooner to Tilsit, and until the Prussian ministers, towards the closing of the arrangements, urged him in the strongest manner to send for her, that they might have the benefit of her abilities and influence to second their endeavors to obtain better terms for Prussia; to which at length the king consenting, she arrived accordingly, and the whole party being to dine with him (General Bonaparte), she was introduced to him before dinner, and entered with great vivacity and ability upon the subject of the approaching treaty, and strongly solicited, as a personal favor to herself that he would consent to leave Magdeburg to Prussia, which, she said, would bind her family to him by the strongest ties of gratitude as well as respect. The General said her majesty pressed her suit warmly and cleverly; but he merely replied to all she said in general terms of civility and avoided giving her any decided answer, or entering at all with her into the merits of the question; notwithstanding, it was evident by her behavior at dinner that she entertained sanguine hopes of succeed-

ing. He said she sat between the Emperor of Russia and himself, and although most elegant and amiable in her manners, she did not for a moment forget the object she had in view; and in proof of this he added that at the dessert (I think he said), or in the evening, on his offering her a rose* he took out of a vase near him, she, on taking it, asked him immediately if she might consider it as a token of friendship, and of his having acceded to her request. Being, however, he said, upon his guard, and resolved not to be thus caught by surprise, he parried the attack with some general remarks respecting the light in which alone civilities of this description should be regarded, and then turned the converstion, Notwithstanding this, however, and his having been extremely cautious throughout the evening not to allow anything to escape him which might in the slightest degree authorize the queen to believe him inclined to yield to her solicitation, yet when she went away she appeared to be well satisfied, and to have persuaded herself that her endeavors were not to prove unsuccessful. The General said that therefore, thinking it would be impolitic to leave the question any longer open to discussion, he caused the treaty to be signed at once on the next morning, and of course, without any alterations in it in favor of Prussia. When the queen came the next day to dinner, he said she showed evidently by her manner that she was piqued and much hurt, but she behaved with great dignity, and did not once allude to the treaty, nor to anything which had passed respecting it, until going away in the evening, when, as General Bonaparte was handing her to her carriage, she mentioned to him how much he had disappointed her by the refusal of her request: that had he complied, it would have attached her whole family to him forever, and so forth; to which he only answered that he should ever consider it one of the greatest misfortunes of his life that it had not been within his power to obey her majesty's commands in this affair, begging her, however, to believe it would always afford him the highest gratification to be able to meet any wish of hers, and adding more civil speeches of this kind ("*mais*;" said he to me, with a self-applauding smile, "*tout cela n'etoit pas Magdebourg*"); and having reached her carriage he put her into it, bade her good-night, and left her. He added that previous, however, to her driving off, she sent for Duroc (the grand maréchal of his palace) to her carriage, when, giving vent to her feelings, which she

*I have noted particularly what the General told me respecting this rose, and his conversation at the time with the Queen of Prussia, as the author of the book "stated to be written by a person who never quitted him for fifteen years" mentions this circumstance, but states it very differently.

had till then so well stifled, she could not refrain from tears whilst she complained to him of the great disappointment, and told him how much she had been deceived in Bonaparte's character, and hurt by what had passed, etc., and early the next morning he said he received a message from her to say that, being taken suddenly ill, she had been forced to quit Tilsit and return home; and thus, he added, Magdeburg was retained, though perhaps he had suffered somewhat by it in the good graces of her Prussian majesty. He told me he thought her a most elegant, engaging woman, and as handsome as could be expected in a woman thirty-five years of age. He spoke, however, very badly of her character as a wife, and particularly with reference to the Emperor Alexander; to oblige whom he mentioned (*as a good joke*) that he detained the King of Prussia a whole day by announcing an intention of paying him a formal visit, of which the Emperor Alexander took a premeditated advantage by setting off to obtain thereby an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* visit with the Queen.

Having walked with me recounting these stories till later than usual, he did not make his appearance in the great cabin, but retired to his own room at once.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 15° 34′ N. and 26° 36′ W.

On the 5th September we had a moderate trade wind but excessively hot weather, and nothing occurred during the day with regard to General Bonapart, worthy of notice. Our latitude and longitude at noon were 13° 58′ N. and 25° 30′ W.

On the 6th September our trade wind continued till about four in the evening, when we experienced excessively heavy rain, and the wind gradually died away until it failed us altogether and was succeeded by a southerly wind. To my great surprise, after General Bonaparte had eaten his dinner he got up to take his walk as usual, and upon my remarking to him that it was still pouring with rain, and therefore advising him not to go out in it, he treated it lightly and said it would not hurt him more than the sailors he observed at the time catching water, working and running about in it. Of course I no longer opposed his whim, and out he went in the rain accompanied by two of his French friends, who, though obliged to attend him, seemed by no means to enjoy the idea of the wetting they were doomed to get *par complaisance*. I have no doubt General Bonaparte intended this dash of his should give us a great idea of his hardiness of character: as, however, no further particular notice was taken of it by any of us, and finding it, I suppose, more unpleasant than he expected, his walk was of very short

duration, and being, as was inevitable, perfectly wet through, he, immediately on quitting the deck, went into his own cabin, from whence he did not rejoin us during the evening.

Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 12° 41′ N. and 23° 55′ W.

From the 6th to this day, the 23d September (on which we crossed the equator about the meridian of Greenwich), General Bonaparte, continuing to keep nearly the same hours, and to follow the same routine of eating, drinking and sleeping, as before noticed, and my usual conversations with him after dinner having suffered considerable interruption from the shortness of the evenings and from his own people keeping more closely about him during his evening walks than formerly, so little variety of matter has offered for detailing on each successive day that I have been induced to combine this period: throughout the most of which we have experienced moderate south-southwest winds with cloudy weather, accompanied occasionally with rain, and the air from these causes has been more cool and pleasant than we expected to meet with in such latitudes.

In the course of the different short conversations I managed to have with the General in this interval, he told me that had he succeeded in his attempt against England and reached London, his chief object and first endeavor would have been to have *there* concluded a peace, which he should have immediately offered on moderate terms; but what, under such circumstances, he would have considered moderate terms I could not draw from him (nor did I think it very material), but the relinquishment of the right of maritime visitation of neutrality was one of the points he certainly would have insisted upon. In another conversation on the subject of the Russian expedition, he assured me in the strongest manner that the only object he had when he undertook it, and all he should have asked had he been successful, was the independence of Poland (to which nation he intended leaving the free choice of their own king, only recommending Poniatowsky to them as worthy of such distinction), and to make the Emperor of Russia engage to join firmly in the Continental System against commercial intercourse of any sort with England until its Government should be brought to agree to what he termed "the independence of the seas." He, however, when subsequently talking to me of Moscow, let out that he had procured there numerous emissaries to disperse throughout the country amongst the Russian peasantry to bias them in *his* favor and against their own government; to explain to them the miseries they suffered from the unjust state of slavery in which they

were kept; and to offer them freedom and protection if they would seek it through his means. He said he had at the time already received applications from different bodies of them, and had he been able to have maintained himself in the country he was quite sure he should have had the mass of the population in his favor. He told me that, prior to the death of the Emperor Paul, he (Bonaparte), whilst he was First Consul, had received seven or eight letters, written in his imperial majesty's own hand, pressing him to enter into close and intimate alliance with Russia, for the express purpose of exerting the united efforts of the two countries to humble Great Britain; and the emperor proposed (if Bonaparte approved of it) to send off at once a large Russian army to act against the English interests in India. The General said he was about to dispatch a confidential ambassador with full powers to make the necessary arrangements and to communicate to the emperor his sentiments on these points, when he received the unwelcome intelligence of the emperor's assassination. He added that, from the opinion the Emperor Paul seemed by his letters to entertain of him (the General), and from the great confidence he appeared to place in him, he had no doubt, if their negotiation had gone on, he would shortly have attained sufficient ascendency with the emperor to have induced him to change the foolish and impolitic course he was then pursuing in his own country; in which case his life would probably have been saved, and he might have become an ally of great importance to the French, and therefore the General said he considered Paul's death at the moment as a particularly untoward circumstance.

In a conversation on the propriety of the different capitals of Europe being sufficiently fortified to enable them to withstand for a short time a sudden advance and attack of an enemy's army, he told me he had long foreseen the propriety of having works of this kind around Paris, but he had been restrained from ordering them by his dread of the effect it might have on the public opinion, in concert with which he had considered it a requisite policy always to act, and which, even in the zenith of his power, he had never felt himself strong enough to disregard; and, he added, he knew full well the French character to be such that until danger was at their gates they could not have borne the idea of such a precaution being for a moment necessary.

Speaking again on the subject of his meditated invasion of England, I asked him if he had procured any plans of our fortifications at Chatham. He told me he had not, but that he had a general idea of the lines there, and that he had had no doubt of procuring in time such further information on the subject as was necessary for him. He said

he had got his intelligence very regularly from England by means of our smuggling boats, and that amongst others Mr. Goldsmith (the editor) had conveyed to him much useful information. He told me he had had a personal interview with him at Boulogne at one of the periods he (Goldsmith) came over in one of these smuggling boats, and he said considerable sums had been paid him by the police office at different times for services of this nature. I mention this because I have determined to note down herein every particular this extraordinary man tells; but it is right I should at the same time remark that there was a something of malicious cunning in General Bonaparte's manner whilst making this statement which induced me very much to doubt the truth of the whole story; and I was rather inclined to think he made this assertion (which was in public, at my table) either with a view to make us fancy all Mr. Goldsmith had written against him was merely as a cloak to cover his (Goldsmith's) own treasons, or (which is perhaps more probable) he hoped by such a statement so made, and therefore likely to be repeated, that he might cause public suspicion to fall on Mr. Goldsmith, which might perhaps draw him into difficulties, and thereby offer General Bonaparte some chance of being revenged upon him for the unqualified abuse he has so lavishly heaped upon the General and his family. He further observed that he believed Mr. Goldsmith was possessed of some talent, although a consummate rogue, and he then immediately turned the conversation to other matter.

On another day, talking of Ireland, he told me he had arranged everything with that country, and if he could have got safely over to it the force he intended sending, the party there in his favor was so strong that he had every reason to suppose that they would have succeeded in possessing themselves of the whole island. He said he had held constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He of course did not give me any of their names, nor did I think it right to ask him for them. He said he always acquiesced in everything they asked for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, etc., entirely to themselves; his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point, for him, of separating Ireland from England on *any* terms, and to have it on his side in opposition to England. He told me those who came to him from Ireland generally came and returned through London, by which means he obtained information from them respecting both countries; and they crossed the Channel backwards and forwards

with little risk or difficulty by the means likewise of his friends, the smugglers; but he said, notwithstanding the great advantages he thus derived from these smugglers, he found out at last that they played a similar game backwards and forwards, and carried us as much intelligence to England as they brought him from it, and he was therefore obliged to forbid their being any longer admitted at Dunkirk, or indeed anywhere but at *Gravelines*, where he established particular regulations respecting them, and did not allow them to pass a barrier which he caused to be fixed for the purpose, and where he placed a guard to watch them, and to prevent their having unnecessary communication with the country; and he ordered the goods and other articles they wished to have to be brought down for them to this barrier, for which they paid a small additional impost.

Soon after we had crossed the equator to-day the Comte de Bertrand came to me from General Bonaparte to say that, it being a general custom of all nations for those who had not passed the equator to submit to certain ceremonies, or to pay for exemption some trifling tribute to those who had crossed it, he (the General) wished, if I had no objection to it, to send our seamen, who were at the time going through the usual process, *one or two hundred* napoleons. As I considered this to be an attempt of the General's to avail himself, with his usual *finesse*, of a plausible excuse to distribute such a large sum amongst the seamen, solely with a view of rendering himself popular with them, I, of course, not only refused my assent to this request, but pointedly prohibited it. I told him the custom of the ships of our nation was, for those whose rank and station authorized them to look for indulgence on these occasions, usually to send a bottle of rum to the seamen; but this being incompatible with the discipline of a man-of-war, officers of the *Northumberland* who had not crossed the line, had given, in lieu of rum, the subordinate officers one dollar, and the higher officers half-a-guinea each, and if General Bonaparte felt extremely anxious to give something more, I would, though reluctantly, say he might give as far as five napoleons; but that that sum was the utmost I could allow of under existing circumstances. The grand maréchal, in reply, endeavored to persuade me that what General Bonaparte should give on such an occasion ought not to be weighed by what was given by officers of the profession, and that the sum of one hundred napoleons was the least which such a person could offer on so extraordinary an occasion as his crossing the equator. His rhetoric, however, as usual, not having the slightest effect towards changing my determination, he was forced to return

back to his master with my answer, who very wisely let the matter then drop, and did not say anything further on the subject, nor did he by his manner at dinner show that he was hurt or piqued by the refusal. I understand, however, he did *not* send the *five* napoleons for which I granted permission.

It is worthy of remark that this day we have passed *zero* of latitude and zero of longitude, and the sun the zero of its declination.

From the 23d September to this day, the 6th October (which period, like the preceding, I combine to avoid uninteresting monotonous details), we have had the wind with little or no variation from southwest, accompanied with a heavy swell from the westward, the weather being cloudy and very cool, almost indeed amounting to cold, but without rain. By continuing pertinaciously on the starboard tack for the purpose of gaining all the southing possible, in the hope of thereby meeting sooner the southeast trade-wind, we have got as near as within thirty leagues of the coast, in latitude 9° 36′; but the wind having to-day veered somewhat more to the southward has at last enabled me to put the ship's head to the westward with some prospect of advantage, and gives me reason to hope our distance from St. Helena will now be quickly diminished, which indeed is not less anxiously desired by myself than by my passengers, as restless Frenchmen with a foul wind make but unpleasant messmates. They have, however, continued better in health than could be reasonably expected considering the changes of climate they have gone through, the length of time since their first embarkation in the *Bellerophon*, and the inactive life they have led in comparison with that to which they have been accustomed. Of the whole party Madame de Bertrand only has experienced a few days' confinement from a feverish attack, which, however, yielded almost immediately to bleeding, and amongst all the rest there has not been a complaint beyond a cold or sore throat of trifling nature and short continuance. General Bonaparte himself is certainly fatter and looking better than when he first came on board the *Northumberland*, and I must say he has throughout shown far less impatience about the wind or the weather, and made less difficulties, than any of the rest of the party. Subsequently to the 23d ultimo, in our conversations, he has mentioned to me that he caused, a short time back, a survey to be taken throughout France of the grown oak timber it contained fit for ship building, the report made to him upon which stated that there was actually sufficient quantity for building a *thousand* sail of the line; but, he said, France failed altogether in trees fit for masts, and those they were therefore obliged to get from the Baltic; but he having understood that the

Corsican firs were strong and tough enough to serve for masts during the two years immediately after they were cut down (after which only they lost their elasticity and became brittle), and as nine of them could be brought to France at as little expense as one from the Baltic, he had latterly endeavored to bring the Corsican spars into use in the French navy, authorizing their being sawn up for plank or other use after having served as topmasts for two years. But this plan, he said, did not appear to be much approved of by the people of the marine department, as there existed extraordinary prejudice throughout the French navy against masts made from any spars except those brought from the Baltic. He told me there was a large quantity of masts belonging to the French government at Copenhagen when Lord Nelson made the attack and consequent convention there; that he (the General) had been, therefore, at the time, alarmed for the safety of his spars, but the Danes kept their faith with him and he afterwards got them all safe to France. Some of them, he said, he was obliged to have brought almost the whole way by inland navigation, being much in want of them, and the coast being too closely watched by our cruisers to allow of his trusting them round by sea.

Speaking of the present navy of France, he told me some of the superior officers were tolerably good seamen, he believed, but none of them were good officers; that the best of them had been taken during the revolution from the India and other merchant service, and the French navy having been so little employed, they were quite unaccustomed to command in any very difficult or trying circumstances; therefore, that when they had accidentally fallen into such situations, they always appeared to have lost their heads, and become quite confused, and that whatever they did was generally precisely what they ought not. He said Admiral Gantheaume did very well while with him (the General) at his elbow when they were coming from Egypt; but, he added, if Admiral Gantheaume had been left to himself he would have been taken twenty times over, for he was constantly wanting to change the ship's course to avoid one enemy or another, and would have, by such over-precautions, lost as much by night as he gained by day. He therefore, he said, obliged the admiral always to explain to him upon paper the exact situation of the ship and the apprehended danger, after which it almost always occurred that he took upon himself to desire the admiral to continue on a straight course for Fréjus; and to this alone he attributed their having got safe in, as the admiral's anxiety would certainly have induced him to have acted very differently had

not he (the General) so interfered with him, and thus left it to the admiral only to exert his seamanship to press the ships forward. He told me also it was a curious fact that Admiral Brüix, on their way up to Alexandria, had actually explained to him very minutely the decided disadvantage a fleet must labor under by receiving at anchor an attack from a hostile fleet under sail; and yet, from want of recollection and presence of mind upon emergencies, which the General had alluded to, this admiral, a few weeks afterwards, received at anchor Lord Nelson's attack, losing his own life and nearly his whole fleet to exemplify the correctness of his ideas and the impropriety of his conduct; but which General Bonaparte said he was positive would not have happened (at least inasmuch as relates to the fighting at anchor) had he, the General, been on the spot. He added, on the same subject, that it struck him the French admirals had generally, upon coming to action, lost too much time and been too anxious about forming lines and making maneuvers which had ultimately proved of no adequate advantage; he had therefore desired they might be instructed that, for the future, on approaching an enemy, a signal to form a line, as convenient for mutual support, and afterwards a signal to engage, would always be deemed fully sufficient to make to those under their orders; and after this the captain of every ship of the fleet was to be held individually responsible to the government for getting the ship he commanded quickly into close battle, and doing his best towards the destruction of some one of the enemy; which would at all events prevent the captains from covering their own neglect (as Dumanois had done) by attributing errors to their chief. He had, however, he said, latterly resolved (unless some extraordinary emergency made it necessary) *not* to venture any more line-of-battle ships to sea until he should have had it in his power to have sent from his different ports at once one hundred and twenty sail of the line, for the making up of which number, he said, he had laid all his plans; and he affirmed that, from the efforts he intended to have made for the object, he believed very much time would not have elapsed before he would have completed them. In the meantime, he said, whatever it might have cost him, he had determined on always keeping ten sail of French frigates at sea for the purpose of making and improving his officers. He added that when his frigates had been sent on distant cruises they were apt to consider their danger pretty well over when once safely through our line of cruisers on the French coast, after which they generally relaxed their vigilance and precautions. He had, therefore, decided to order these ten frigates for the future to cruise only

in the neighborhood of England or Ireland, where they would be certain to have enemies, bad weather and dangerous coasts, to keep them always on the alert; and those who managed to escape being wrecked or captured must, of course, do much more mischief to our commerce than had ever been done by the French frigates heretofore sent into the open seas and southern latitudes! To the commanders of all those, he said, who returned safe from such service, he should have given great promotion and rewards, and as fast as he heard of any being taken or lost he should have supplied their places with fresh ones. On my remarking to him the difficulty I conceived he would have found in obtaining seamen to have followed up this plan, he told me, by the system of conscription for the marine, which he had lately established in all the maritime counties of France, he would have had as many seamen as he pleased. Its customary production, without any vexation, would have given him twenty thousand men a year; and, he added that, already, for want of ships to put these seamen in, he had been obliged to form them into regiments for the protection of the coast. (These men, however, it must be observed herefrom, would only have been seamen because he chose to have them designated as such; not from any claim of having been to sea or of having served on shipboard, but merely because they had been born and raised in a maritime county.)

In a conversation respecting the late campaigns he told me that at the battle of Wagram he had under his command, *actually engaged* in the field, a greater number of men than in any of his other battles; they amounted, he said, to about one hundred and eighty thousand, and that he had had at the same time in the field one thousand pieces of cannon. At Moscow, he said, though not much short of the same number, yet he certainly had not quite so many; and at Leipsic he did not think that he had more than one hundred and forty thousand. In answer to a question I put to him, he told me he considered a General Clausel to be decidedly the most able military officer now in France. Maréchal Soult and others of the maréchals were, he said, brave and able men for carrying into execution operations previously planned; but to plan and execute with large armies, in his opinion, none of them were by any means equal to this General Clausel.

The troopships having fallen considerably to leeward to-day, I have determined not to wait any longer for them; being now so far on the voyage they must, at all events, get to St. Helena a day or two after me.

From the 6th October the wind, remaining from south-south-

west to south, allowed us to continue on the larboard tack without losing ground to the northward, until we got at last the southeast trade on the 11th inst., having, however, previously passed the thirteenth degree south latitude; and even then the trade hung considerably to the southward, but the ship being so much to windward this became immaterial to us, and with a fine, strong, fair wind we made between two and three hundred miles a day until we reached St. Helena this morning (the 15th), the sixty-sixth day since we quitted the Lizard.

During the latter part of the voyage, General Bonaparte, speaking to me of himself, told me that it was the want of officers at the beginning of the revolutionary war which caused him to be sent for (though then a very young captain of artillery) from the northern frontier, where he was serving, to take the command of the artillery before Toulon, that almost immediately after his arrival at this station he had pointed out to General Corteaux the necessity of making a great effort to get possession of the place which was called Fort Mulgrave by us, which Bonaparte engaged to succeed in doing if General Corteaux would allow him, and foretold that that place, once taken, would oblige the English, immediately afterwards, to entirely evacuate Toulon. This proposal, however, General Corteaux would not listen to, and they therefore went on some time longer according to their former plans of attack, without materially advancing in the siege or doing any real good, until, one of the representatives of the people coming to the army to overlook what they were about (as was customary in those days), Bonaparte directly laid before him his plans, and, obtaining his approval, Corteaux was overruled and obliged to adopt the measures which Bonaparte had before proposed to him; which succeeding precisely according to his prediction, he was in reward immediately promoted to the rank of general of brigade. He afterwards went with part of the same army into Savoy, where he rendered some further services; but it having been just then determined, in consequence of a scarcity of officers for the infantry, to draft into it some of the officers of the artillery, and it falling to his (General Bonaparte's) lot to be one of these, he quitted the army and went to Paris to remonstrate, and to endeavor to avoid being so exchanged; but meeting with an unfavorable reception from a general of artillery, who was a representative of the people and had the chief management of these arrangements, after some high words passing between them he (Bonaparte) retired in disgust, and putting on the dress of the Institute of Paris, to which he

then belonged (having been elected into it in consequence of his proficiency in mathematics), he continued in Paris endeavoring to keep quiet and from the armies; which, he said, however, he should have been obliged to have joined (perhaps in a subordinate capacity), had not the advance of the Austrian general, De Vins, into Italy, and the retreat and alarm of the French army opposed to him, spread considerable consternation in Paris; which induced the committee of public safety (that knew General Bonaparte was well acquainted with the geography of that country) to send for him to consult with him on the best measures to be adopted; and they were so satisfied with what he laid before them on the subject that they immediately caused him to draw up instructions for their general in Italy founded upon his (Bonaparte's) advice; and the committee then directed that General Bonaparte might remain near them at Paris to assist them on such military points as they might wish to consult him upon. The advice he gave, as above mentioned, proved efficacious; their Italian army took up the position he had pointed out, and thereby was enabled to stand its ground without falling any further back, in spite of every effort of the Austrian general to force it, until it became strong enough to attack in its turn; which it ultimately did, and then (as is well known) defeated De Vins, and was completely successful. Considerable credit accrued to General Bonaparte on this account, and he remained at Paris attached to the committee of public safety until the 13th Vendemiaire, the day on which the Convention was attacked by the revolted sections of Paris; which last having gained considerable advantages over the troops of the Convention, then under the command of General Menon, Bonaparte was sent for by the Convention and placed in command of the troops, in lieu of General Menon; and he (Bonaparte) soon succeeding in defeating the people of the section and in restoring order, was as a reward immediately made commandant of Paris; which situation, he said, gave him considerable consequence and in which he continued until he was made Commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. But he told me it was not until the battle of Lodi that any idea of his rising sufficiently in consequence to authorize his some day interfering in the government of France entered his imagination; but *then*, finding all his plans succeed so beyond even his own expectations, he began to look forward, though without any decided plan, to such events as afterwards took place; and he said the quantity of money which he sent from Italy to France, with these views, increased very considerably his popularity; but after his campaign of Italy and the consequent suspension of hostilities with Austria, he said the Directory became very jealous of him, and were therefore

anxious to get him into a scrape, to avoid which required his utmost caution and *finesse*, and induced him to refuse an appointment which had been offered to him to conduct the diplomatic discussions then going on with Austria, as also soon afterwards an appointment offered to him to command an army for the invasion of England; but when the command of an expedition to Egypt was proposed to him, he immediately saw the advantage it offered him for getting out of the way of a jealous, arbitrary government, by its measures running itself to ruin, and by placing him at the head of an army for an expedition almost certain to be successful, leaving it open to him to return with increased popularity whenever he might judge the crisis favorable; therefore, he said, the Directory being anxious to get him out of France, and he being equally anxious to get away from them, the Egyptian expedition did not fail to please both parties, and he warmly entered into it the moment it was proposed; but he assured me that the proposition did not originate with himself, as has been generally supposed. He said, having left France with these ideas, he was anxiously looking for the events which brought him back even before they happened; and on his return to France he was soon well assured that there no longer existed in it a party strong enough to oppose him. He therefore immediately planned the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and though he might, he said, on that day have run some little personal risk owing to the general confusion, yet everything was so arranged that it could not possibly have failed, and the government of France from that day became inevitably and irretrievably in his hands and those of his adherents; and therefore, he said, all the stories I might have heard of intentions of arresting him about that time, and of opposing his intentions, were all nonsense and without foundation in truth, for his plans had been too long and too well laid to admit of being so counteracted. After he became First Consul he said plots and conspiracies against his life had, however, been very frequent, but by vigilance and some good fortune they had all been discovered and frustrated. He told me the one nearest proving fatal to him was that in which Pichegru and Georges (and, he added, Moreau) were concerned. He said thirty-six of this party had been actually in Paris six weeks without the police knowing anything of it; which was at last discovered by means of an emigrant apothecary, who, being informed against and secured after landing from an English man-of-war (and the police having entertained some suspicions in consequence of the numbers that had been reported to have been clandestinely landed about the same time), it was judged would be a likely person to bring to confession if

properly managed; therefore, being condemned to death and every preparation made for his execution, his life was offered him if he could give any intelligence sufficiently important to merit such indulgence; when he immediately caught at the offer and gave the names of the thirty-six persons before mentioned, every one of whom, with Pichegru and Georges, were (by the vigorous measures immediately adopted) found and secured in Paris within a fortnight. He said that, previous to this plot being discovered, it would probably have proved fatal to him had not Georges insisted upon being appointed a consul, which Moreau and Pichegru would not hear of, and therefore Georges and his party could not be brought to act. He told me also that it was to be at hand for the purpose of aiding in these conspiracies, and to take advantage of any confusion they might create, that the Duc d'Enghien took up his residence in the neighborhood of Strasburg, in which town he (Bonaparte) maintained that he had certain information of the duke having been in disguise several times. On my asking him if a report I had heard was true of his having sent an order for the duke's reprieve, but which, unfortunately, arrived too late, he told me it certainly was *not* true; that the duke was condemned for having conspired against France, and he (Bonaparte) was determined from the first to let the law take its course respecting him, to endeavor if possible to check these frequent conspiracies. And in answer to my remonstrating against his having taken the duke from the territories of the Duke of Baden, he said this did not, in his opinion, at all alter the case between France and the Duc d'Enghien; that the Duke of Baden might certainly have had some reason to complain of the violation of his territory, but that was an affair for him to settle with the Duke of Baden and not with the Duc d'Enghien; whom when they had got within the territory of France (no matter how), they had full right to try and punish for any act against the existing government committed by him in France.

Thus does this man reason who now exclaims so violently against the legality of our conduct in refusing to receive him in England and sending him to reside at St. Helena.

October 22d.—Since General Bonaparte's arrival at St. Helena I have been so occupied that I have seen but little of him. I went with him, however, one day to Longwood, and he seemed tolerably satisfied with it, though with his attendants he has since been complaining a good deal; and having stated to me that he could not bear the crowds which gathered to see him in the town, he has, at his own request,

been permitted to take up his residence (until Longwood should be completed) at a small house called the Briars, where there is a pretty good garden and a tolerably large room, detached from the house, of which he has taken possession, and in which and the garden he remains almost all day; but in the evenings I understand he has regularly invited himself to join the family party in the house, where he plays at whist with the ladies of the family for sugar-plums until his usual hour of retiring for the night.

THE INNER LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON AND OF HIS COURT.

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT.

THE arrival of the Russian forces, and the severe conditions exacted by the conqueror, made the Emperor of Austria resolve on once more trying the fortune of war. Having assembled his forces and joined the Emperor Alexander, he awaited Bonaparte, who was advancing to meet him. The two great armies met in Moravia, near the little village of Austerlitz, which, until then unknown, has become forever memorable by reason of the great victory which France won there.

Bonaparte resolved to give battle on the 1st of December, the anniversary of his coronation.

The czar had sent Prince Dolgorouki to our headquarters with proposals of peace, which, if the Emperor has told the truth in his bulletins, could hardly be entertained by a conqueror in possession of his enemy's capital. If we may believe him, the surrender of Belgium was demanded, and also that the Iron Crown should be placed on another head. The envoy was taken through a part of the encampment which had been purposely left in confusion; he was deceived by this, and misled the emperors by his report of the state of things.

The bulletin of the 1st and 2d of December states that the Emperor, on returning to his quarters towards evening, spoke these words: "This is the fairest evening of my life; but I regret to think that I must lose a number of these brave fellows. I feel, by the pain it gives me, that they are indeed my children; and I reproach myself for this feeling, for I fear it may render me unfit to make war."

The following day, in addressing his soldiers he said, "This campaign must be ended by a thunder-clap. If France is to make peace

only on the terms proposed by Dolgorouki, Russia shall not obtain them, even were her army encamped on the heights of Montmartre." Yet it was decreed that these same armies should, one day, be encamped there, and that at Belleville Alexander was to receive Napoleon's envoy coming to offer him peace on any terms he chose to dictate.

I will not transcribe the narrative of that battle, so truly honorable to our arms—it will be found in the *Moniteur;* and the Emperor of Russia, with characteristic and noble simplicity, declared that the arrangements made by Napoleon to insure success, the skill of his generals, and the ardor of the French soldiers, were all alike incomparable. The troops of the three nations fought with unflagging bravery; the two emperors were obliged to fly to escape being taken, and but for the conferences of the following day it seems that the Emperor of Russia would have found his retreat very difficult.

The Emperor dictated, almost from the field of battle, the narrative of all that had taken place on the 1st, the 2d and the 3d of December. He even wrote part of it himself. The dispatch, hurriedly composed, yet full of details and very interesting, even at the present day, on account of the spirit in which it was conceived, consisted of twenty-five pages covered with erasures and references, and was sent to M. Maret at Vienna, to be immediately put in form and forwarded to the *Moniteur*.

On receiving this dispatch, M. Maret hastened to communicate it to M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat. All three were then residing in the palace of the Emperor of Austria; they shut themselves up in the empress's private apartment, then occupied by M. de Talleyrand, in order to decipher the manuscript. The handwriting of the Emperor, which was always very illegible, and his bad spelling, made this a somewhat lengthy task. The order of events had to be rearranged, and incorrect expressions to be replaced by more suitable ones, and then, by the advice of M. de Talleyrand and to the great terror of M. Maret, certain phrases were suppressed, as too humiliating to the foreign sovereigns, or so directly eulogistic to Bonaparte himself that one wonders he could have penned them. Certain phrases which were underscored, and to which it was evident he attached importance, were retained. This task lasted several hours, and was interesting to M. de Rémusat, as it gave him an opportunity of observing the very different methods of serving the Emperor adopted by the two ministers respectively.

After the battle the Emperor Francis asked for an interview, which took place at the French Emperor's quarters.

"This," said Bonaparte, "has been my only palace for the last two months."

"You make such good use of it," replied the Emperor of Austria, "that it ought to be agreeable to you."

"It is asserted" (*says the bulletin*) "that the Emperor, in speaking of the Emperor of Austria, used these words: 'That man has led me to commit an error, for I might have followed up my victory and have taken the whole Russian and Austrian army prisoners; but, after all, there will be some tears the less.'"

According to the bulletin, the czar was let off easily. Here is the account of General Savary's visit to him:—

"The Emperor's aid-de-camp had accompanied the Emperor of Germany after the interview, in order to learn whether the Emperor of Russia would agree to the capitulation. He found the remnant of the Russian army without artillery or baggage, and in frightful disorder.

"It was midnight; General Meerfeld had been repulsed from Gœlding by Marshal Davoust, and the Russian army was surrounded—not a man could escape. Prince Czartoryski presented General Savary to the emperor.

"'Tell your master,' said the czar, 'that I am going away; that he did wonders yesterday, that his achievements have increased my admiration for him; that he is predestined by Heaven, and that my army would require a hundred years to equal his. But can I withdraw in safety?'—'Yes, sire, if your majesty ratifies what the two emperors of France and Austria have agreed upon at their interview.'—'And what is that?'—'That your majesty's army shall return home by stages to be regulated by the Emperor, and that it shall evacuate Germany and Austrian Poland. On these conditions I have it in commission to go to our outposts and give them orders to protect your retreat, as the Emperor is desirous to protect the friend of the First Consul.'—'What guarantee is required?'—'Your word, sire.'—'I give it you.'

"General Savary set out on the instant at full gallop, and having joined Davoust, he gave orders to suspend all operations and remain quiet. It is to be hoped that the generosity of the Emperor of France on this occasion may not be so soon forgotten in Russia as was his sending back six thousand men to the Emperor Paul, with expressions of his esteem.

"General Savary had an hour's conversation with the Emperor of Russia, and found him all that a man of good sense and good feeling ought to be, whatever reverses he may have experienced.

"The emperor asked him about the details of the day. 'You were inferior to me,' he said, 'and yet you were superior upon all the points

of attack.'—'That, sire,' answered the general, 'is the art of war, and the fruit of fifteen years of glory. This is the fortieth battle the Emperor has fought.'—'True. He is a great warrior. As for me, this is the first time I have seen fighting. I have never had any pretension to measure myself with him.'—'When you have experience, sire, you may perhaps surpass him.'—'I will now return to my capital. I came to lend my aid to the Emperor of Austria; he has had me informed that he is content, and I am the same.'" *

There was a good deal of speculation at that time as to what was the Emperor's real reason for consenting to make peace after this battle, instead of pushing his victory further; for, of course, nobody believed in the motive which was assigned for it, *i.e.*, the sparing of many tears which must otherwise have been shed.

May we conclude that the day of Austerlitz had cost him so dear as to make him shrink from incurring another like it, and that the Russian army was not so utterly defeated as he would have had us believe? Or was it that again he had done, as he himself expressed it, when he was asked why he put an end to the march of victory by the treaty of Leoben: "I was playing at *vingt-et-un*, and I stopped short at *vingt*." May we believe that Bonaparte, in his first year of empire, did not yet venture to sacrifice the lives of the people so ruthlessly as he afterwards sacrificed them, and that, having entire confidence in M. de Talleyrand at that period, he yielded more readily to the moderate policy of his minister? Perhaps, too, he believed that he had reduced the Austrian power by his campaign more than he really had reduced it; for he said, after his return from Munich, "I have left the Emperor Francis too many subjects."

Whatever may have been his motives, he deserves praise for the spirit of moderation that he maintained in the midst of an army heated by victory, and which certainly was at that moment desirous of prolonging the war. The marshals, and all the officers about the Emperor, did everything in their power to induce him to carry on the campaign; they were certain of victory everywhere, and by shaking the purpose of their chief they created for M. de Talleyrand all the difficulties that he had foreseen. The minister, summoned to headquarters, had to contend with the disposition of the army. He maintained, alone and unsupported, that peace must be concluded—that the

* All these anecdotes are related in the thirtieth and thirty-first bulletins of the Grand Army, dated from Austerlitz, 12th and 14th Frimaire, year 14 (3d and 5th December, 1806), pages 543 and 555 of vol. xi. of the Correspondence of Napoleon the First, published by order of the Emperor Napoleon the Third.—P. R.

Austrian power was necessary to the equilibrium of Europe; and it was then that he said, "When you shall have weakened all the powers of the center, how are you to hinder those of the extremities—the Russians, for instance—from falling upon them?" In reply to this he was met by private interests, by a personal and insatiable desire for the chances of fortune which the continuance of the war might offer, and certain persons who knew the Emperor's character well, said, "Though we may not be able to put an end to this affair on the spot, you will see that we shall commence another campaign by-and-by."

As for the Emperor himself, disturbed by this diversity of opinion, urged by his love of war, and influenced by his habitual distrust, he allowed M. Talleyrand to perceive that he suspected him of a secret understanding with the Austrian ambassador, and of sacrificing the interests of France. M. de Talleyrand answered with that firmness which he always maintains in great affairs, when he has taken a certain line: "You deceive yourself. My object is to sacrifice the interest of your generals, which is no concern of mine, to the interests of France. Reflect that you lower yourself by saying such things as they say, and that you are worthy to be something more than a mere soldier." The Emperor was flattered by being praised at the expense of his former companions in arms; and by adroitness of this kind M. de Talleyrand succeeded in gaining his ends. At length he brought the Emperor to resolve on sending him to Presburg, where the negotiations were to take place; but it is a strange and probably unexampled fact that Bonaparte, while giving M. de Talleyrand powers to treat for peace, actually deceived him on a point of vital importance, and placed in his path the greatest difficulty that ever a negotiator had experienced.

On the occasion of the meeting of the two emperors after the battle, the Emperor of Austria consented to relinquish the state of Venice; but he had demanded that the portion of the Tyrol conquered by Massena should be restored to Austria, and Napoleon, affected, no doubt, in spite of his mastery over his emotions, and a little off his guard in the presence of this vanquished sovereign, who had come to discuss his interests in person on the battle-field where the bodies of his subjects, slain in his cause, still lay, had not been able to maintain his inflexibility. He gave up the Tyrol; but no sooner had the interview come to an end than he repented of what he had done, and when giving M. de Talleyrand details of the engagements to which he had pledged himself, he kept that one secret.*

*In the definitive treaty the Tyrol was given to Bavaria in consideration of the marriage of the Princess Augusta with Eugene de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy.—P. R.

The minister set out for Presburg, and Bonaparte returned to Vienna and took up his abode in the palace at Schöbrunn. He occupied himself in reviewing his army, verifying his losses and reforming each corps as it presented itself for inspection. In his pride and satisfaction in the results of the campaign he was good humored with everybody, behaved well to all those members of the court who awaited him at Vienna and took great pleasure in relating the wonders of the war.

On one point only did he exhibit displeasure. He was greatly surprised that his presence produced so little effect upon the Viennese, and that it was so difficult to induce them to attend the fêtes he provided for them and the dinners at the palace to which he invited them. Bonaparte could not understand their attachment to a conquered sovereign—one, too, so much inferior to himself. One day he spoke about this to M. de Rémusat. "You have passed some time at Vienna," he said, "and have had opportunities of observing these Viennese. What a strange people they are! They seem insensible alike to glory and to reverses." M. de Rémusat, who had formed a high opinion of the Viennese, and admired their disinterested and loyal character, replied by praising them and relating several instances of their attachment to their sovereign of which he had been an eye-witness. "But," said Bonaparte, "they must sometimes have talked of me. What do they say?"—"Sire," answered M. de Rémusat, "they say, 'The Emperor Napoleon is a great man, it is true; but our emperor is perfectly good, and we can love none but him.'" These sentiments, which were all unchanged by misfortune, were incomprehensible to a man who recognized no merit except in success. When, after his return to Paris, he heard of the touching reception given by the Viennese to their vanquished emperor, he exclaimed, "What people! If I came back to Paris thus, I should certainly not be received after that fashion."

A few days after the Emperor's return, M. de Talleyrand arrived at Vienna from Presburg, to the great surprise of everybody. The Austrian ministers at Presburg had brought forward the subject of the Tyrol; he had been obliged to admit that he had no instructions on that point, and he now came to obtain them. He was much displeased at having been treated in such a manner. When he complained to the Emperor, the latter told him that in a yielding moment, of which he now repented, he had acceded to the request of the Emperor Francis, but that he was quite resolved not to keep his word. M. de Rémusat told me that M. de Talleyrand, of whom he saw a great deal at this time, was really indignant. Not only did he perceive that war

was about to begin again, but that the cabinet of France was stained by perfidy, and a portion of the dishonor would inevitably fall upon him. His mission to Presburg would henceforth be ridiculous, would show how little influence over his master he possessed, and would destroy his personal credit in Europe, which he took such care to preserve. The marshals raised their war-cry anew. Murat, Berthier, Maret—all the flatterers of the Emperor's ruling passion, seeing to which side be leaned, urged him on towards what they called "glory." M. de Talleyrand had to bear reproaches from every one, and he often said to my husband, bitterly enough, "I find no one but yourself here to show me any friendship: it would take very little more to make those people regard me as a traitor." His conduct at this period and his patience did him honor. He succeeded in bringing the Emperor back to his way of thinking upon the necessity of making peace, and after having extracted from him the final word which he required, he set out a second time for Presburg, better satisfied, although he could not obtain the restitution of the Tyrol. On taking leave of M. de Rémusat he said, "I shall settle the affair of the Tyrol, and induce the Emperor to make peace, in spite of himself."

During Bonaparte's stay at Schönbrunn he received a letter from Prince Charles to the effect that, being full of admiration of his genius, the prince wished to see and converse with him. The Emperor, flattered by this compliment from a man who enjoyed a high reputation in Europe, fixed upon a small hunting-lodge a few leagues from the palace as the place of meeting, and directed M. de Rémusat to join the other persons who were to accompany him. He also bade him take with him a very richly mounted sword. "After our conversations," said he, "you will hand it to me. I wish to present it to the prince on leaving him."

The Emperor joined the prince, and they remained in private conference for some time. When he came out of the room my husband approached him, according to the orders he had received. Bonaparte impatiently waved him off, telling him that he might take the sword away; and when he returned to Schönbrunn, he spoke slightingly of the prince, saying that he had found him very commonplace, and by no means worthy of the present he had intended for him.*

I must now relate an incident which concerned M. de Rémusat personally, and which once more checked the favor that the Emperor

* This is a softened version of what the Emperor said. The truth is that when his chamberlain drew near to remind him of his intentions, and to hand him the sword, the Emperor said, "Let me alone; he's a fool!"

seemed disposed to extend towards him. I have frequently remarked that our destiny always arranged matters so that we should not profit by the advantages of our position, but since that time I have often felt thankful to Providence; that very contrariety preserved us from a more disastrous fall.

In the early years of the Consular government the king's party had clung to the hope of a revival of favorable chances for him in France, and they had more than once tried to establish an understanding with the country. M. d'André, formerly a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, an emigrant, and devoted to the royal cause, had undertaken royalist missions to some of the sovereigns of Europe, and Bonaparte was perfectly aware of that fact. M. d'André was, like M. de Rémusat, a native of Provence, and they had been schoolfellows; M. d'André had also been a magistrate prior to the revolution (he was councilor to the Parliament of Aix), and although they did not keep up any mutual relations, they were not entirely strangers. At the period of which I am writing, M. d'André, disheartened by the failure of his fruitless efforts, convinced that the imperial cause was absolutely victorious, and weary of a wandering life, and consequently straitened means, was longing to return to his own country. Being in Hungary during the campaign of 1805, he sent his wife to Vienna and appealed to his friend General Mathieu Dumas to obtain leave for him. The general, although rather alarmed at having to undertake such a mission, promised to take steps in the matter, but advised Madame d'André to see M. de Rémusat and procure his interest. One morning Madame d'André arrived. My husband received her as he conceived he ought to receive the wife of a former friend; he was much concerned at the position in which she represented M. d'André to be, and not knowing that there were particular circumstances in the case which were likely to render the Emperor implacable, thinking besides that his victories might incline him to clemency, consented to present her petition. His official position as keeper of the wardrobe gave him the right to enter the Emperor's dressing-room. He hastened down to his majesty's apartment, and found him half dressed and in a good humor, whereupon he immediately gave him an account of M. d'André's visit, and preferred the request which he had undertaken to urge. At the mention of the name of M. d'André, the Emperor's face darkened. "Do you know," said he, "that you are talking to me of a mortal enemy?"—"No, sire," replied M. de Rémusat; "I am ignorant whether your majesty has really reason to complain of him; but, if such be the case, I would venture to ask pardon for him. M. d'André

is poor and proscribed; he asks only that he may return and grow old in our common country."—"Have you any relations with him?"—"None, sire."—"And why do you interest yourself in him?"—"Sire, he is a Provençal; he was educated with me at Juilly, he is of my own profession, and he was my friend."—"You are very fortunate," said the Emperor, darting a fierce glance at him, "to have such motives to excuse you. Never speak of him to me again; and know this: if he were at Vienna, and I could get hold of him, he should be hanged within twenty-four hours." Having said these words the Emperor turned his back on M. de Rémusat.

Wherever the Emperor was with his court, he habitually held what was called his *lever* every morning. So soon as he was dressed he entered a reception-room, and those persons who formed what was called the "service" were summoned. These were the great officers of his household, M. de Rémusat, as keeper of the wardrobe and first chamberlain, and the generals of his guard. The second *lever* was composed of the chamberlains, of such generals of the army as could present themselves, and, in Paris, of the prefect of Paris, the prefect of police, the princes, and the ministers. Sometimes he greeted all these personages silently, with a mere bow, and dismissed them at once. He gave orders when it was necessary, and he did not hesitate to scold any one with whom he was displeased, without the slightest regard to the awkwardness of giving or receiving reprimands before a crowd of witnesses.

After he left M. de Rémusat the Emperor held his *lever;* then he sent everybody away, and held a long conversation with General Savary. On its conclusion, Savary rejoined my husband in one of thn reception-rooms, took him aside, and addressed him after a fashioe which would appear very strange to any one unacquainted with *the crudity of the general's principles* in certain matters.

"Let me congratulate you," said he, accosting M. de Rémusat, "on a fine opportunity of making your fortune, of which I strongly advise you to avail yourself. You played a dangerous game just now by talking to the Emperor of M. d'André, but all may be set right again. Where is he? But, now I think of it, he is in Hungary—at least, his wife told me so. Ah, bah! don't dissimulate about it. The Emperor believes that he is in Vienna; he is convinced that you know where he is, and he wants you to tell."—"I assure you, general," replied M. de Rémusat, "that I am absolutely ignorant of where he is. I had no correspondence with him; his wife came to see me to-day for the first time; she begged me to speak for her husband to the Emperor; I have done so, and that is all."—"Well then, if that be so,

send for her to come to you again. She will have no suspicion of you; make her talk, and try to elicit from her where her husband is. You cannot imagine how much you will please the Emperor by rendering him such a service."

M. de Rémusat, utterly confounded at this speech, was quite unable to conceal his astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed; "you make such a proposal as that to me? I told the Emperor that I was the friend of M. d'André; you also know that, and you would have me betray him, give him up, and that by means of his wife, who has trusted me!" Savary was astonished, in his turn, at the indignation of M. de Rémusat. "What folly!" said he. "Take care you do not spoil your luck! The Emperor has more than once had occasion to doubt that you are as entirely devoted to him as he would have you to be. Now, here is an opportunity for removing his suspicions, and you will be very unwise if you let it slip."

The discussion lasted for some time. M. de Rémusat was, of course, unshaken; he assured Savary that, far from seeking Madame d'André, he would not even consent to see her, and he informed her, through General Mathieu Dumos, of the failure of his mission. Savary returned to the subject in the course of the day and said, over and over again, "You are throwing away your chances; I confess I cannot make you out."—"That does not matter," my husband would reply.

And, in fact, the Emperor did resent this refusal, and assumed towards M. de Rémusat the harsh, icy tone that was always a mark of his displeasure. M. de Rémusat endured it with resignation, and complained only to Duroc, the grand marshal of the palace, who understood his difficulty better than Savary could, but regretted that anything should have occurred to diminish his favor with Bonaparte. He also congratulated my husband on his conduct, which seemed to him an act of the greatest courage; for not to obey the Emperor was, in his eyes, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Duroc was a man of a singular character. His mind was narrow; his feelings and thoughts were always, perhaps deliberately, confined to a small circle, but he lacked neither cleverness nor clear-sightedness. He was, perhaps, rather submissive than devoted to Bonaparte, and believed that no one placed near him could use any or every faculty better than in exactly obeying him.

In order not to fail in this, which he considered a strict duty, he would not allow himself even a thought beyond the obligations of his post. Cold, silent and impenetrable as to every secret confided to him, I believe he had made it a law to himself never to reflect on the orders

he received. He did not flatter the Emperor; he did not seek to please him by tale-bearing, which, though often tending to no result, was yet gratifying to Bonaparte's naturally suspicious mind; but, like a mirror, Duroc reflected for his master all that took place in his presence, and, like an echo, he repeated his master's words in the same tone and manner in which they were uttered. Were we to have fallen dead before his eyes in consequence of a message of which he was the bearer, he would still have delivered it with imperturbable precision.

I do not think he ever inquired of himself whether the Emperor was or was not a great man; he was the master, and that was enough. His obedience made him of great use to the Emperor; the interior of the palace, the entire management of the household and its expenditure, was his charge, and everything was regulated with perfect order and extreme economy, and yet with great magnificence.

Marshal Duroc had married a Spanish lady of great fortune, little beauty and a good deal of intelligence. She was the daughter of a Spanish banker named Hervas, who had been employed in some second-rate diplomatic capacity, and subsequently created Marquis d'Abrucnara. He was minister in Spain under Joseph Bonaparte. Madame Duroc had been brought up at Madame Campan's school, where Madame Louis Bonaparte, Madame Savary, Madame Davoust, Madame Ney and others were educated.

She and her husband lived together on good terms, but without that perfect union which is so great a source of consolation to those who have to endure the restraints of a court. He would not allow her to hold an opinion of her own on passing events, or to have any familiar friend; and he had none himself. I have never known any one who felt less need of friendship, or who cared less for the pleasures of conversation. He had no idea of social pleasures; he did not know the meaning of a taste for literature or art; and this indifference to things in general, which he combined with the most perfect obedience to orders, while he never showed any sign of weariness or constraint, nor yet the slightest appearance of enthusiasm, made him quite a remarkable character and interesting to observe. He was highly esteemed at court, or at any rate was of great importance. Everything was referred to him, and to him all complaints were addressed. He attended to everybody, seldom offering an opinion, still less a counsel; but he listened with attention, faithfully reported what was said, and never showed either ill-will or interest.*

* "This sketch of the Duc de Friula," writes my father, "is in perfect conformity with all well-founded contemporary opinion. Few men have ever been more harsh, more

Bonaparte, who had great skill in utilizing men, liked to be served by one who stood so completely apart from others. There was no danger in aggrandizing such a man as this; he therefore loaded him with honors and riches. His gifts to Savary, which were also very considerable, were dictated by a different motive. "That is a man," he used to say, "who must continually be bought; he would belong to any one who would give him a crown more than I do." And yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this, Bonaparte trusted him, or at any rate believed the tales he brought. He knew, in truth, that Savary would refuse him nothing, and he would say of him sometimes, "If I ordered Savary to rid himself of his wife and children, I am sure he would not hesitate."

Savary, though an object of general terror, was, in spite of his mode of life and his actions, hidden or otherwise, not radically a bad man. Love of money was his ruling passion. He had no military talent, and was even accused by his brave comrades of being wanting in courage on the battle-field. He had, therefore, to build up his fortune in a different fashion from that of his companions in arms.* He perceived a way open to him in the system of cunning and tale-bearing which Bonaparte favored; and having once entered on it, it was not possible for him to retrace his steps. He was, intrinsically, better than his reputation; that is, his first impulses were superior to his subsequent actions. He was not wanting in natural ability; could be kindled to a momentary enthusiasm of the imagination; was ignorant, but with a desire for information, and had instinctively sound judgment. He was rather a liar than a deceitful man; stern in manner, but very timid in reality. He had reasons of his own for knowing Bonaparte and trembling before him. Nevertheless, while he was minister, he ventured on

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cold, more selfish, without bearing any ill will to others. His justice, his honesty, his trustworthiness were incomparable. He had great talent for organization. But there was one curious fact of which my mother seems to have been unaware, although it is acknowledged to have been true: he did not like the Emperor, or at any rate judged him with severity. In later times he was wearied out by Bonaparte's temper, and still more by his system of government, and on the day preceding his death he let this be perceived, even by the Emperor." Marshal Marmont, who knew him well, has left a sketch of his character which bears all the marks of truth:—"The Emperor felt for him what in such a man was almost friendship, for he wrote thus from Haynau, on June 7, 1813, to Madame de Montesquieu: 'The death of the Duc de Friula grieves me. It is the first time for twenty years that he has not divined what would give me pleasure.'" —P. R.

* During the campaign a large coffer of gold was intrusted to him, to meet the charges of the secret police which he conducted for the Emperor, both in the army and in the conquered cities. He discharged this trust with ability. In no place was a word spoken or a deed done of which he was not informed.

some show of opposition, and appeared to entertain a desire to gain public esteem. He, perhaps, like many others, owed the development of his vices to the times he lived in, which suppressed his better qualities. The Emperor sedulously cultivated evil passions in the men who served him, and they flourished abundantly under his reign.

M. de Talleyrand's negotiations were slowly advancing. In spite of every obstacle he succeeded, by means of correspondence, in persuading the Emperor to make peace; and the Tyrol, that stumbling-block of the treaty, was ceded by the Emperor Francis to the King of Bavaria. When, a few years afterwards, the Emperor had quarreled with M. de Talleyrand, he would angrily refer to this treaty, and complain that his minister had wrested from him the fruit of victory, and brought about the second Austrian campaign, by leaving too much power in the hands of the sovereign of that country.

The Emperor had time, before leaving Vienna, to receive a deputation from four of the mayors of the city of Paris, who came to congratulate him on his victories. Shortly afterwards he departed for Munich, having announced that he was about to place the regal crown on the head of the Elector of Bavaria, and to conclude the marriage of Prince Eugene.

The Empress, who had been staying at Munich for some time, was overjoyed at a union which would ally her son with the greatest houses of Europe. She greatly wished that Madame Louis Bonaparte should be present at the ceremony; but the request met with a determined refusal from Louis, and, as usual, his wife was obliged to submit.

The Emperor, who also wished to introduce a kinswoman to the Bavarians, summoned Madame Murat to Munich. She came thither with mingled feelings. The pleasure of being regarded as a person of importance, and of displaying herself, was damped by the elevation of the Beauharnais family, and she had some difficulty, as I shall presently relate, in concealing her dissatisfaction.

M. de Talleyrand returned to the court after signing the treaty, and once more peace seemed to be restored to Europe—at any rate, for a time. Peace was signed on Christmas Day, 1805.

In this treaty the Emperor of Austria recognized the Emperor Napoleon as King of Italy. He ceded the Venetian states to the kingdom of Italy. He recognized the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg as kings, ceding to the former several principalities and the Tyrol, to the King of Wurtemberg a number of towns, and to the Elector of Baden part of the Brisgau.

The Emperor Napoleon undertook to obtain the principality of Würzburg from the King of Bavaria, for the Archduke Ferdinand, who had been Grandduke of Tuscany. The Venetian States were to be handed over within a fortnight. These were the principal conditions of the treaty.

I have already described the dullness and depression of Paris during this campaign, and the sufferings of every class of society from the renewal of war. Money had become still more scarce; in fact, it attained such a price that, being obliged to send some in haste to my husband, I had to pay ninety francs to obtain gold for a thousand franc bank-note. Such an opportunity of spreading and increasing the general anxiety was, of course, turned to advantage by the malcontents. Warned by former experience, and alarmed by the imprudence of certain utterances, I held aloof from every one, seeing only my own friends, and persons who could not involve me in any difficulty.

When the princes or princesses of the imperial family held their receptions, I went, as did others, to pay my respects to them, and also to the Archchancellor Cambacèrés, who would have been highly displeased at any neglect. He gave grand dinners, and held receptions twice a week. He resided in a large house on the Carrousel, which has since been converted into the Hôtel des Cent Suisses.* At seven in the evening, a line of carriages would generally stretch across the Carrousel, and Cambacèrés would note its length from his window with delight. Some time was occupied in getting into the court-yard and reaching the foot of the staircase. At the door of the first reception-room an attendant announced the guest's name in a loud voice; this was repeated until the presence-chamber was reached. There an immense crowd would be collected; there were two or three rows of women; the men stood close together, forming a sort of passage from one angle of the room to the opposite corner. Up and down this Cambacèrés walked with great gravity, covered with decorations, and usually wearing all his orders and diamonds; on his head an enormous powdered wig. He kept on making civil little speeches right and left. When we felt quite sure he had seen us, especially if he had spoken, it was the custom to retire, and thus make room for others. We frequently had to wait a long time for our carriages, and an unfailing method of pleasing Cambacèrés was to tell him, the next time, of the inconvenience caused by the vehicles in the place all crowding towards his house.

Fewer persons went to the receptions of the Archtreasurer Le

* This hotel was pulled down in the reign of Louis Philippe.—P. R.

Brun, who seemed to attach less importance to these outward observances, and lived quietly. But although he had not the foibles of his colleague, he was also deficient in some of his qualities. Cambacérés was a kind-hearted man; he received petitions graciously, and if he promised to support them, his word could be relied on. Le Brun's only care was to amass a fortune, which became considerable. He was a selfish, cunning old man, who never did any good to anybody.

The member of the imperial family whom I saw most frequently was Madame Louis Bonaparte. People came to her house of an evening to hear the news.

In December, 1805, a report having been spread that the English were likely to descend on the Dutch coast, Louis Bonaparte received orders to travel through Holland and to inspect the Army of the North. His absence, which gave a little more freedom to his wife and was a relief to his household, who held him in awe and aversion, enabled Madame Louis to pass her evenings pleasantly. Music, and drawing at a large table in the center of the *salon*, were the chief amusements. Madame Louis had a great taste for the arts: she composed charming ballads; she painted well; she liked the society of artists. Her only fault, perhaps, was in not maintaining in her house the ceremonious demeanor demanded by the rank to which she had been elevated. She always remained on intimate terms with her schoolfellows and with the young married women who habitually visited her, and her manners retained something of the freedom of their school days. This gave rise to remark and censure.*

After a long silence—which produced general uneasiness respecting the movements of the army—Le Brun, aid-de-camp to the Emperor and a son of the archtreasurer, was dispatched from the battle-field

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* Madame de Rémusat's regard for Queen Hortense, and her opinion of her character, were lasting; for some years later she thus writes to her husband, on July 12, 1812:—

"Speaking of the queen, I cannot find words in which to tell you the pleasure I take in her society. She is really angelic in disposition, and completely different from what is generally supposed. M. F——, who, when he came, was full of prejudice against her, is quite captivated. She is so true, so pure-hearted, so perfectly ignorant of evil; there is about her so sweet a melancholy; she seems so resigned to whatever may happen that it is impossible not to be deeply impressed by her. Her health is good; she dislikes this rainy weather, because she is fond of walking; she reads a great deal, and would like to make up for the defects of her education in certain respects. Her children's tutor makes her work hard; sometimes she laughs at the pains she takes, and she is right. Nevertheless, I wish a more capable person were directing her studies. She has reached an age when study should be pursued rather to teach us to *think* than to *know*, and history should not be learned at five and twenty as it is at ten years old."—P. R.

of Austerlitz, and arrived one evening with news of the victory, of the succeeding armistice, and of the well-founded hope of peace. The news was announced at all the theaters and posted up everywhere on the following day. It produced a great effect, and dispelled the gloom and apathy of Paris.

It was impossible not to be elated by so great a success, and not to take the side of glory and of fortune. The French were carried away by the triumph of this victory, to which nothing was wanting, since it terminated the war; and this time again there was no need to prescribe public rejoicings—the nation identified itself with the success of its army.

I look upon this period as the zenith of Bonaparte's good fortune, for his mighty deeds were made their own by the bulk of his people. Afterwards, doubtless, he increased in power and in authority, but he had to bespeak enthusiasm, and though he sometimes succeeded in enforcing it, the efforts he was obliged to make must have lessened the value of the applause.

In the midst of the pride and delight displayed by the city of Paris it may be supposed that the great bodies of the state and the public officers did not neglect the opportunity of expressing the general admiration in high-flown language.

When we now read the speeches delivered on the occasion in the senate and the tribunate, the orations of prefects and mayors, the pastoral letters of bishops, one asks if it was possible that a human head should not be turned by such excess of praise. Every glory of the past was to fade before that of Bonaparte; the greatest names were to drop into obscurity; Fame would thenceforth blush at what she had formerly proclaimed, etc., etc.

On the 31st of December the tribunate was assembled, and Fabre de l'Aude, the president, announced the return of a deputation which had been sent to the Emperor. Its members had brought back a glowing account of the marvels they had witnessed. A great number of flags had also arrived. The Emperor bestowed eight on the city of Paris, eight on the tribunate, and fifty-four on the senate; the entire tribunate was to present the latter.

On the conclusion of the president's speech a crowd of tribunes rushed forward to propose what was called *des motions de vœux*. One of them moved that a gold medal should be struck; another, that a public monument should be erected; that the Emperor should receive the honors of a triumph, after the old fashion of imperial Rome; that the whole city of Paris should go forth to meet him.

"Language," said one member, "cannot attain such height of grandeur nor express the emotions it calls forth."

Carrion-Nisas proposed that on the proclamation of the general peace the sword worn by the Emperor at the battle of Austerlitz should be solemnly consecrated. Each speaker endeavored to surpass the others, and certainly during this sitting, which lasted several hours, all that flattery could suggest to the imagination was exhausted. And yet this very tribunate was a source of anxiety to the Emperor, because it contained in itself a semblance of liberty, and he subsequently abolished it in order to consolidate his despotic power, even in the smallest external signs. When Bonaparte "eliminated" the tribunate (this was the technical expression for that measure), he did not shrink from using these words: "This is my final break with the republic."

The tribunate having arranged to carry the flags to the senate on the 1st of January, 1806, decided that on the same occasion it should be proposed to erect a column. The senate hastened to pass a decree to this effect, and also decreed that the Emperor's letter, which had accompanied the flags, should be engraved on marble and placed in the Hall of Assembly. The senators on this occasion rose to the height attained by the tribunes.

Preparations were now made for the rejoicings which were to take place on the return of the Emperor. M. de Rémusat sent orders, through me, for the performance of several pieces containing appropriate passages at the theaters. The Théâter Français having selected "Gaston et Bayard," some slight changes were made by the police in certain lines that were deemed inadmissible.* The opera house prepared a new piece.

Meanwhile, the Emperor, after receiving the signature of the peace, was preparing to quit Vienna, and addressed its inhabitants in a proclamation full of compliments, both to themselves and to their sovereign. It ended thus:—

"I have shown myself little among you, not from indifference, or pride, but because I did not wish to interfere with the feelings due to your sovereign, with whom it was my intention to make a prompt peace."

We have already seen what were the Emperor's real motives for remaining in retirement at Schönbrunn.

*The line "Et suivre les Bourbons, c'est marcher à la gloire" (To follow the Bourbons is to march to glory) was replaced by "Et suivre les Français, c'est marcher à la gloire" (To follow the French is to march to glory).

Although, in point of fact, the French army had been kept under tolerable discipline while in Vienna, there can be no doubt that the inhabitants were overjoyed at the departure of the guests they had been obliged to receive, to lodge, and to feed liberally. To give an idea of the consideration with which our vanquished enemies were forced to treat us, it will be sufficient to state that Generals Junot* and Bessières, who were quartered on Prince Esterhazy, were daily supplied from Hungary with every delicacy of the table, including Tokay. This was due to the generosity of the prince, who defrayed the whole cost.

I recollect hearing M. de Rémusat relate that, on the arrival of the Emperor at Vienna, the imperial cellars were explored in search of this same Tokay, and much surprise was expressed that not a single bottle was forthcoming; all had been carefully removed by the orders of Francis.

The Emperor reached Munich on the 31st of December, and on the next day proclaimed the Elector of Bavaria king. He announced this in a letter to the senate, in which he also made known his adoption of Prince Eugene, and the marriage of the latter, which was to take place before the Emperor's return to Paris.

Prince Eugene hastened to Munich, having first taken possession of the states of Venice, and reassured his new subjects, as far as possible, by dignified and moderate proclamations.

The Emperor felt himself bound to bestow some praise on the army of Italy also. A bulletin says: "The Italians have displayed great spirit. The Emperor has frequently said, 'Why should not my Italian people appear gloriously on the world's stage? They are full of intelligence and passion; it will be easy henceforth to give them soldierly qualities.'" He made a few more proclamations to his army, in his usual turgid style, but they are said to have produced a great effect on the army.

He issued one decree which would have been good if it had been put into execution. "We adopt," he said, "the children of those generals, officers, and privates who lost their lives at the battle of Austerlitz. They shall be brought up at Rambouillet and at St. Germain, and placed out in the world, or suitably married by our care. To their own names they shall add that of Napoleon. . . ."

The Elector, or rather the King, of Bavaria is a younger son of the

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*Junot was a true soldier of fortune. He had a good deal of natural humor. On one occasion the exclusiveness of the old French nobility was spoken of before him. "And why," said he, "are all these people so angered at our elevation? The only difference between them and me is that they are descendants, while I am an ancestor!"

house of Deux-Ponts, who came to the electorate through the extinction of that branch of his family which governed Bavaria. In the reign of Louis XVI. he was sent to France and placed in the king's service. He soon obtained a regiment, and resided for a considerable time either in Paris or in garrison at one of our towns. He became attached to France, and left behind him the recollection of much kindness of disposition and cordiality of manner. He was known as Prince Max. He declined, however, to marry in France. The Prince de Condé offered him his daughter; but his father and his uncle, the elector, objected to the match on the grounds that Prince Max, not being rich, would probably have to make canonesses of some of his daughters, and that the admixture in their veins of the blood of Louis XIV. with that of Madame de Montespan would be an obstacle to their admittance into certain chapters.

When, at a later period, this prince succeeded to the electorate, he always retained an affectionate remembrance of France, and a sincere attachment to her people. Having become king by the will of the Emperor, he took pains to prove his gratitude by a splendid welcome, and he received all the French with extreme kindness. It well may be imagined that not for one moment did he dream of declining the proposed marriage for his daughter. The young princess was then seventeen or eighteen years of age, and possessed attractive qualities as well as personal charms. The marriage, which was due to political reasons, became the source of uninterrupted happiness to Eugene. Princess Augusta of Bavaria attached herself warmly to the husband chosen for her; she aided him in no small measure to win the hearts of the Italians. With beauty, sense, piety, and amiability, she could not fail to be tenderly beloved by Prince Eugene, and at the present day they are settled in Bavaria and enjoy the happiness of a perfect union.*

* Prince Eugene de Beauharnais died in 1824. The Emperor announced to him that he was to marry in these terms. (The letter is dated Munich, 19 Nivôse, year 14, 31st December, 1805.) "My Cousin, I have arrived at Munich. I have arranged a marriage for you with Princess Augusta. It has been announced. The princess paid me a visit this morning, and I conversed with her for a considerable time. She is very pretty. You will see her portrait on the *tazza* which accompanies this, but she is much better looking." The Emperor's affection for the Viceroy of Italy was extended in full measure to the princess, who from the first had impressed him favorably, and his letters are full of solicitude for her health and happiness. Thus, he writes to her from Stuttgard, on the 17th January, 1806: "My daughter, your letter to me is as charming as yourself. My feelings of affection for you will but increase every day; I know this, by the pleasure I feel in recalling all your good qualities, and by my desire to receive frequent assurances from yourself that you are pleased with everybody and happy in your husband. Among all my other cares there will be none dearer to me than those which may insure the happiness of my children. Believe me, Augusta, I love you as a father, and I rely on

During the Emperor's stay at Munich he took it into his head, by way of recreation after his labors of the past months, to indulge a fancy, which was partly political, for the Queen of Bavaria. That princess, who was the king's second wife, without being very beautiful, had an elegant figure and pleasing though dignified manners. I think the Emperor pretended to be in love with her. The lookers-on said it was amusing to watch the struggle between his imperious temper and rude manners and his desire to please a princess accustomed to that kind of etiquette which is never relaxed in Germany on any occasion whatever. The Queen of Bavaria contrived to exact respect from her strange admirer, and yet seemed to be amused with his devotion. The Empress considered her to be more coquettish than was desirable, and the whole business made her anxious to get away quickly from the Bavarian court, and spoilt the pleasure she would have otherwise felt in her son's marriage.

At the same time Madame Murat took offense because the new vice-queen, who had become the adopted daughter of Napoleon, took precedence of her on ceremonial occasions. She feigned illness in order to avoid what she regarded as an affront, and her brother was obliged to get into a rage with her to prevent her from too plainly exhibiting her discontent. Had we not actually witnessed the rapid rise of certain pretensions in the favorites of fortune, we might have been astonished

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your filial tenderness. Take care of yourself on your journey, and also in the new climate to which you are traveling, by taking all necessary rest. You have had much to try you for a month past. Remember that I must not have you ill."

A few months later he writes to Prince Eugene: "My son, you work too hard; your life is too monotonous. It is good for you, because your work should be your recreation; but you have a young wife, who is just now in a delicate state. I think you should contrive to pass your evenings with her and to gather some society round you. Why don't you go to the theater once a week in a state box? I think you should have also a small hunting establishment and hunt at least once a week; I would willingly devote a grant to this object. There must be more gayety in your house; it is necessary for your wife's happiness and your own health. A great deal of work can be got through in a short time. I am leading the life that you lead, but I have an old wife who does not need me for her amusements; I have also more work than you, yet I can say truly I take more pleasure and diversion than you do. A young wife requires amusement, especially when in the state of health yours is now. You liked pleasure pretty well in former times—you must return to it. What you might not choose to do for yourself, you must do out of duty towards the princess. I have just established myself at Saint Cloud. Stéphanie and the Prince of Baden get on pretty well together. I spent the last two days at Marshal Bessières's; we behaved like lads of fifteen. You were formerly in the habit of rising early—you should return to that custom. This would not disturb the princess if you retired to rest with her at eleven o'clock; and by leaving off work at six in the evening, you would still have had ten hours for work, if you rise at seven or eight o'clock."—P.R.

at these sudden bursts of temper in princes of so recent a date that they could scarcely yet have become accustomed to the advantages and rights appertaining to their rank. This spectacle we have, however, beheld so frequently that we are not surprised, but merely admit that no human passion is so easily aroused or grows so rapidly as vanity.

Bonaparte had always been well aware of this, and he used the knowledge as his surest method of governing.

While at Munich he made many promotions in the army. He gave a regiment of carbineers to his brother-in-law, Prince Borghese. He rewarded several officers by promotion, or by the Legion of Honor.

Among others, he created M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, grand officer of the order. He was a brave man, esteemed in the army, straightforward, and endowed with a keen sense of duty, not very common, unfortunately, among our military chiefs. He left behind him in a foreign country a reputation which is very honorable to his family.*

The Emperor's military court, encouraged by their master's example, and, like him, flushed with victory, took great pleasure in the society of the ladies who had accompanied the Empress. It seemed as if Love was now to have his share of power in a world which had hitherto somewhat neglected him; but it must be admitted that not much time was allowed for the establishment of his reign, and his attacks were of necessity rather brisk. We may date from this period the passion which the beautiful Madame de C—— inspired in M. de Caulaincourt.

She had been appointed lady-in-waiting in the summer of 1805. When quite young she had married her cousin, who was at that time equerry to the Emperor, and she drew all eyes on herself by her striking beauty. M. de Caulaincourt fell desperately in love with her, and this feeling, which was for several years more or less reciprocal, deterred him from thinking of marriage. Madame de C—— became more and more estranged from her husband, and at last took advantage of the law of divorce.† When the return of the king condemned M. de Caulaincourt, otherwise the Duke of Vicenza, to a life of obscurity, she resolved to share his ill fortune, and married him.

I have already said that during this campaign the Emperor

* On the occasion of the first return of the king, his majesty gave M. de Nansouty the command of a company of Grey Musketeers. He fell ill shortly afterwards, and died one month before the 20th of March, 1815.

† The Duchess of Vicenza died at a very advanced age in 1878, leaving behind her the memory of an excellent and distinguished woman. M. de Caulaincourt died fifty years earlier, in 1828.—P. R.

announced his consent to the evacuation of the kingdom of Naples by our troops; but before long he again quarreled with the sovereign of that kingdom, either because the king did not exactly carry out the treaty that had been concluded with him, and that he was too much under the influence of the English, who were continually threatening his ports, or because the Emperor wished to accomplish his own project of subjecting the whole of Italy to his authority. He also thought, no doubt, that it would be his best policy to eject the House of Bourbon by degrees from the thrones of the Continent. Be this as it may, according to custom, and without any previous communication, France learned by an order of the day, dated from the imperial camp at Schönbrunn, 6th Nivôse, year 14,* that the French army was marching to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, and would be under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, who accordingly repaired thither.

"We will pardon no longer," so runs the proclamation. "The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honor of my crown. Soldiers, forward! . . . and delay not to tell me that all Italy is subject to my laws or those of my allies." †

Thus did Bonaparte, fresh from signing treaties of peace, begin

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*27th of December, 1805.—P. R.

† The foll wing is the proclamation. It is to the effect indicated by the "Memoirs," but in still rougher language:—

"Soldiers, for ten years I have done all I could to save the King of Naples; he has done everything to ruin himself. After the battles of Dego, of Mondovi, and of Lodi, he could offer me but feeble resistance. I trusted to his word, and I was generous towards him.

"When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to declare this unjust war, was abandoned at Luneville by his allies, and remained alone and defenseless. He appealed to me; for the second time I forgave him. But a few months ago you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficient reasons for suspecting the treason that was in preparation, and for avenging the insults that had been offered me. Once more I acted generously. I recognized the neutrality of Naples; I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom; and for a third time the House of Naples was strengthened and saved.

"Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a court without faith, without honor, without sense? No, no! The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honor of my crown.

"Forward, soldiers! Drive into the ocean, if indeed they wait your arrival, the puny battalions of the tyrants of the seas. Show forth to the world how we punish perjury. Make no delay in informing me that all Italy is under my laws, or those of my allies; that the most beautiful country on earth is free from the yoke of perfidious men; that the sanctity of treaties is avenged; and that the names of my brave soldiers, who were massacred in Sicilian ports on their return from Egypt, after they had escaped the dangers of shipwreck, of deserts, and of battle, are at last appeased."—P. R.

another war, give offense to the sovereigns of Europe, and incite the English government to stir up new enmity against himself.

On the 25th of January the court of Naples, under the pressure of a skillful and victorious enemy, embarked for Palermo, abandoning the capital to its new sovereign, who was soon to take possession of it. Meanwhile, the Emperor, having been present at the marriage of Prince Eugene on the 14th of January, left Munich, and having received, on his way through Germany, the honors that were invariably offered him in every place, reached Paris on the night of the 26th to the 27th of January.

I have thought it well to conclude here the history of what was, to to my mind, Bonaparte's second epoch. I look upon the close of this first campaign as the highest mark of his glory; and for this reason, that the French people had again consented to bear their share in it.

Nothing, perhaps, in the history of circumstances and of men can be compared to the height of power to which he attained after the Peace of Tilsit; but although all Europe then bowed before him, the spell of victory had been strangely weakened in France, and our troops, although consisting of our own citizens, were beginning to be regarded as aliens.

The Emperor, who often appreciated things with mathematical accuracy, was well aware of this, for, on his return from concluding the above treaty, I heard him say: "Military glory, which lasts so long in history, is that which fades the quickest among its contemporaries. All our recent battles have not produced in France half the effect of the one victory of Marengo."

Had he carried his reflections farther, he would have seen that the people come eventually to insist that glory shall be of solid utility, and that their admiration for barren victory is soon exhausted.

In 1806 England was again accused, rightly or wrongly, of exciting enmity against us. Supposing her to be, with justice, jealous of our returning prosperity, we did not think it impossible that she might endeavor to molest us, even if we had, in perfect good faith, shown every sign of intended moderation. We did not believe that the Emperor was the cause of the last rupture which had destroyed the Treaty of Amiens, and as it seemed impossible, for a long time to come, to compete with the naval power of England, it did not appear to us to be politically wrong to endeavor to balance the commercial influence of our enemies by the constitution given to Italy—that is, by a powerful influence on the Continent.

Such being our views, the marvels of this three-months' campaign

could not fail to impress us deeply. Austria had been conquered; the united armies of the two greatest sovereigns of Europe had fled before ours; the czar had retreated; the Emperor Francis had personally sued for peace—that peace was characterized by moderation; kings had been created by our victories; the daughter of a crowned sovereign had been given in marriage to a mere French gentleman. Lastly, the prompt return of the conqueror, which gave us hopes of permanent peace, and perhaps also the desire to retain our illusions respecting our master—a desire inspired by human vanity, for men do not like to blush for him by whom they are ruled—all these things again awoke the national enthusiasm, and were only too favorable to the ambition of the victor. The Emperor perceived the progress he had made in popularity, and he concluded, with some appearance of probability, that glory would make up to us for all the losses we were about to sustain at the hands of despotism. He believed that Frenchmen would not murmur if their slavery were but brilliant, and that we would willingly barter all the liberty that the Revolution had so hardly won for us for his dazzling military success.

The greatest evil was that he regarded war as a means of silencing the objections which his mode of government was sure, sooner or later, to provoke, and he used it to bewilder us. As he was perfectly master of the science, he had no fear of the results of war, and when he could engage in it with such immense armies and such formidable artillery, he felt there was scarcely any danger to himself. I may be mistaken, but I do believe that, after the campaign of Austerlitz, war was rather the result of his policy than the gratification of his taste. The first, the real ambition of Napoleon was for power; he would have preferred peace if peace could have increased his authority. There is a tendency in the human mind to bring to perfection anything with which it is exclusively occupied; and the Emperor, who was bent on increasing his power by every possible means, and who was becoming accustomed to the exercise of his own will on every occasion, became more and more impatient of the slightest opposition. The European phalanxes were gradually giving way before him, and he began to believe that he was destined to regulate the affairs of every Continental kingdom. He looked with disdain on the progress of the age, regarding the French Revolution, that solemn warning to sovereigns, only as an event whose results he might use to his own advantage, and he came to despise the cry for liberty that the people for twenty years had uttered at intervals. He believed that he could, at any rate, deceive them by destroying that which had existed, and replacing it by sudden creations which

would apparently gratify that longing for equality which he rightly held to be the ruling passion of the time.

He attempted to treat the French Revolution as a freak of fortune, a useless disturbance which had merely upset individuals. How often has he made use of these specious words in order to allay apprehension: "The French Revolution need fear nothing, since the throne of the Bourbons is occupied by a soldier!" And at the same time he would assume towards kings the attitude of a protector of thrones—"for," he would say, "I have abolished republics." Meanwhile he was dreaming of I know not what half-feudal project, whose execution must inevitably be full of danger, since it drove him to war, and which had, besides, the deplorable effect of diminishing his attention to the welfare of France itself. Our country soon became to him only one large province of that empire which he was striving to bring under his rule. Less interested in our prosperity than in our grandeur, which, in point of fact, was his own, he conceived the idea of making all foreign sovereigns feudatories of his own power. He believed he could attain this object by placing members of his family on the various thrones which at the time he actually created, and we may assure ourselves that this really was his project by attentively reading the form of the oath that he exacted from the kings or princes created by him. He said: "It is my intention to reach such a point that the kings of Europe shall be forced, each one of them, to have a palace in Paris, and at the time of the coronation of an emperor of the French all of them shall take up their residence there, be present at the ceremony, and render it more imposing by their homage." This was a sufficiently plain declaration of his intention, in 1806, of renewing the empire of Charlemagne.

But times were changed, and as the light of knowledge spread the people became capable of forming a judgment as to the mode in which they ought to be governed. Besides this, the Emperor perceived that the nobles could never again exercise that influence over the people which had often been an obstacle to the authority of our kings, and he conceived the idea that he must defend himself from popular encroachment, and that the spirit of the age required him to take a course contrary to that which for centuries past had been the custom of kings.

It was the fact that whereas formerly the nobles had almost always hampered the royal authority, at the present time some intermediary creation was needed, which, in this age of liberal opinions, would naturally lean to the side of the sovereign, and retard the march of pretensions which, from being merely popular, had now become national.

From this came the re-establishment of a nobility and the renewal of certain privileges which were prudently distributed among distinguished members of the ancient nobility, and plebeians ennobled by an act of the imperial will.

All these things are a proof that the Emperor entertained this project of a new kind of feudality in accordance with his own ideas. But besides the obstacles which England continually placed in his way, there was another, absolutely inherent in his own character. There would seem to have been in him two different men. The one, rather gigantic than great, but, nevertheless, prompt to conceive, also prompt to execute, who laid from time to time some of the foundations of the plan he had formed. This man, actuated by one single idea, untouched by any secondary impression likely to interfere with his projects, had he but taken for his aim the good of mankind, would, with such abilities, have become the one greatest man of the earth—even now he remains, through his perspicacity and his strength of will, the most extraordinary.

The other Bonaparte, forming a kind of uneasy conscience to the first, was devoured by anxiety, agitated by continual suspicion, a slave to passions which gave him no rest, distrustful, fearing every rival greatness, even that which he had himself created. When the necessity of political institutions was made plain to him, he was struck at the same moment by the rights which they must confer on individuals, and then, gradually becoming afraid of his own handiwork, he could not resist the temptation to destroy it piecemeal. He has been heard to say, after he had restored titles of nobility and given inalienable possessions* to his marshals, "I have made these people independent; but I shall know how to reach them and prevent them from being ungrateful." When seized upon by this spirit of distrust he gave himself up to it entirely, and thought only of how to create division. He loosed the ties of blood, and endeavored to promote individual rather than general interests. Sole center of an immense circle, he would have liked it to contain as many radii as he had subjects, that they might meet nowhere save in him. This suspicious jealousy, which incessantly pursued him, fastened like a canker on all his undertakings, and prevented him from establishing on a solid foundation any of those schemes which his prolific imagination was continually inventing.

After the campaign of Austerlitz he was so inflated with success and with the worship which the people, half dazzled and half subjugated, paid to him, that his despotism became more than ever encroaching.

* Majorats.

Every citizen felt the yoke that was laid on him heavier; heads were bowed perforce before Napoleon's glory, but it was discovered afterwards that he had taken means to prevent their being raised again. He surrounded himself with fresh splendor, and placed a greater distance between himself and other men. From German customs which he had carefully observed he copied the whole etiquette of courts, and made this a daily slavery. No one was exempt from minute observances which he brought to the utmost perfection. It must be owned, however, that after each campaign he was almost obliged to take measures which would silence the clamorous pretensions of his followers, and when he had done this, it did not occur to him that he ought to treat the other classes of citizens, less important in his eyes, with greater consideration. His officers, flushed with victory, would assume a haughty position from which it was difficult to bring them down. I have kept a letter from M. de Rémusat, written from Schönbrunn, which describes the inflation of the generals and the prudence that was required in his relations with them. "The military profession," he writes, "gives to a man's character a certain blunt sincerity, so that he does not try to hide the meanest passions. Our heroes, who are accustomed to open war with their enemies, acquire a habit of disguising nothing, and regard any opposition they may meet with, of whatever kind, as a battlefield. It is curious to hear them speak of civilians, and indeed, to hear them discuss each other—each depreciating the deeds of the others, attributing a large share of their success to luck; disputing reputations which we outsiders believed to be established; and, in their behavior to us, so puffed up with their newly acquired glory that one needs much tact and many sacrifices of pride, even of proper pride, to procure toleration from them."

The Emperor noticed the somewhat belligerent attitude of the officers of his army, and though he cared little that it was annoying to civilians, he would not permit it to reach a point which might be inconvenient to himself. Therefore, while at Munich, he thought proper to rebuke the arrogance of his marshals, and self-interest induced him to use the language of reason on that occasion. "Recollect," he said, "that you are to be soldiers only when with the army. The title of marshal is merely a civil distinction which gives you the honorable rank at my court that is your due, but it carries with it no authority. On the battlefield you are generals; at court you are nobles, belonging to the state by the civil position I created for you when I bestowed your titles on you."

This warning would have produced a greater effect had the Em-

peror added to it some such words as these: "Whether in camp or at court, recollect that your first duty is to be good citizens everywhere." He ought to have held similar language to all classes, to whom he was bound to be a protector as well as a master; he ought to have spoken the same words to all Frenchmen and thus united them in a new equality, not adverse to distinctions won by valor. But Bonaparte, as we have seen, always feared natural and generous ties, and the iron chain of despotism was the only bond he employed, because it binds each man separately, leaving him no commerce with his fellows.

When the Emperor arrived in Paris, at the end of January, 1806, the death of Pitt, at the age of forty-seven, had just occurred in England. His loss was deeply felt by the English, and truly national regret did honor to his memory. Parliament, which had just opened, voted a large sum to defray his debts, for he died leaving no fortune, and he was splendidly buried in Westminster Abbey. When the new ministry was formed, Mr. Fox, his opponent, was made foreign secretary. The Emperor looked upon the death of Pitt as a fortunate event for him, but he soon perceived that English policy had not changed, and that the British government would not relax its endeavors to excite enmity among the continental powers against him.*

During the month of January, 1806, the debates in the English Parliament had been very warm. The opposition, led by Mr. Fox, asked the Government for explanations as to the carrying out of the late war; asserting that the Emperor of Austria had not been faithfully assisted, but had been left to the mercy of the conqueror. The ministers then laid on the table the text of the conditions of the treaty between the contracting powers at the beginning of the campaign. This treaty proved that subsidies had been granted to the coalition which had undertaken to drive the Emperor from Hanover, Germany and Italy, to replace the King of Sardinia on the throne of Piedmont, and to secure the independence of Holland and Sweden. The rapid victories of our troops had upset these plans. The Emperor of Aus-

* The debates of the English Parliament and English policy itself were at that time so little known in France that the reader must not be surprised if the consequences of the death of Pitt are hardly appreciated in these Memoirs. When Fox came into office he took a step which led to overtures of peace. A secret negotiation was carried on by Lord Yarmouth, and afterwards by Lord Lauderdale, and until the middle of summer there was a chance of mutual understanding. But Fox was in failing health, and he died in September. It is true, moreover, that although a partisan of peace, he did not look upon a war with Napoleon as he had looked upon a war with the French Revolution. It was no longer the liberty of France but the independence of Europe that was in question.—P. R.

tria was blamed for having begun the campaign too precipitately, without waiting for the arrival of the Russians, and the King of Prussia, whose neutrality had been the principal cause of the failure of the coalition, was especially blamed. The czar's anger was roused, and he might have been tempted to punish this fatal inaction had not the lovely and fascinating Queen of Prussia interceded between the two sovereigns. A rumor arose in Europe that her beauty had disarmed the Emperor of Russia, who had sacrificed his just displeasure to her charms. Napoleon, who had subdued the King of Prussia by the fear of his arms, thought it well to reward him for his neutrality by handing Hanover over to him until the very uncertain epoch of general peace.

On his side the king ceded Anspach to Bavaria, and renounced in favor of France his claims to the duchies of Berg and Cleves, which were bestowed shortly afterwards on Prince Joachim, otherwise Murat.

The report on the treaty laid before the English Parliament was published in our newspapers, and accompanied, as may be imagined, by remarks hostile to the continental powers. The weakness of those kings who place themselves at the mercy of the shopkeepers of Europe was deplored.

"If England," so ran the comment, "should succeed in forming a fourth coalition, Austria, who lost Belgium by the first, Italy and the left bank of the Rhine by the second, Tyrol, Swabia, and the Venetian States by the third, would by the fourth lose her own crown.

"The influence of the French empire on the Continent will secure the well-being of Europe, for with it the age of civilization, of science, of light, and of law will have begun. The Emperor of Russia has imprudently embarked in a dangerous policy, like a young man. As to Austria, we must forget her faults, since she has suffered for them. However, it is right to say that if the treaty now made public in England had been known, perhaps Austria might not have obtained the terms which have been granted to her, and we may remark, in passing, that Count de Stadion, who concluded this treaty of subsidies, is still at the head of affairs under the Emperor Francis."

These remarks, which were the expression of ill-concealed anger, began to cause some little uneasiness in the early part of February, and to make attentive observers fear that peace would not be of long duration.

No treaty had been concluded with the czar. Under pretext that he had only acted as auxiliary to the Austrians, he refused to be included in the negotiations; and I have heard it said that the Emperor,

impressed by this conduct, recognized in him, from that time forth, the one antagonist with whom he would have to dispute the empire of the world. He endeavored afterwards to depreciate the czar as much as possible.

There is an order* in Russia which can only be worn by a general whose services have on some great occasion been useful to the empire. When Alexander returned to his capital, the knights of this order came to offer him the decoration. The Emperor declined it, replying that he had not held chief command during the campaign, and therefore had not merited the honor, as he had only imitated the intrepidity of his brave soldiers to the best of his ability.

While our journals praised his modesty, they added: "The Czar deserved this decoration if, in order to wear it, it is sufficient to be in command without being victorious. It is well known that it was not the Emperor Francis who decided on joining battle at Austerlitz, still less did he direct operations. Certainly, by accepting the decoration, Alexander would have taken on himself the oversights of his generals; but that would have been better than to attribute the defeat of the Russians to a small number of Austrians, who fought with courage. They did all that could have been expected of them by their allies."

It was on the 2d of February that this article appeared in our public prints; on the preceding day they had published a proclamation to the Army of Italy by which the invasion of the kingdom of Naples was announced. Joseph Bonaparte, seconded by Marshal Massena, was very shortly to occupy the capital; Prince Eugene was taking possession of Venice; thus the whole of Italy was becoming dependent on the French empire. On another side Northern Germany was subject to us, the kings whom we had set up bound themselves to our interests, and we were shortly to witness another marriage which would be likely to further the secret projects of the Emperor.

On the occasion of his journey from Munich he had made a few hours' stay at Augsburg. While there, the former Elector of Trèves, uncle to the King of Saxony, had presented to him the young hereditary Prince of Baden, who, confused and almost trembling in the presence of Napoleon, had humbly implored the honor of alliance with him by marriage with a member of his family. The Emperor promised to bear this respectful request in mind on his return to his own states.†

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* The Order of St. George.

† This young prince had formerly been betrothed to Princess Augusta of Bavaria, recently married to the Viceroy of Italy.—P. R.

Lastly, he had just dispatched his brother Louis on an expedition to Holland, in order to establish some acquaintanceship between the prince and a country about to receive the imperial command to erect a throne for Louis on the wreck of the republic.

Such was the political situation of the Emperor. Such a position would surely have satisfied any views less ambitious than his own, nor can it be denied that he had made ample use of the eighteenth month of his reign, now just expired.

In France party spirit seemed absolutely to have died out. All bent under the yoke: no class could be indifferent to so much glory, and the Emperor endeavored to increase his prestige by a number of public works, simultaneously undertaken. As soon as it became possible for him to divert his attention for a moment from foreign affairs, he devoted it to the improvement of the finances of the country, which had suffered during his absence. M. Barbé de Marbois, minister of the treasury,* having incurred his displeasure, was replaced by M. Mollien, an able financier. The Emperor was well seconded by his minister of finance, Gaudin, whose perfect integrity and sound knowledge sustained credit and improved the system of taxation. Indirect taxes were ventured on to a greater extent than before; luxury, which would render these taxes more productive, was encouraged; and the heavy contributions which the Emperor had everywhere levied upon his conquered enemies afforded him the means, without burdening his people, of keeping up the strength of his army and undertaking all the improvements which at his command were begun throughout France, as if by magic.

Roads over Mont Cenis and the Simplon were actively pushed on; bridges were built, roadways repaired; a town was founded in Vendée; canals were dug at Ourcq and Saint Quentin; telegraphs, *i.e.*, signals, were established to accelerate correspondence; St. Denis was about to be repaired; the Vendôme Column and the triumphal arch at the Carrousel were commenced. A plan for embanking the Seine with new quays, and for embellishing the whole neighborhood lying between the Tuileries and the Boulevards, was adopted, and the work of demolition had already made some progress. The Rue de Rivoli was planned, the colonnade of the Louvre nearly completed; Lenot, the sculptor, was intrusted with the decoration of the pediment. We could observe the gradual rise of the Pont des Arts and the commencement of the bridge near the Jardin des Plantes, which was to bear the name of Austerlitz.

* M. de Marbois, who was very unjustly accused of misconduct in some money transaction, was exiled on the return of Bonaparte from this campaign.

The conservatories in these gardens had been enriched with spoils from those of Schönbrunn; scientific men were encouraged in the pursuit of fresh discoveries; painters received orders for pictures to commemorate our victories; the Academy of Music was encouraged; the first musical artists in Italy came to France to direct our vocal music; literary men received pensions, and large grants were made to actors; military schools were founded at Fontainebleau and at Saint Cyr; and the Emperor himself inspected the public schools of Paris. Lastly, in order that the industry of the nation might be encouraged in every branch at once, he conceived the idea of an exhibition, in commemoration of the campaign, to be held in the spring, in which every product of industry, of whatever kind, should be represented.*

M. de Champagny, the minister of the interior, wrote a circular letter to all the prefects, directing them to inform the departments over which they presided that, on the 1st of May, there would be exhibited on the Place des Invalides, under tents erected for the occasion, everything deserving of notice in articles of use and luxury. Trade was in this manner awakened from the torpor in which it had been plunged by the war. The Emperor ordered the splendor and the cost of his court to be increased. He gave his approval to the growing elegance of the women's dress, to the sumptuous decoration of his own palaces, and to that of the houses of his sisters and his great nobles. The French nation, naturally prone to vanity and extravagance, gave itself up to the comforts and luxuries of life; and we, whose fortunes were but annuities depending not only on the life but on the caprice of our master, with an utter disregard of prudence, influenced by the example of others and by the fear of displeasing him, were guided by Bonaparte's pleasure alone in the use we made of the greater or less sums which he gave with the intention of subjugating rather than of enriching us.

I say *we*, and yet at this time neither M. de Rémusat nor I had profited by his gifts. My husband had received the Cross of Saint Hubert as a recompense for his recent journey, but he never stood in the full light of imperial favor. As for myself, I led an unobtrusive life in the midst of the court, whose members were much augmented. To speak frankly, although I had taken pleasure in the prominence assigned to me by my masters when I first entered their service, experience warned me not to endeavor to regain any position of import-

* An Exhibition of Industrial Products had already taken place in 1802; this, therefore, was the second, not the first, enterprise of the kind.—P. R.

ance, now that the interior of the palace was no longer the same. I shall, later on, devote some space to the details of court life as it was now regulated, but return for the present to my narrative of events.*

Immediately on the Emperor's return to his capital he was congratulated by the several bodies of the state. During his stay at Munich he had witnessed a German ceremonial in which the King and Queen of Bavaria, having taken their places on the throne, received all the persons belonging to their court, who passed before them in succession, each making a low salutation. He desired to establish a similar custom in France, and we received orders to prepare for this new "etiquette."

The fact is, everything had to be arranged over again. Revolutionary liberty had suppressed all the rules of politeness. People no longer knew how to salute each other when they met, and all we court ladies suddenly discovered that the art of making a curtsey had been omitted from our education. Despréaux, who had been dancing-master to the last queen, was thereupon summoned to give us lessons. He taught us to walk and to bow; and thus a little boundary-line, trifling enough in itself, but which acquired some importance from its motive, was drawn between the ladies of the imperial court and those belonging to other circles. We took with us into society ceremonious manners, which set us apart everywhere; for a spirit of opposition caused those ladies who kept aloof from the new court to retain the free and abrupt manners which had arisen from the absence of the habits of society. In France political feeling shows itself in everything; it evinced itself now in the different manner in which a lady-in-waiting and a lady from the Faubourg Saint Germain would enter a drawing-room. But, motives apart, it must be owned that the advantage was on our side. This was evident after the return of the king; those ladies who had a real right to be about him, either from the freedom of manner which they had acquired or from the relief they affected to feel at finding themselves on what great people call *their own ground*, introduced at the Tuileries a bold demeanor and loud voice, which contrasted with the quiet and graceful bearing that Bonaparte's punctilious etiquette had made habitual to us.

On the appointed day the Emperor placed himself on his throne, having the Empress on his left, the princesses and the lady of honor seated on court tabourets, and the grand officers standing on either

*Our newspapers gave us the proclamation of Francis on his return to Vienna; it was paternal and affecting, contrasting strongly with those dictated by our own sovereign.

side. The ladies-in-waiting, the wives of the marshals, the great officials and the ministers, all in full court dress, then came in slow procession to the foot of the throne, where they curtsied in silence. They were followed by the gentlemen.

The ceremony was very long. At first the Emperor was delighted. He took pleasure in etiquette, especially when invented by himself; but he ended by being mortally wearied. Towards the last every one was hurried by; there was some difficulty in inducing him to remain on the throne until the close, and he was almost angry with us for our share in a ceremonial which he had himself imposed on us.

A few nights afterwards he went to the opera, and was received with applause by an immense crowd. A piece by Esménard, author of the "Poème de la Navigation," was given.

The scenery at the opera represented the Pont Neuf. Persons of various nationalities were rejoicing together and singing verses in praises of the conqueror. The pit joined in the choruses; branches of laurel were distributed throughout the house and waved aloft with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" He was affected, as well he might be. It was, perhaps, the very last time that spontaneous public enthusiasm was manifested towards him.

Shortly afterwards the Emperor received a similar ovation at the Théâtre Français, but an unforeseen circumstance threw a slight shadow over the evening. Talma was acting the part of Abner in the tragedy of "Athalie." During the performance Bonaparte received a messenger bringing the news of the entry of the French troops into Naples. He immediately dispatched an aid-de-camp to Talma with orders to interrupt the play and announce the news from the foot-lights. Talma obeyed, and read the bulletin aloud. The audience applauded, but the applause was not like that at the opera—spontaneous.

On the following day our newspapers announced the fall of her whom they designated as the modern Athalie; * and the vanquished queen was grossly insulted, with total disregard of the social propriety that generally enforces respect towards misfortune.

It was remarked that on the opening of the legislative assemblies, shortly afterwards, M. de Fontanes displayed great tact in avoiding, while praising Bonaparte, any insult to the fallen sovereigns whom he had dethroned. He chiefly dwelt, in his eulogium, on the moderation that had promoted peace, and on the restoration of the tombs at Saint

* The Queen of Naples.

Denis. M. de Fontanes's speeches during this reign are, on the whole, distinguished by propriety and good taste.

After having thus shown himself to the public and exhausted every form of adulation, the Emperor resumed his life of hard work at the Tuileries, and we our life of etiquette, which was regulated with extreme precision. From this time he surrounded himself with so much ceremonial that none of us thenceforth could be said to have been at all familiar with him. As the court became more numerous, it became more monotonous, each one doing his own task by clockwork; with no thought of emancipating himself from the one groove of small duties. A daily growing despotism, our fear of it—we dreaded to receive a rebuke for the smallest fault—and the silence we observed on every subject, placed all the inhabitants of the Tuileries on the same level. It was useless to have either opinions or talents, for there was no possibility of expressing a feeling of any kind or of exchanging an idea.

The Emperor, feeling secure of France, gave himself up to his great projects, and kept his eyes fixed on Europe. His aim was no longer that of securing power over the convictions of his fellow-citizens. In like manner he disdained the successes of social life which at an earlier period he was anxious to obtain, and I may say that he looked upon his court with the indifference that a complete conquest, when compared with one as yet unattained, inspires. He was always anxious to impose a yoke on every one, and he neglected no means to this end; but from the moment he perceived his power to be established he took no pains to make himself agreeable.

The dependence and constraint in which he held the court had at least this one advantage: intrigue of any kind was almost unknown. As each individual was firmly convinced that everything depended on the sole will of the master, no one attempted to follow a different path from that traced out by him; and in our dealings with each other we had a sense of security.

His wife was in almost the same position of dependence as the rest. In proportion as Bonaparte's affairs increased in magnitude, she became a stranger to them. European politics, the destiny of the world, mattered little to her; her thoughts did not dwell on subjects which could have no influence on her own fate. At this period she was tranquil as to her own lot, and happy in that of her son; and she lived a life of peaceful indifference, behaving to all with equal amenity, showing little or no special favor to any one, but a general good will. She neither sought for amusement nor feared *ennui;* she was always gentle and serene, and, in fact, was indifferent to almost all things. Her love for

her husband had greatly declined, and she no longer suffered from the jealousy that had tortured her in former years. Every day she judged him with greater clearness, and being convinced that her chief source of influence over him was the sense of restfulness imparted to him by the evenness of her temper, she took great pains to avoid disturbing him. As I have said before, Bonaparte had neither time nor inclination for much display of sentiment, and the Empress at this period forgave him all the fancies which sometimes take the place of love in a man's life.

On his return from Austerlitz he again met Madame de X——, but hardly noticed her. The Empress treated her precisely as she treated others. The Emperor, who was convinced that the influence of women had harmed the kings of France, was irrevocably resolved that at his court they should be merely ornamental, and he strictly adhered to his resolution. He had persuaded himself, I know not how, that in France women are cleverer than men, or at any rate he often said so, and that the education they receive develops a certain kind of adroitness against which a man should be on his guard. He was rather afraid of them on this account, and kept them at a distance. He exhibited a dislike of certain women which amounted to a decided weakness.

He banished Madame de Staël, of whom he was genuinely afraid, and shortly afterwards Madame de Balbi, who had ventured on some jesting remarks concerning himself. She indiscreetly made those observations in the hearing of a person whom I will not name, and who repeated all he had heard. This individual was a gentleman and a chamberlain; I mention the fact in order to prove that the Emperor found persons in every class ready to serve him in his own way.

During the winter of this year we began to perceive how unhappy Madame Louis was in her home life. Her husband's tyranny was exercised in every particular; his character, quite as despotic as his brother's, made itself felt by his whole household. Until now his wife had courageously hidden the excess to which he carried his tyranny, but a circumstance occurred which obliged her to confide some of her troubles to her mother.

Louis Bonaparte was in very bad health. Since his return from Egypt he had suffered from a malady which had so affected his legs and his hands that he walked with difficulty, and was stiff in every joint. Every remedy known to medicine was tried in vain. Corvisart, who was medical attendant to the whole family, advised him to try a disgusting remedy, thinking, as a last resource, that an eruption on

the skin might perhaps give him relief. It was, therefore, resolved that the hospital sheets of a patient suffering from a skin disease should be spread on the state bed of Louis, and that his imperial highness should even put on the sick man's night-shirt. Louis, who wished to conceal this experiment from everybody, insisted that nothing should be changed in the habits of his wife, who occupied a small bed placed beside his, under the same canopy. He imperatively insisted that she should continue to occupy this bed. Madame Louis, notwithstanding her disgust, submitted in silence to this gross abuse of conjugal authority.

Corvisart, who was in attendance on her also, and remarked a change in her appearance, questioned her and learned the truth. He thought it his duty to inform the Empress, and did not conceal from her that to breathe such an atmosphere was highly injurious to her daughter.

Madame Bonaparte warned Hortense, who replied that she had thought as much, but earnestly entreated her mother not to interfere. Then, no longer able to restrain herself, she entered into particulars which showed how grinding was the tyranny from which she suffered and how admirable the silence she had hitherto kept. Madame Bonaparte appealed to the Emperor, who was really attached to his step-daughter, and expressed his displeasure to his brother. Louis coldly replied that if his private affairs were interfered with he should leave France; and the Emperor, who could not tolerate any open scandal in the family, and who, like the others, was daunted by Louis's strange and obstinate temper, advised Madame Louis to have patience. Happily for her, her husband soon gave up the disgusting remedy in question, but he owed her a deep grudge for having divulged the secret.

Had her daughter been happy, there was nothing at this time to disturb the tranquillity of the Empress. The Bonaparte family, full of their own affairs, no longer interfered with her; Joseph was absent, and about to ascend the throne of Naples; Lucien was exiled forever from France; the youthful Jerome was cruising along our coasts; Madame Bacciochi was reigning at Piombino; and the Princess Borghese, alternating between physic and amusement, meddled with nobody. Madame Murat might have caused annoyance to her sister-in-law, but she was engaged in promoting her husband's interests, to which the Empress made no opposition; for she would have rejoiced greatly at Murat's obtaining any principality which would remove him from Paris.

Madame Murat used her utmost efforts with the Emperor to attain

her ends; she endeavored to divert him by fêtes and to please him by display which was quite to his taste. She interested herself in every detail of the etiquette that he wished to introduce, and assumed airs of dignity, somewhat stilted, perhaps, which led him to declare that his sister was in every respect fitted to be a queen. She paid attention to Maret, who had gradually gained the sort of influence that is acquired by assiduity, and flattered Fouché into a zealous attachment to her interests. The understanding between Madame Murat and these two personages, who were both ill-disposed towards M. de Talleyrand, increased the dislike of the latter to Murat; and as at this period he was in high favor, he often thwarted Madame Murat's plans. Murat used to say, in the southern accent he never lost, "Would not Moussu dé Talleyrand like to have me broken on the wheel!"

Murat, relying on his wife to further his interests, contented himself with avoiding all cause of offense to the Emperor, behaved towards him with entire submission, and bore his alternations of temper without complaint. Brave to excess on the battlefield, he had not, it was said, any great military talent, and when with the army he asked for nothing but the post of danger. He was not wanting in quickness, his manners were obliging, his attitudes and his dress were always rather theatrical, but a fine figure and noble appearance saved him from looking ridiculous. The Emperor reposed no confidence in him, but he employed him because he did not fear him in any way, and because he could not resist any kind of flattery. A certain sort of credulity is frequently combined in the same character with distrust; and those great men who are the most suspicious by nature are not the least amenable to flattery.

On his return from the campaign of Austerlitz the Emperor distributed further rewards to his generals; to some he gave considerable sums of money, to reimburse them for the expenses of the campaign. General Clarke was made grand officer of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of the manner in which he had fulfilled his duties as governor of Vienna. Hitherto Clarke had been treated with some coldness; the Emperor showed him but little confidence, and accused him of retaining a secret affection for the House of Orleans; but he had now succeeded in convincing Bonaparte of his obsequious devotion. General Clarke, now Duc de Feltre, has for the last three years played a conspicuous part, and it may be well to give some particulars of his career.

His uncle, M. Shee, who was made a senator by the Emperor, and is a peer of France, was, previous to the Revolution, secretary-general

to a division of light cavalry of which the Duke of Orleans was colonel-general. He was accompanied by his nephew, Clarke, whom he had sent for from the country.* The young man found himself specially attached to the House of Orleans, and it is on this account, perhaps, that Bonaparte suspected him of private leanings towards that party. He served the Revolution with zeal, and was employed in the war administration in 1794 and 1795 by the committee of public safety.

He accompanied Bonaparte into Italy, but his haughty bearing was displeasing to the commander-in-chief. He was sent afterwards as ambassador to Tuscany, and remained there for a considerable time, although he frequently applied for his recall and for employment in France. On finally obtaining these, he applied himself to overcoming Bonaparte's prejudice against him: he flattered him assiduously, solicited the favor of a post in his personal service, displayed the absolute submission demanded by such a master, and was eventually made councilor of state and private secretary. He was very hard-working and punctual, and never wanted recreation. He was narrow-minded and unimaginative, but clear-headed. He accompanied the Emperor in the first Vienna campaign, showed capacity as governor of the city, and received a first reward on his return. We shall hear of him later on as minister of war, and in every capacity as a man of second-rate ability. His integrity has always been freely acknowledged; he amassed no fortune except that which resulted from the savings of his various salaries. Like M. Maret, he carried the language of flattery to its extreme limits.

His first marriage was unhappy and he obtained a divorce. He had one daughter, a gentle and agreeable girl, whom he gave in marriage while he was in office to the Vicomte Emery de Montesquieu-Fezensac,† whose military advancement, thanks to his father-

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*It is clear that the author was induced to give this sketch of General Clarke, Duc de Feltre, on account of the prominent part taken by him in the early days of the Restoration, and the effect produced by his death in 1818, at the very time that these "Memoirs" were being written. General Clarke was born at Landrecies in 1763. He was minister of war in 1807 and in 1814. He was a peer of France, was created a marshal in 1817, and was an active instrument in the reaction of 1815. In 1818 he was an object of passionate regret to the Right, who enthusiastically upheld him in opposition to his successor, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr. A few years previously, when minister to the Emperor, he had attracted notice by an eagerness to please his master which made him unpopular, and placed him in the public estimation on a level with M. Maret. Nevertheless he had the reputation of an honest and guileless man, and, notwithstanding the zeal with which he served under both *régimes*, his private character stands high.—P. R.

†Nephew to the Abbé de Montesquieu.

in-law, was very rapid.* This young man is at the present time major-general in the Royal Guards.

The Duc de Feltre's second wife was an excellent but insignificant woman. By her he had several sons.

Meanwhile, M. de Talleyrand's friendship with M. de Rémusat brought me into a closer acquaintance with him. He did not as yet visit at my house, but I frequently met him, and wherever this occurred he took more notice of me than formerly. He seldom missed an opportunity of praising my husband, and thus he gratified the feelings dearest to my heart; and, if I must speak the whole truth, he gratified my vanity also by seeking me out on all occasions. He won me over to him by degrees, and my former prejudice against him vanished. Yet he would sometimes alarm me by certain expressions for which I was unprepared. One day I was speaking to him of the recent conquest of Naples, and I ventured to let him perceive that I disapproved of the policy of universal dethronement. He replied in the cold and deliberate tone that he knows so well how to assume when he means to permit no reply: "Madame, we shall not desist until there shall no longer be a Bourbon on a European throne." These words gave me pain. I thought little, I must admit, about our royal family; but still, at the name of Bourbon, certain recollections of my early days, former feelings which had faded rather than disappeared, awoke.

I could not, at the present time, attempt to explain this feeling without running the risk of being accused of insincerity, which is absolutely foreign to my character.

Considering the period at which I write, it may be thought that I am gradually preparing the way for my own return to those political views which everybody now hastens to parade. But this is not the case. In those days I admired the Emperor; I was still attached to him, although less fascinated by him; I believed him to be necessary to France; he appeared to me to have become her legitimate sovereign. But all these feelings were combined with a tender reverence for the heirs of Louis XIV.—he was the idol of my fancy—it pained me

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* M. de Fezensac, afterwards Duc de Fezensac, was made general of brigade in 1813, while quite a young man, but he had been twelve or thirteeen years in the service. He was a private soldier for a long time. He died on November 18th, 1867. We all were acquainted with him during the later years of his life. He was a sincere man, mild and conscientious, and gifted with a wonderful memory. He wrote a volume of interesting memoirs describing with truth and piquancy certain sides of life in the imperial army. He was related on his mother's side (Mademoiselle de la Live) to M. Molé, who appointed him ambassador to Spain in 1837.—P. R.

deeply that fresh misfortunes were in store for them and when I heard them evil spoken of. Bonaparte often inflicted suffering of this kind on me. To a man who only appreciated success, Louis XVI. must have seemed deserving of little respect. He was entirely unjust towards him, and believed in all the popular calumnies which were the offspring of the Revolution, so that when the conversation turned on the illustrious and unfortunate king, I always endeavored to change the subject as soon as possible.

But to return. Such was M. de Talleyrand's opinion at that time; I will show by degrees, and when the time comes, how events modified it.

During this winter the heir of the King of Bavaria came on a visit to our court. He was young, deaf, not very amiable, but he had polished manners, and he showed great deference towards the Emperor. He had apartments at the Tuileries, two chamberlains and an equerry were placed at his service, and every attention was paid to him.

On the 10th of February the list of ladies-in-waiting was increased by the names of Madame Maret, at the request of Madame Murat, and Mesdames de Chévreuse, De Montmorency-Matignon and De Mortemart.

M. de Talleyrand was an intimate friend of the Duchess de Luynes, and he induced her to make her daughter-in-law accept a place at court. The duchess was greatly attached to Madame de Chévreuse.* The latter held very pronounced opinions, and all distinctly opposed to what was expected of her. Bonaparte threatened; but M. de Talleyrand negotiated, and, according to custom, he carried his point.

Madame de Chévreuse was pretty, although red-haired,† and very clever; but having been excessively spoiled by her family, was willful and fanciful. Her health even then was delicate. The Emperor tried by coaxing to console her for having been forced into the court, and at times he would appear to have succeeded; but at others she would take no pains to conceal her dislike to her position. She had an attraction for the Emperor which others would have vainly endeavored to exert, the charm of combat and of victory; for she would sometimes seem to be amused with the fêtes and the splendor of the court; and when she appeared there in full dress and apparently in good spirits, then the Em-

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* Mademoiselle de Narbonne-Fritzlar. Her brother was a chamberlain.

† Madame de Chévreuse was one day rudely taunted by Bonaparte with having red hair. "Very likely," she answered, "but no man ever complained of it before."—P. R.

peror, who enjoyed even the smallest success, would laugh and say, "I have overcome the aversion of Madame de Chévreuse." But, in reality, I do not think he ever did.

The Baronne de Montmorency (now Duchess de Montmorency), who was extremely intimate with M. de Talleyrand, had been induced to join the court, partly by his persuasions, and partly by her wish to regain some extensive forest lands, which were seized by government during her emigration, but had not yet been sold.

Madame de Montmorency was extremely pleasant at court; she demeaned herself without either pride or subservience, appeared to enjoy herself, and made no pretense of being there against her will.* I think she found court life very agreeable, and that possibly she may have regretted it. Her name gave her an advantage, as it does everywhere. The Emperor often said that he cared only for the nobility of history, and he certainly paid it great honor.

This reminds me of a *bon mot* of Bonaparte's. When he resolved on reconstituting titles, he decided by a stroke of his pen that all the ladies-in-waiting should be countesses. Madame de Montmorency, who stood in no need of a title, but found herself obliged to take one, asked for the title of baroness, which, she said, laughingly, would better suit her name. "That cannot be," replied Bonaparte, laughing too; "you, madame, are not a sufficiently good Christian."†

Some years later the Emperor restored to MM. de Montmorency and De Mortemart a large portion of the fortune they had lost. M. de Mortemart, declining to become an equerry, on account of the too great fatigue of the post, was made governor of Rambouillet. We have all known the Vicomte de Laval-Montmorency, father of the Vicomte Mathieu de Montmorency, gentleman of honor to madame, governor of Compiègne, and one of the most ardent admirers of Bonaparte.

From this time forward there was increasing eagerness to belong to the Emperor's court, and especially to be presented to him. His receptions became very brilliant. Ambition, fear, vanity, love of amusement and novelty, and the desire of advancement, caused a crowd of people to push themselves forward, and the mixture of names and ranks became greater than ever.

M. Molé joined the government in the month of March of this year. He was the heir and last descendant of Mathieu Molé, and was then twenty-six years of age. He was born during the Revo-

* Madame de Matignon, mother of the Duchess de Montmorency, was the daughter of Baron de Breteuil, who, after his return from emigration, always resided in Paris.

† The Baron de Montmorency was "Premier Baron of Christendom."

lution, and had suffered from the misfortunes it caused. His father perished under the tyrannical rule of Robespierre, and having become his own master at an early age, he made use of his freedom to devote himself to profound study. His family and friends married him, at the age of nineteen, to Mademoiselle de la Briche, heiress to a considerable fortune, and niece to Madame d'Houdetôt. M. Molé, who was naturally of a grave disposition, soon became weary of a merely worldly life, and having no profession, he sought to fill up his time by literary compositions, which he showed to his friends. Towards the end of 1805 he wrote a short treatise, extremely metaphysical and not very intelligible, on authority and the will of man. His friends, who were surprised at the research indicated by such a work, advised him to print the treatise. His youthful vanity readily consented to this. The public was indulgent to the work on account of the author's youth: depth and talent were recognized in it, but also a tendency to praise despotic government, which gave rise to an impression that the author wanted to attract the attention of him who, at that time, held the destinies of all in his hand. Whether this were really in the mind of the writer, or whether he was appalled at the abuses of liberty, and for the first time in his life believed his country to be at rest and in security under the guidance of a strong will, I do not know. At any rate, M. Molé gave his work to the public, and it made some sensation.

On their return from Vienna, M. de Fontanes, who had a great regard for M. Molé, read the book to Bonaparte, and he was greatly struck by it. The opinions it advanced, the superior mind it attested, and the distinguished name of Molé, attracted his attention. He sent for the author, and praised him as he well knew how; for he had great skill in the use of words which win the young. He succeeded in persuading him to enter public life, promising him that his career should be rapid and brilliant; and, a few days after this interview, M. Molé was appointed one of the auditors attached to the interior section. He was a friend of M. d'Houdetôt, his cousin, the grandson of her whom the "Confessions" of J. J. Rousseau have made famous, and M. Molé persuaded him to enter upon a similar career. M. d'Houdetôt was made auditor to the naval section. His father held a command in the colonies and was taken prisoner by the English at the capture of Martinique.

He had passed a part of his life in the Ile de France, and returned, bringing with him a beautiful wife and nine children, five of them girls. His daughters were all handsome; they are now living in Paris. Some

are married; one of them is Madame de Barante,* the most beautiful woman in Paris at the present time.†

The fusion that was spreading with so much rapidity brought about social concord by mingling the interests of all. M. Molé, for instance, belonging on his own side to a very distinguished family, and on his wife's to people of rank—for Madame Molé's cousins were Mesdames de Vintimille and De Fezenac—became a link between the Emperor and a large circle of society. My intimacy with members of his family was of old date, and I was glad to see them taking their share of places within the reach of those who chose to take them. Political feeling abated under the influence of self-interest; party spirit began to die out, ambition, pleasure and luxury drew people together, and discontent decreased every day.

If Bonaparte, who was so successful in conciliating individuals, had but gone a step further, and, instead of governing by force alone, had yielded to the reaction that demanded repose; if, now that he had conquered the present moment, he had made himself master of the future by creating durable institutions independent of his own caprice—there is little doubt but that his victory over our old memories, our prejudices, and our regrets, would have been as lasting as it was remarkable. But it must be confessed that liberty, true liberty, was lacking in every-

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* M. de Barante was at the head of the indirect taxation, and was prefect under Bonaparte. He was a great friend of Madame de Staël's, very liberal in his opinions, and a clever man.

† My father, who, from his youth upwards, until the death of M. Molé, was on intimate terms with him, has written a good deal about him, both in articles for publication and in manuscript notes. The following are his reflections on the earlier part of his career:—"M. Molé, who was born in 1780, received little education. When scarcely nineteen, he married Caroline de la Briche. He had been able, by attending public classes and by superficial study of various branches, to supply the deficiencies of his education, which, however, he never completely overcame. He had a gifted mind, upright, receptive and elegant, and he possessed to the highest degree the power of complete sympathy in conversation. In youth he had a tendency to severity, to philosophy even; but this diminished as he grew older. His 'Essai de Morale et de Politique,' founded on the writings of Bonald, both as regards style and matter, is a poor book, yet it is so superior in thought and in expression to anything he was able to do at the age of forty that even now I can scarcely understand how he wrote it. Experience, ambition and contact with the world considerably modified his character. This has been a loss to him, but at the same time a greater gain. He took the fancy of the Emperor. From the beginning Molé took a lofty view of his own position. He retained a serious manner, which became stiff and haughty, except towards people whom he wished to please, in which case he could do so to perfection. He was admitted to exceptionally frequent converse with the Emperor. It was thus that he rose; and, in fact, during his ministry, he did little more than talk to Napoleon. M. Frederick d'Houdetôt, a first cousin of Madame Molé, was prefect, and subsequently deputy, under the various successive régimes, until his death, which took place under the second empire.—P. R.

thing, and the fault of the nation consisted in not perceiving this in time. As I have said before, the Emperor improved the finances, and encouraged trade, science, and art; merit was rewarded in every class; but all this was spoiled by the stamp of slavery. Being resolved on ruling everything himself, and for his own advantage, he always put himself forward as the ultimate aim. It is said that on starting for his first campaign in Italy, he said to a friend who was editor of a newspaper: "Recollect in your accounts of our victories to speak of *me*, always of *me*. Do you understand?" This "*me*" was the ceaseless cry of purely egoistical ambition. "Quote *me*," "Sing, praise, and paint *me*," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets, and to painters. "I will buy you at your own price; but you must all be purchased." Thus, notwithstanding his desire to make his reign famous by gathering together every kind of prodigy, he neutralized his efforts and ours, because he denied to talent that noble independence which only can develop invention or genius of any kind.

It will not be amiss to devote a few pages at this point to the interior management of what was called "the Emperor's household." Although, at the present time, his own private concerns and those of his court have even more completely passed away than his policy and his power, there still may be some interest in an account of his minute regulation of the actions and the expenditure of each person belonging to the court. He was always and in all things the same, and this fidelity to the system he had irrevocably adopted is one of the most singular features of his character. The details I am about to give relate to several periods of his reign; but, from the year 1806, the rules of his household were pretty nearly invariable, and the slight modifications which they sometimes underwent hardly altered the general plan of their arrangement. I shall therefore sketch this general plan, with the aid of M. de Rémusat, who, for ten years, was both a spectator and an actor in the scenes I am about to describe.*

* The details to which this part of my work is devoted will perhaps appear trivial, but, that we may not lose the spirit of these Memoirs, it is important to omit nothing from them. Such descriptions have always been admissible, and the most celebrated historians of the seventeenth century have painted for us the minutest, and I had almost said the meanest, particulars of the daily life of Louis XIV., and the principal persons of his time. It should be observed also that Madame de Rémusat must, at the time she was writing, have been all the more impressed by her recollections of the splendor of the empire, inasmuch as, during the earlier years of the Restoration, the poverty of France, the age, tastes and habits of the royal family, and the apathy characteristic of the Bourbons, gave an air of simplicity to the court which formed a strong contrast with Imperial display. That display, however, has since then been so greatly surpassed that what is described here as excessive luxury may appear simplicity itself to our contemporaries.—P. R.

The civil list of France, under Bonaparte, amounted to a sum of twenty-five millions; in addition to this, crown lands and forests brought in three millions, and the civil list of Italy eight millions, of which he granted four to Prince Eugene. From Piedmont, partly by the civil list and partly by crown property, he received three millions; after Prince Borghese had been appointed governor only half that sum. Finally, four millions came from Tuscany, which were also afterwards shared with his sister, Madame Bacciochi, when she became Grandduchess of Tuscany. The fixed revenue of the Emperor amounted, therefore, to thirty-five million and five hundred thousand francs.

He kept at his own disposal the greater part of the sum allotted to the secret service of foreign affairs, and also the eighteen hundred thousand francs allotted to the theaters, of which barely twelve hundred thousand were voted by the yearly budget for their support. He expended the remainder in presents to actors,* artists, men of letters, or even to officers of his household.

The fund for the maintenance of the police, after subtracting the expenses of the department, was also at his disposal, and this yielded a considerable sum every year, being derived from the tax on gaming-houses, which amounted to more than four million francs.† He could also dispose of the share that the government had reserved of the profits of all newspapers, which must have brought in nearly a million francs; and, lastly, of the sum yielded by stamps on passports, and permits to carry arms.

The sums levied during war were placed to the extraordinary credit, of which Bonaparte disposed at his pleasure. He frequently retained a portion, which he used to supply the cost of the Spanish war and the immense preparations for the Russian campaign. He also converted a considerable amount into specie and diamonds; these were deposited in the cellars of the Tuileries, and defrayed the cost of the war of 1814, when the destruction of public credit had paralyzed other resources.

The utmost order prevailed in Bonaparte's household; liberal salaries were paid to every one, but all was so regulated that no official could use for his own purpose the sums intrusted to him.

His great officers received a fixed salary of forty thousand francs.

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* His own liking for certain actors generally regulated these grants. He frequently paid Talma's debts, and made him gifts of twenty, thirty, and forty thousand francs at a time.

† Fouché, while minister, made his fortune by these taxes on gaming-tables. Savary drew a thousand francs a day from them.

In the last two years of his reign he endowed the posts of great officers with a considerable income, besides the sums granted to the individuals who filled them.

The posts of grand marshal, of grand chamberlain, and of grand equerry were each endowed with one hundred thousand francs; those of high almoner and grand veneur with eighty thousand francs; that of grand master of the ceremonies with sixty thousand. The intendant and the treasurer each received forty thousand francs. M. Daru was the first intendant; he was succeeded by M. de Champagny when the latter retired from the ministry of foreign affairs. The first prefect of the palace and the gentleman of honor to the Empress each received thirty thousand francs.

M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, was for some time first chamberlain to the Empress, but this post having been abolished, he was made first equerry to the Emperor. The lady of honor received forty thousand francs; the mistress of the robes, thirty thousand. There were eighteen chamberlains. Those of oldest date received either twelve, six, or three thousand francs, varying according to a sum fixed by the Emperor every year; the others were honorary. Bonaparte, moreover, regulated every salary in his household annually, augmenting thereby the dependence of us all by the uncertainty in which we were kept.

The equerries received twelve thousand francs; the prefects of the palace, or maîtres d'hôtel, fifteen thousand, and the master of the ceremonies a like sum. Each aid-de-camp received twenty-four thousand, as an officer of the household.

The grand marshal, or master of the household, superintended all the expenses of the table, of the domestic service, lighting and heating, etc. These expenses amounted to nearly two millions.

Bonaparte's table was abundant and well served. The plate was of silver and very handsome; on great occasions the dinner service was of silver-gilt. Madame Murat and the Princess Borghese used dinner-services of silver-gilt.

The grand marshal was chief of the prefects of the palace; his uniform was amethyst-colored, embroidered in silver. The prefects of the palace wore the same colored uniform, less richly embroidered.

The expenditure of the grand equerry (master of the horse) amounted to three or four millions. There were about twelve hundred horses. The carriages, which were more ponderous than elegant, were all painted green. The Empress had several equipages, among them some pretty open carriages, but no separate stable establishment.

The grand equerry and the other equerries wore a uniform of dark blue, embroidered in silver.

The grand chamberlain had charge of all the attendance in the interior of the palaces, of the wardrobe, the court theatricals, the fêtes, the chapel choir, the Emperor's chamberlains, and those of the Empress. The expenditure on all these hardly exceeded three millions. His uniform was red, with silver embroidery.* The grand master of the ceremonies received little more than three hundred thousand francs; his costume was of violet and silver. The grand veneur, or master of the hunt, received seven hundred thousand francs; he wore green and silver. The expenditure on the chapel was three hundred thousand francs.

The decoration of the apartments, as well as the care of the buildings, was in charge of the intendant. The expenses of these would amount to five or six millions.

It will be seen that, on an average, the expenditure of the Emperor's household would amount to fifteen or sixteen millions of francs annually.

In later years he built extensively, and the expenditure was increased.

Every year he ordered hangings and furniture for the various palaces from Lyons. This was with a view to encouraging the manufactures of that city. For the same reason he bought handsome pieces of furniture in mahogany, which were placed in storerooms, and also bronzes, etc. Porcelain manufacturers had orders to supply complete services of extreme beauty. On the return of the king, the palaces were all found to be newly furnished, and the furniture stores quite full. Including all these things, the expenditure never exceeded twenty millions, even in the most costly years, such as those of the coronation and the Austrian marriage.

Bonaparte's expenditure on dress was put down at forty thousand francs. Sometimes it slightly exceeded that sum. During campaigns it was necessary to send him both linen and clothes to several places at once. The slightest sense of inconvenience, or the smallest difference of quality in the linen or cloth, would make him throw aside a coat or any other garment.

He always said he wished to dress like a simple officer of his own Guards, and grumbled continually at what, as he said, "he was made to spend;" while, from his caprice or awkwardness, the entire renewal

* The embroidery was the same for all the great officers.

of his wardrobe was constantly necessary. Among other destructive habits, he had that of stirring the wood fires with his foot, thereby scorching his shoes and boots. This generally happened when he was angry; at such times he would kick the blazing logs in the nearest fireplace.

M. de Rémusat was for several years keeper of the wardrobe, receiving no emolument; but when M. de Turenne succeeded to that post a salary of twelve thousand francs was awarded to him.

Every year the Emperor drew up a scheme of household expenditure, with scrupulous care and remarkable economy. During the last quarter of the year the head of each department regulated his expenses for the following twelvemonth. When this was accomplished, a council was held and everything was carefully discussed. This council consisted of the grand marshal, who presided, the great officers, the intendant, and the treasurer to the crown. The expenses of the Empress's household were comprised in the accounts of the grand chamberlain. In these councils the grand marshal and the treasurer acted in the interests of the Emperor. The consultation being over, the grand marshal took the accounts to Bonaparte, who examined them, and returned them, with marginal notes. After a short interval, the council met again, under the presidency of the Emperor himself, who went over each item of expenditure anew. These consultations were generally repeated several times; the accounts of each department were then returned to its chief, and fair copies of them were made, after which they passed through the hands of the intendant, who, with the Emperor, finally inspected them in the presence of the grand marshal. By these means all expenditure was fixed, and seldom did any of the great officers obtain the sums for which they had asked.

Bonaparte's hour for rising was irregular, but it was usually seven o'clock. If he woke during the night, he would resume his work, or take a bath or a meal. He generally awoke depressed, and apparently in pain. He suffered frequently from spasms in the stomach, which produced vomiting. At times this appeared to alarm him greatly, as though he feared poison, and then it was difficult to prevent him from increasing the sickness by taking emetics.*

The only persons who had the right of entry into his dressing-room without being announced were the grand marshal and the principal physician. The keeper of the wardrobe was announced, but was almost always admitted. He would have wished M. de Rémusat to employ

* The principal physician, Corvisart, gave me these details.

these morning visits in giving him an account of all that was said or done at court, or in the city; but my husband invariably declined the task, and persevered in his determination with praiseworthy obstinacy.

The other physicians or surgeons on duty might not come unless they were summoned. Bonaparte put no great faith in medicine—it was frequently a matter of jesting with him; but he had great confidence in Corvisart, and much esteem for him. He had good health and a strong constitution; but when he suffered from any indisposition he became nervous. He was occasionally troubled with a slight affection of the skin, and sometimes complained of his liver. He ate moderately, drank little, and indulged in no excesses of any kind. He took a great deal of coffee.

While dressing he was usually silent, unless a discussion arose between him and Corvisart on some medical subject. He liked to go straight to the point in everything; and if any one was mentioned as being ill his first question was always, "Will he die?" A hesitating answer displeased him, and he would then declaim on the inefficiency of medical science.

With great difficulty he had acquired the art of shaving himself. M. de Rémusat induced him to undertake this task on seeing that he was uneasy and nervous under the hands of a barber. After many trials, and when he had finally succeeded, he often said that the advice to shave himself with his own hand had been of signal service to him.

Bonaparte was so accustomed to make no account of those about him, that habitual disregard of others pervaded all his habits. If he got impatient while his valet was dressing him, he would fly into a passion. He would throw any garment that did not please him on the floor or into the fire. He took great care of his hands and nails, and several pairs of nail-scissors had to be in readiness, for he would break or throw them away if they were not sufficiently sharp. He never made use of any perfume, except eau-de-Cologne, but of that he would get through sixty bottles in a month. He considered it a very wholesome practice to sprinkle himself thoroughly with eau-de-Cologne.

When his toilet was concluded, he went to his cabinet, where his private secretary was in attendance. Precisely at nine o'clock, the chamberlain on duty, who had arrived at the palace at eight A. M. and had carefully inspected the whole suite of rooms, that all might be in perfect order, and seen that the servants were at their posts, knocked at the door and announced the *lever*. He never entered the cabinet unless told to come in by the Emperor. I have already given an account of these *levers*. When they were over, Bonaparte frequently gave private

audiences to some of the principal persons present—princes, ministers, high officials, or prefects on leave. Those who had not the right of entry to the *lever* could only obtain an audience by applying to the chamberlain on duty, who presented their names to the Emperor. He generally refused to see the applicants.

The *lever* and audiences would last until the hour of breakfast. That meal was served at eleven o'clock, in what was called the *salon de service*, the same apartment in which he gave private audiences and received his ministers. The prefect of the palace announced breakfast and remained present, standing all the time. During breakfast the Emperor received artists or actors. He would eat quickly, of two or three dishes, and finish with a large cup of coffee without milk. After breakfast he returned to his work. The *salon* of which I have just spoken was ordinarily occupied by the colonel-general of the guards on duty for the week, the chamberlain, the equerry, the prefect of the palace, and, on a hunting morning, one of the officers of the hunt.

The ministerial councils were held on fixed days. There were three state councils a week. For five or six years the Emperor frequently presided over them, the chamberlain being in attendance on him. He is said to have generally displayed remarkable ability in carrying on or suggesting discussions. He frequently astonished his hearers by lucid and profound remarks on subjects which would have seemed to be quite beyond his reach. In more recent times he showed less tolerance for others in these discussions, and adopted a more imperious tone. The state council, or that of the ministers, or his private affairs, occupied him until six P.M.

After 1806 he almost always dined alone with his wife, except when the court was at Fontainebleau; he would then invite guests to his table. He had all the courses of the dinner placed before him at once; and he ate, paying no attention to his food, helping himself to whatever was at hand, sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more solid dishes. The prefect of the palace was present during dinner; two pages waited, and were waited on by footmen. The dinner hour was very irregular, for, if business required it, Bonaparte would remain at work and prolong the council to six, seven or eight o'clock in the evening without seeming to suffer from either fatigue or hunger. Madame Bonaparte waited for him with admirable patience, never uttering a complaint.

The evenings, such as I have already described them, terminated early. During the winter of 1806 several small dances were given, either at the Tuileries or by one or other of the princes. The Emperor

would appear for a short time, but he always seemed weary and indifferent. The ceremonies on retiring to rest were much the same as those of the *lever* in the morning, except that the officials on duty came in last to receive their orders. While undressing, the Emperor was attended by his valets only.

No one slept in his room; his mameluke slept at the entrance to the private apartments. The aid-de-camp of the day slept in the *salon de service*, his head towards the door. In the rooms leading to this *salon* a quartermaster of the guard and two footmen watched all night. There were no sentries within the palace. At the Tuileries there was a sentry on the staircase, because it is open to the public; in all the imperial palaces there was a sentinel at each exterior entrance. Bonaparte was thoroughly well guarded, but by very few persons. This was the business of the grand marshal. The palace police was well managed; the name of every person who came in was known. None of the retinue were lodged in the palace, except the grand marshal, who lived there—his servants wore the Emperor's livery—and no servants, except the valets and ladies'-maids.

The lady of honor had apartments assigned to her, but Madame de la Rochefoucauld seldom occupied them. After Bonaparte's second marriage, he directed Madame de Montebello* to inhabit them always. In the time of the Empress Josephine, the Countess d'Arberg and her daughter (the latter had been sent for from Brussels to be lady-in-waiting) always resided in the palace. At Saint Cloud all the court attendants had apartments. The grand equerry's were at the imperial, now the royal, stables.† The intendant and the treasurer had apartments.

The Empress Josephine had a personal allowance of six hundred thousand francs. This was far from sufficient, and every year she was heavily in debt. One hundred and twenty thousand francs were assigned to her for purposes of charity. The allowance of the Archduchess (Maria Louise) was but three hundred thousand francs, and sixty thousand francs for her privy purse.

The reason for this difference was that Madame Bonaparte was obliged to assist a number of her poorer kinsfolk, and that there were claims on her in France which did not exist for the Austrian archduchess; consequently her expenses were greater. Madame Bonaparte was very liberal in gifts, but as she never gave away any of her own

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* The wife of Marshal Lannes.

† The Hôtel de Longueville, on the Carrousel. It is unnecessary to say that both stables and hotel were pulled down for the enlargement of the Louvre.

possessions, but always purchased the presents she made, her liberality greatly increased her debts.

Notwithstanding her husband's injunctions, she would never conform, in her own manner of life, to order or to etiquette. It was his desire that she should not deal directly with any shopkeepers, but this point he was forced to yield; her private apartments were crowded with them, as also with artists of all sorts. She had a mania for having her portrait taken, and would bestow it on any one whomsoever—relations, friends, attendants, or even tradespeople. Diamonds, jewelry, shawls, stuffs and finery of every kind were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and for the most part forgetting what she had purchased.

She at once gave her lady of honor and her mistress of the robes to understand that they were not to interfere with her dress, and arranged everything with her dressers, of whom, I believe, there were six or eight. She rose at nine o'clock. Dressing was a very long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. This done, she put on a very elegant dressing-gown, trimmed with lace, and placed herself in the hands of the hairdresser. Her undergarments were embroidered and trimmed with lace. She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. If we came to her door while her hair was being dressed, she would have us admitted. When that stage was passed, large baskets were brought in containing gowns, caps, hats and shawls. In summer these gowns were of muslin or cambric, richly worked and trimmed; in winter they were of woolen materials or of velvet. She then selected her dresses for the day. In the morning she always wore a hat trimmed with flowers or feathers, and full gowns that wrapped her up a good deal. She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns or bed-quilts or cushions for her dog. She kept a shawl round her shoulders all the morning and wore it with a grace I have never seen equaled. Bonaparte thought that she wrapped herself up too much and would sometimes pull her shawl off and fling it on the fire; she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, whatever their price. I have known her to give eight, ten or twelve thousand francs for a shawl. This was, in fact, one of the extravagances of the court; no one would condescend to wear a shawl which had cost only fifty louis, and the sums given for those worn by the court ladies were subjects of boasting.*

*These were Cashmere shawls. They were brought into fashion by the campaign in Egypt.

I have already given an account of the manner in which Madame Bonaparte passed her life: it scarcely ever varied. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she worked scarcely at all, but never seemed to be dull. She did not care for theaters. The Emperor objected to her going to them without him, and receiving applause in which he did not share. She took walking exercise only when at Malmaison—a residence which she was constantly embellishing and on which she spent large sums of money, to the great displeasure of Bonaparte. When he reproached her with this Josephine would shed tears, promise to be more careful, and go on exactly as before; in the end Bonaparte had to pay.

Her evening toilet was conducted in the same manner as that of the morning. Everything was of the greatest elegance; a dress or a wreath was seldom worn a second time. The Empress's hair was generally dressed in the evening, with flowers, pearls or precious stones. She wore very low gowns, and the richer her attire the better she looked. The quietest party, the smallest dance, was an opportunity for ordering a new dress, in spite of the quantity of finery stored in each of the palaces; for she had a positive mania for hoarding. It would be impossible for me to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop in Paris there was always something being made for her. I have seen her wear lace trimmings worth forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand francs.

It seems almost incredible that this love of dress, which she could so fully gratify, never passed away. At Malmaison, after the divorce, she led the same luxurious life, and appeared in full dress, even when she expected no one. On the day of her death, thinking that the Emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her, she desired her attendants to dress her in an elegant morning gown. She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same color. The Empress obliged us to expend annually a very large sum, in order to make an appearance suitable to her own extravagant tastes.*

Her daughter's attire was also very rich, for such was the fashion of the court; but Madame Louis was both economical and orderly, and seemed to take no pleasure in adorning herself. Madame Murat and Princess Borghese, on the contrary, gave their whole minds to their personal adornment. Their court dresses usually cost from ten to fifteen thousand francs, and at last they had them ornamented with real pearls, and even diamonds, which cost large sums.

* Mesdames Savary and Maret expended on their dress from fifty to sixty thousand francs yearly.

It may be imagined that with such taste as the Empress displayed, and the richness of the gentlemen's uniforms, the court was very brilliant. On certain occasions it was really dazzling, and foreigners were greatly impressed by its splendor.

Dating from this time (1806), the Emperor began to give occasional grand concerts in the large room, which is called "La salle des Maréchaux." This room, which is decorated with portraits of the marshals (they still remain there, I believe), was lighted by innumerable wax candles. All the members of the government, and every one who had been presented, were invited. After passing through the various drawing-rooms occupied by his guests, Bonaparte would enter the concert-room. He took his place at the upper end; the Empress and the imperial princesses, splendidly attired, were on his left; his mother, who still was handsome and of dignified appearance, on his right. His brothers, in rich uniforms, the foreign princes, and the great officers of the household were near him. All these were seated. Behind were chamberlains and all the household, in embroidered uniforms. To the right and left were the lady of honor, the mistress of the robes, and the ladies-in-waiting. Nearly all these were young, and most of them pretty and admirably dressed.* Then came a crowd of ladies, both foreigners and Frenchwomen, in full dress. Behind the two rows of seats thus occupied stood the men—ambassadors, ministers, marshals, senators, generals, etc., all of them in handsome costumes. Facing the imperial party were the musicians.

Immediately on the Emperor taking his seat the concert began. The best music was performed: but, although silence prevailed, no one listened attentively. When the concert was over, the best dancers from the opera, men and women, performed charming ballets in the space vacated by the musicians. This part of the entertainment amused everybody, even the Emperor. M. de Rémusat had the regulation of these fêtes, and it was no small undertaking; for the Emperor was hard to please and particular about everything. M. de Talleyrand used sometimes to say to my husband, "I pity you, for you have to amuse the unamusable."

The ballet and the concert together did not last more than an hour and a half; afterwards we went to supper in the Gallery of Diana, where the beauty of the apartment, the number of the lights, the sumptuousness of the tables, the display of silver and glass, added to

* A court dress cost us at least fifty louis, and we had to change it frequently. Generally speaking, these dresses were embroidered in gold or silver, and ornamented with mother-of-pearl. Diamonds were greatly worn in wreaths, diadems, or sprays.

the elegant dresses of the guests, gave a fairy-like effect to these entertainments. Nevertheless, there was wanting, I will not say ease, which would not become a court, but that feeling of security which every one might have enjoyed if the presiding power had been willing to combine a little kindliness with the majesty with which he was invested. But he was always feared everywhere, and at a fête, as elsewhere, the secret terror that he wished to inspire could be read on every countenance.

I have already mentioned the Empress's kinsfolk. During the first few years of her elevation she sent for four nephews and a niece from Martinique. Their name was Tascher. The young men received appointments in the household, and their sister lived at the Tuileries. The latter was handsome, but the change of climate affected her health and her looks, and it proved impossible to arrange a marriage for her such as the Emperor had intended. He first thought of the Prince of Baden for her; afterwards he destined her for a prince of the House of Spain. She was eventually married to the son of the Duke of Arenberg, who was Belgian on both sides. The marriage was much desired by the duke's family, who hoped to reap great benefit from it, but it did not turn out well. The young couple never suited each other, and they separated by mutual consent; but, after Napoleon's divorce, the Arenbergs, being disappointed in their ambitious expectations, showed their dissatisfaction at the alliance, and since the king's return the marriage has been completely dissolved. Madame d'Arenberg is now living in great retirement at Paris.

Her eldest brother, who was not elated by the honor of having an Empress for his aunt, was only wearied by the ceremonies of the court, while military service had no attraction for him, and after staying for two or three years in France began to long for his own country. He obtained permission to go quietly back to the colonies, took with him a modest fortune, and doubtless, during his peaceful life at Martinique, has more than once congratulated himself on the philosophy which led him to return thither.

A second brother was placed with Joseph Bonaparte. He remained in Spain, attached to the military service, and married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant, and niece to Madame Joseph Bonaparte.*

A third brother married the daughter of the Princess de la Leyen. He is now with her in Germany.

* I believe he lost his life in the campaign of 1814.

The fourth brother, who was in bad health, resided with his sister. I do not know what has become of him.

The Beauharnais also profited by the elevation of Madame Bonaparte, and were always about her. I have already said that she arranged a marriage between the daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais and M. de la Valette. The marquis was for a long time ambassador to Spain; he is at present living in France. The Count de Beauharnais, son of the lady who wrote verses and novels,* had been married previously to Mademoiselle de Lezay-Marnesia. By this marriage he had one daughter, who, after her mother's death, lived under the care of an aged aunt, at the convent in which the latter was a nun. The Count de Beauharnais, who was made a senator by Bonaparte, having married a second time, took little heed of Stéphanie—for that was her name. M. de Lezay-Marnesia, Stéphanie's uncle, brought her up from Languedoc when she was about fourteen or fifteen, and presented her to Madame Bonaparte, who admired her pretty face and graceful ways, and placed her at Madame Campan's school. She left school in 1806, and the Emperor adopted her, raised her to the rank of an imperial princess, and shortly afterwards gave her in marriage to the Prince of Baden. She was then seventeen, of pleasing appearance, clever and lively, with a childish manner, which became her well. Her voice was sweet and clear, her complexion very pretty; she had sparkling blue eyes and beautiful fair hair.

The Prince of Baden fell in love with her, but she at first disliked him. He was young, but very stout and common looking; his features were expressionless. He was shy, taciturn, embarrassed, and apt to fall asleep on inappropriate occasions. Stéphanie, lively and attractive, and much elated by her position as adopted daughter to the Emperor, whom she reasonably enough regarded as the greatest sovereign in existence, considered that she did the young prince honor by accepting his addresses. Every one tried in vain to make her regard the matter in a more reasonable light. She professed herself ready to wed the prince whenever it should be arranged that she was to do so, but always maintained that a daughter of Napoleon might mate with kings or the sons of kings; and this touch of vanity, accompanied by the brightness and gaiety of seventeen, was no displeasing to the Emperor. It was, indeed, gratifying to him, and he became fonder of his adopted daughter than the Empress considered desirable. The Em-

* It was on this lady that Lebrun, the poet, wrote the following malicious epigram:—

"Eglé, belle et poète, à deux petits travers;
Elle fait son visage, et ne fait point ses vers."

peror's admiration quite turned the head of the new princess, and made her still more haughty towards her future bridegroom, who tried in vain every means of pleasing her.*

So soon as the Emperor had announced the intended marriage to the senate, private apartments in the Tuileries were assigned to the youthful Princess Stéphanie, and she received deputations from the legislative bodies. In the address from the senate, her father, M. de Beauharnais, whose position was certainly an odd one, was alluded to. She received these congratulations with composure and replied with ease and propriety.

She was now daughter of the sovereign, in high favor besides, and the Emperor commanded that she should take rank immediately after the Empress, thus giving her precedence of all the rest of the family. This caused much displeasure to Madame Murat, who hated her cordially, and could not disguise her jealousy and mortification. The young girl laughed at these sentiments, as she laughed at everything; and the Emperor, who was ready to be delighted with anything she said or did, joined in the laugh. The Empress was much displeased, and spoke seriously to her niece, pointing out the harm she would do herself by parading her influence over Bonaparte. Mademoiselle de Beauharnais listened with docility to her aunt's advice, and promised to behave with more prudence. The princess could not, however, be induced to regard her intended husband with any feelings but those of dislike and scorn, and their marriage, which took place shortly after, was for a long time merely nominal.

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* The following is the decree of the 3d of March, 1806, by which the Emperor assigned such high rank to this young lady:—"Whereas it is our intention that the Princess Stéphanie Napoleon, our daughter, shall enjoy all the prerogatives due to her rank, her place shall be at our side at every entertainment or reception, and at table; and in the case of our absence, her place shall be at the right hand of her majesty the Empress." On the following day, the 4th of March, the intended marriage was announced to the senate in these terms:—"Senators, desirous of giving a proof of our affection towards the Princess Stéphanie Beauharnais, niece to our beloved consort, we have betrothed her to Prince Charles, Hereditary Grandduke of Baden; and we have thought it well, under the circumstances, to adopt the said Princess Stéphanie Napoleon as our daughter. This union, which is consequent on the friendship that has existed for several years between the Elector of Baden and ourselves, appears to us to be also conformable to policy and to the good of our people. Our Rhine provinces will recognize in this alliance a fresh motive for cultivating trade and friendly relations with the subjects of the Elector. The high qualities of Prince Charles of Baden, and the special affection he has shown towards us on all occasions, are a sure pledge of the happiness of our daughter. Being well assured of your sympathy in all that interests us, we have thought it well to make no further delay in acquainting you with an alliance which is very agreeable to us."—P. R.

After the ceremony the court and the newly married pair removed to Saint Cloud. The prince complained to the Empress of his wife's conduct, and she remonstrated with her niece; but the Emperor took her part. All this was not very edifying. The Emperor at last became conscious of the ill effect it was producing; and, after some time, finding himself immersed in serious cares, and weary of his family quarrels, he consented to the departure of the Prince of Baden. The latter accordingly took away his wife, who shed many tears on leaving France, and looked on Baden as a place of exile. She was coldly received by the reigning prince; and although a reconciliation with her husband was brought about for reasons of state, Prince Charles, whose feelings had been deeply hurt, showed her but little affection, and their marriage seemed likely to prove a most unhappy union. Such, however, was not eventually the case, and we shall see hereafter that the Princess of Baden, having acquired wisdom with years, began at last to recognize her duty, and by her conduct regained the affection of her husband, and enjoyed all the advantages of a marriage which she had at first so strangely failed to appreciate.*

I have not yet mentioned that private theatricals at Malmaison were among the amusements of the court. These entertainments had been frequent during the first year of the Consulate. Prince Eugene and his sister had a real talent for acting, and frequently indulged their taste, and Bonaparte then took some interest in the performances, which were given before a small and select audience only. An elegant theater was built at Malmaison, and we frequently acted there; but the high rank to which Bonaparte's family attained was afterwards felt to be incompatible with this amusement, and it was only permitted on certain occasions, such as the Emperor's fête-day. On his return from Vienna, Madame Louis Napoleon got up a little vaudeville appropriate to the occasion, in which we all took part and sang complimentary verses. A large number of guests were invited, and Malmaison was beautifully illuminated. It was a serious undertaking to appear before such an audience, but the Emperor was in good humor, and that gave us courage. We acted well: Madame Louis had a great and well-deserved success, the verses were pretty, the flattery was sufficiently delicate, and the evening went off perfectly.†

* The Prince of Baden is brother to the Empress of Russia.

† It seems likely that this performance took place at a later date than that assigned to it in these memoirs. At any rate, when Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, the great composers of vaudevilles of that day, performed the piece in question before the Parisian public, they called it "La Colonne de Rosbach," so that it would seem to have been

It was amusing to hear the tone in which every one said that evening, "The Emperor laughed, the Emperor applauded . . ." and then how we congratulated ourselves! For my own part, after having for a long time only ventured to speak to him cautiously, I suddenly felt quite at ease with him, because I had succeeded in the part of an old peasant woman who was always imagining impossibilities to be performed by her hero, and then finding them surpassed by his achievements! When the play was over, he complimented me: we had all acted from our hearts, and he seemed greatly pleased. When I saw him, as it were, off his guard and with softened feelings, I used to long to say to him, "Why will you not unbend, and let yourself sometimes feel and think as others do?"

At such times, which occurred, alas! too seldom, I used to feel a positive relief; fresh hope seemed to kindle within me. Ah! how easily do the great of this world subjugate us; at how little cost might they win our hearts!

I have already made this observation, but for twelve years of my life the reflection was so constantly present to me, and even now I feel it so strongly when I look back on the past, that it is not surprising that I should repeat it.

Before taking up the thread of my narrative, I feel disposed to dwell awhile upon certain personages who were either included in the court circle at this time, or occupied a distinguished position in the state. I do not, however, profess to sketch a series of portraits with many striking points of difference between them. Despotism is a great leveler; it

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composed in honor of Jéna. It is true that the authors could easily have transferred their allusions to the war of 1804 to the Prussian campaign. Neither courtiers nor playwrights were over particular. One thing certain is, that the part of the Alsatian peasant is exactly that described by my grandmother. The princesses were her daughters or nieces. The old peasant woman was full of enthusiasm for the Emperor, and sang the following verse, which my father's wonderful memory retained, and which I learned from him:—

Air: *J'ai vu partout dans mes Voyages.*

"Ce qui dans le jour m'interesse,
La nuit occupe mon repos,
Alors ainsi je rêve sans cesse
À la gloire de mon héros.
Les songes, dit-on, sont des fables,
Mais quand c'est de lui qu'il s'agit,
J'en fais que l'on trouve incroyables,
Et sa valeur les accomplit."

The "Memoirs" of Bourrienne give details of the performances at Malmaison. The vaudeville was greatly in fashion at court. It was the sole literary food of many personages of that time, during their youth.—P. R.

rules over thoughts, actions, and words, and it so strictly enforces its own rules that its influence extends not to outward appearances only, but affects inward feelings.

I remember that during the winter of 1814 the Empress Maria Louisa received a large circle every evening. People came to get news of the army, which was then in every one's thoughts. While the Emperor was pursuing Blucher, the Prussian general, in the direction of Château Thierry, the Austrian army marched on to Fontainebleau, and we in Paris believed ourselves in danger of falling into the enemy's hands. The Empress's reception was crowded, and every one was asking anxiously for news. Towards the end of the evening M. de Talleyrand left the Tuileries and came to my house; he described to me the scene of excitement and anxiety he had just witnessed, and exclaimed, "What a man, madame, must he be, who can bring Count de Montesquieu and State Councilor Boulay de la Meurthe* to experience the same anxiety, and to express it in the same words!" He had met these gentlemen at the Tuileries, both pale with apprehension, and both in equal dread of the future events which they began to foresee.†

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* The Count de Montesquieu was at that time grand chamberlain. Boulay de la Meurthe had been a member of the Left in the Five Hundred, and was the author of the famous law against suspected persons (*loi des suspects*).

† My father, on reading over these "Memoirs" with a view to their publication, during the latter part of his life, made the following note:—

"This observation may very likely have been made by M. de Talleyrand on a certain evening when I myself was present. I did not hear him say the words, but I remember my mother repeating them to us at the time, and at greater length than she gives them here. One evening, in the early part of 1814, or at the close of 1813, owing to some holiday, I had been at the theater. On returning home I found, in the little drawing-room at No. 6, Place Louis XV., my mother, my father, M. Pasquier, and M. de Talleyrand. The latter was speaking, and he described, with scarcely an interruption from any of the others, the state of affairs which was just then so deplorable. He did not leave off on my entrance, and no sign to withdraw being made me, I listened with eager interest. M. de Talleyrand was speaking well, with force and simplicity; he enumerated every party and all the men of the time, declaring that the situation was hopeless, not so much in itself as on account of the temper of the Emperor and that of his present advisers, and showing that sense, independence, courage, and strength were wanting nearly everywhere, or were not sufficiently united in any one person to save the empire and its master, now on the brink of destruction. This was one of the rare occasions in which I had the opportunity of seeing M. de Talleyrand at his best: I have only had two or three such chances in my life. Now for the first time I heard him really discourse on politics. The conversation was, I think, principally intended for M. Pasquier, who listened with more deference than conviction. He seemed to be not over pleased either with M. de Talleyrand's sentiments, in which he regretfully recognized a good deal of truth, or with the necessity under which he found himself of listening to their expression."—P. R.

Either because there chanced to be but few men of real mark about the Emperor, or because of the enforced uniformity of conduct of which I have just spoken, I can recall but few personal details worthy of remembrance. The principal personages stand apart, and are sufficiently thrown into relief by events which still remain to be narrated; therefore I need scarcely do more than give the names of the others, with the costumes they wore and the posts they filled. The sovereign to whose service we were attached felt a supreme and universal contempt for human nature. This was hard to bear; its effect was to oblige every one to restrict himself to the formal duties of his post. Each individual belonging to the Emperor's court or government had, no doubt, a character and opinions of his own. Some few led worthy lives unostentatiously; others concealed their defects or their vices; but neither class came forward, save at the word of command, and, unfortunately for the men of that day, Bonaparte's belief that he could get more out of evil than he could get out of good made it more advantageous to display the worse side of human nature. He liked to discover the weak point, and to avail himself of it. Where he could not perceive vice, he sought for weakness, or in default of this he carefully inspired fear, so that he might be always the stronger. For instance, he was glad that Cambacérès, who had some really high qualities, should display a foolish vanity and acquire a reputation for licentiousness, which detracted from his character for perspicacity and rectitude. He never found fault with the loose morality of M. de Talleyrand, nor with his careless indifference, nor with his contempt for public esteem. He ridiculed what he called the foolishness of the Prince de Neufchâtel and the servile flattery of M. Maret. He took advantage of the avarice which he himself had developed in Savary, and of the callousness of Duroc's disposition. He never shrank from the remembrance that Fouché had once been a Jacobin; indeed, he said with a smile, "The only difference is that he is now a *rich* Jacobin; but that's all I want."

His ministers he regarded and treated as more or less efficient clerks, and he used to say, "I should not know what to do with them if they were not men of mere ordinary abilities and character."

Had any one of them been conscious of superiority of any kind, he must needs have endeavored to hide it, and it is probable that, warned by an instinctive sense of danger, everybody affected dullness or vacuity when those qualities were not real.

Memoirs of the period will suffer from this remarkable feature of it; which will give rise to a plausible, though unmerited, accusation against the writers of being malevolent in their views, partial towards

themselves and extremely severe towards others. Each writer will in reality be able to tell his own secret only, but will have been unable to penetrate that of his neighbor.

Ecclesiastical influence in the Emperor's household was insignificant. Mass was celebrated in his presence every Sunday, and that was all.

Bonaparte made use of the clergy, but he disliked priests. He had both philosophical and revolutionary prejudices against them. I do not know whether he was a deist or an atheist, but he habitually ridiculed everything connected with religion in familiar conversation, and, besides, he was too much taken up with the affairs of this world to concern himself with the next. I may venture to say that the immortality of his name was of much greater importance to him than that of his soul. He had an antipathy to pious persons and invariably accused them of hypocrisy. When the priesthood in Spain stirred up the people against him, when he met with opposition, which did them honor, from the French bishops, when the Pope's cause was embraced by great numbers, he was quite confounded, and said more than once, "I thought men were more advanced than they really are."

The military household of the Emperor was numerous, but, except in time of war, its members had to discharge duties of a civil nature. To avoid the associations of the field of battle, their various functions were distributed on another system at the Tuileries. He made chamberlains of the generals, and subsequently he obliged them to wear embroidered uniforms, and to exchange their swords for court rapiers. This transformation was displeasing to many of them, but they had to submit, and, having been wolves, to become shepherds. There was, however, a good reason for this: a display of military renown would, to a certain extent, have eclipsed other classes whom it was necessary to conciliate; military manners were by this expedient refined, perforce, and certain recalcitrant marshals lost some of their prestige while acquiring the polish of the court. They became, indeed, slightly ridiculous by this apprenticeship—a fact which Bonaparte knew how to turn to advantage.

I believe I may confidently state that the Emperor did not like any of his marshals. He frequently found fault with them, sometimes in very serious respects. He accused them all of covetousness, which he deliberately encouraged by his gifts. One day, he passed them all in review before me. On Davoust he pronounced the verdict which I think I have already mentioned: "Davoust is a man of whom I may bestow glory; he will never know how to wear it." Of Marshal Ney he said, "He is ungrateful and factious. If I were destined to die by

the hand of a marshal, I would lay a wager that hand would be his." I recollect that he said he regarded Moncey, Brune, Bessières, Victor, and Oudinot as men of ordinary abilities, who would never be more than titled soldiers. Massena he looked upon as effete, but it was evident he had been formerly jealous of him. Soult sometimes gave him trouble; he was clever, rough, and vain, and he would argue with his master and dispute his conditions. Bonaparte could rule Augereau, who was rather unpolished in manner than obstinate. He was aware of Marmont's vanity, which he might wound with impunity, and of Macdonald's habitual ill-humor. Lannes had been his comrade, and the marshal would sometimes remind him of this; on such occasions he would be gently called to order. Bernadotte had more spirit than the others; he was continually complaining, and, indeed, he often had cause for complaint.

The way in which the Emperor curbed, rewarded, or snubbed, with impunity, men so proud and puffed up with military fame, was very remarkable. Other writers will tell with what wonderful skill he made use of these men in war, and how he won fresh glory for himself by utilizing their fame, ever proving himself, in very truth, superior to all others.

I need not give the names of the chamberlains: the imperial almanac supplies them. By degrees their number became considerable. They were taken from all ranks and classes. Those who were most assiduous and least talkative got on best; their duties were troublesome and very tedious. In proportion as one's place was nearer to the Emperor one's life became more burdensome. Persons who have had none but business relations with him can have no adequate idea of the unpleasantness of any that were closer; it was always easier to deal with his intellect than with his temper.

I have not much to relate concerning the court ladies. Bonaparte frequently said, "Women shall have no influence at my court; they may dislike me, but I shall have peace and quietness." He kept his word. We were ornamental at the fêtes, and that was about all. Nevertheless, as it is the privilege of beauty never to be forgotten, some of the ladies-in-waiting deserve a passing notice here. In Madame de Motteville's "Memoirs" she pauses to describe the beauties of her time, and I must not pass over those of our own in silence.

At the head of the Empress's household was Madame de la Rochefoucauld. She was short and deformed, not pretty, yet her face was not unattractive. Her large blue eyes, with black eyebrows, had a fine effect; she was lively, fearless, and a clever talker; a little satiri-

cal, but kind-hearted and of a gay and independent spirit. She neither liked nor disliked any one at court, lived on good terms with all, and looked at nothing very seriously. She considered she had done Bonaparte an honor by coming to his court, and by saying so she persuaded others of the fact, so that she was treated with consideration. She employed herself principally in repairing her shattered fortunes, obtaining successive ambassadorships for her husband, and giving her daughter in marriage to the younger son of the princely house of Borghese. The Emperor thought her wanting in dignity, and he was right; but he was always embarrassed in her company, for he had no idea of the deference due to a woman, and she would answer him sharply. The Empress, too, was rather afraid of her, for in her easy manner there was no little imperiousness. She remained faithful to old friends who held opposite opinions to her own, or rather to what we may suppose to have been her own, judging by the post she occupied at court. She was daughter-in-law to the Duc de Liancourt, and she left the court when the divorce took place. She died in Paris under the Restoration.

Madame de la Valette, the mistress of the robes, was daughter to the Marquis de Beauharnais. Her complexion had been slightly spoilt by small-pox, but she had a pleasing, though expressionless face. Her gentleness almost amounted to inanity, and small vanities chiefly occupied her thoughts. Her mind was narrow, her conduct was correct. Her post was a complete sinecure, for Madame Bonaparte allowed no one to interfere with her dress. In vain did the Emperor insist that Madame de la Valette should make up accounts, regulate expenditure and superintend purchases; he was obliged to yield and to give up the idea of maintaining any order on these points, for Madame de la Valette was incapable of defending the rights of her place in opposition to her aunt. She confined herself, therefore, to taking Madame de la Rochefoucauld's duties when the latter absented herself on account of illness. Everybody knows what courage and energy were subsequently developed in this young lady by misfortune and conjugal affection.

Chief among the ladies-in-waiting was Madame de Luçay, who had held that position longest. In 1806 she was no longer young. She was a gentle and quiet person. Her husband was prefect of the palace; their daughter married the younger son of the Count de Ségur, and has since died.

I come next on the list, and I feel inclined to make a little sketch of myself; I believe I can do this truthfully. I was twenty-three when I first came to court; not pretty, yet not altogether unattractive, and I looked well in full dress. My eyes were fine, my hair was black, and

I had good teeth; my nose and face were too large in proportion to my figure, which was good, but small. I had the reputation of being a clever woman, which was almost a reproach at court. In point of fact, I lack neither wit nor sense, but my warmth of feeling and of thought leads me to speak and act impulsively, and makes me commit errors which a cooler, even though less wise, person would avoid.

I was often misinterpreted at Bonaparte's court. I was lively and was supposed to be scheming. I liked to be acquainted with persons of importance, and I was accused of being ambitious. I am too much devoted to persons and to causes which appear to me to have right on their side to deserve the first accusation, and my faithfulness to friends in misfortune is a sufficient answer to the second. Madame Bonaparte trusted me more than others, and thereby put me into a difficult position; people soon perceived this and no one envied me the onerous distinction of her friendship. The preference which the Emperor at first showed me was a cause of greater jealousy. I reaped little benefit from his favor, but I was flattered by it and grateful for it, and so long as I felt a regard for him I sought to please him. When my eyes were opened I drew back; dissimulation is absolutely opposed to my character. I came to court too full of inquisitiveness. It seemed to me so curious a scene that I watched it closely and asked many questions that I might fully understand it. It was often thought that I did this from design. In palaces no action is supposed to be without a motive; "*Cui bono?*" is said on every occasion.*

My impetuosity frequently brought me into trouble. Not that I acted altogether on impulse, but I was very young, very unaffected, because I had always been very happy; in nothing was I sufficiently sedate, and my qualities sometimes did me as much harm as my defects. But, amid all this, I have met with friends who loved me and of whom, no matter how I be circumstanced, I shall retain a loving recollection.

I soon began to suffer from disappointed hopes, betrayed affections, and mistaken beliefs. Moreover, my health failed and I became tired of so arduous a life, and disenchanted both with men and things. I withdrew myself as far as possible, and found in my own home friends and enjoyments that could not deceive. I loved my husband, my mother, my children, and my friends; I should have been unwilling to give up the peaceful pleasure I found in their society. I contrived to retain a kind of liberty amid the numerous trivial duties of my post. Lastly, when I approved of any one and when I ceased to do so, both

* I knew a man who always asked himself this question with great gravity before deciding on the visits he should pay each evening.

states of mind were too plainly displayed. There could be no greater fault in the eyes of Bonaparte. He dreaded nothing in the world so much as that any one in his circle should use their critical faculty with regard to him.

Madame de Canisy, a great-niece of M. de Brienne, the former Archbishop of Sens, was a beautiful woman when she first came to court. She was tall and well made, with eyes and hair of raven-black, lovely teeth, an aquiline nose, and a rich brunette complexion.

Madame Maret was a fine woman; her features were regular and handsome. She seemed to live on excellent terms with her husband, who imparted to her some of his own ambition. Seldom have I seen more unconcealed or more solicitous vanity in any one. She was jealous of every distinction, and tolerated superior rank in the princesses only. Born in obscurity, she aimed at the highest distinctions. When the Emperor granted the title of countess to all the ladies-in-waiting, Madame Maret felt annoyed at the equality it implied, and, obstinately refusing to bear it, she remained plain Madame Maret until her husband obtained the title of Duke de Bassano. She and Madame Savary were the most elegantly dressed women at court. Their dress is said to have cost more than fifty thousand francs a year. Madame Maret thought that the Empress did not sufficiently distinguish her from the others; she therefore made common cause with the Bonapartes against her. She was feared and distrusted with some reason, for she repeated things which, through her husband, reached the ear of the Emperor and did a great deal of harm. She and M. Maret would have liked people to pay regular court to them, and many persons lent themselves to this pretension. As I showed a decided objection to doing so, Madame Maret took an aversion to me and contrived to inflict many petty annoyances upon me.

Any one who chose to speak evil of others to Bonaparte was pretty sure of gaining his ear; for he was always credulous of evil. He disliked Madame Maret; he even judged her too severely; nevertheless he chose to believe every tale that came to him through her. I believe her to have been one of the greatest sufferers by the fall of that great imperial scaffolding which brought us all to the ground.

During the king's first residence in Paris, from 1814 to 1815, the Duc de Bassano was accused of having carried on a secret correspondence with the Emperor in the island of Elba, and kept him informed of the state of feeling in France, so that he was induced to believe he might once more offer himself to the French as their ruler. Napoleon returned, and his sudden arrival clashed with and thwarted

the revolution which Fouché and Carnot were preparing. Then, these two, being obliged to accept Bonaparte, compelled him to reign during the hundred days according to their own system. The Emperor wished to take M. Maret, whom he had so many reasons for trusting, back into his service, but Fouché and Carnot strongly objected to Maret as a man of no ability, and only capable of blind devotion to his master's interest. Some idea of the state of bondage in which the men of the revolution kept the netted lion at this period may be gathered from the answer that Carnot ventured to make, when the Emperor proposed putting M. Maret into the government. "No, certainly not; the French do not wish to see *two Blacas* in one year"—alluding to the Count de Blacas, whom the king had brought with him from England, and who exercised the influence of a favorite.

On the second fall of Bonaparte, Maret and his wife hastened to leave Paris. M. Maret was exiled, and they repaired to Berlin. For the last few months Madame Maret has been again in Paris, endeavoring to obtain the recall of her husband. It is not unlikely she may succeed; such is the kindness of the king.*

Pride of rank was not confined to Madame Maret alone. Madame Ney also possessed it. She was niece to Madame Campan, first dresser to Marie Antoinette, and daughter of Madame Augué, also one of the Queen's dressers, and she had been tolerably well educated. She was a mild, kind-hearted woman, but her head was a little turned by the honors to which she attained. She occasionally displayed a pretentiousness which, after all, was not inexcusable, for she based it on the great military renown of her husband, whose own pride was sufficiently self-asserting. Madame Ney, afterwards Duchess d'Elchingen, and later, Princess de la Moskowa, was in reality a very good, quiet woman, incapable of speaking or doing evil, and perhaps as incapable of saying or doing anything good. She exerted the privileges of her rank to the full, especially in the society of inferiors. She was much aggrieved at the Restoration by certain differences in her position and by the disdain of the ladies of the royal court. She complained to her husband, and may have contributed not a little to irritate him against the new state of things, which, though not altogether ousting him, laid them both open to little daily humiliations, quite unintentionally on the part of the king. On the death of her husband she took up her abode in Italy with three or four sons. Her means were much smaller than might have been supposed, and she had acquired habits of great luxury.

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* Written in June, 1819.

I have seen her start for a watering-place, taking with her a whole household, so as to be waited on according to her liking. She took a bedstead, articles of furniture, a service of traveling-plate made expressly for her, a train of *fourgons*, and a number of couriers; and she would affirm that the wife of a marshal of France could not travel otherwise. Her house was magnificently appointed; the purchase and furnishing cost eleven hundred thousand francs. Madame Ney was tall and slight; her features were rather large, her eyes fine. Her expression was mild and pleasant, and her voice very sweet.

Madame Lannes, afterwards Duchess de Montebello, was another of our beauties. There was something virginal in her face; her features were pure and regular, her skin was of a delicate fairness. She was a good wife and an excellent mother, but was always cold, reserved and silent in society. The Emperor appointed her lady of honor to the archduchess, who became passionately fond of her, and whom she completely governed. She accompanied Maria Louisa on her return to Vienna, and then came back to Paris, where she now lives in retirement, entirely devoted to her children.

The number of the ladies-in-waiting became by degrees considerable, but, on the whole, there is little to be said about so many women, all playing so small a part. I have already spoken of Mesdames de Montmorency, De Mortemart and De Chévreuse. There remains for me simply to name Mesdames de Talhouët, Lauriston, De Colbert, Marescot, etc. These were quiet, amiable persons, of ordinary appearance, no longer young. The same might be said of a number of Italians and Belgians who came to Paris for their two months of court attendance, and who were all more or less silent and apparently out of their element. In general, the ladies-in-waiting were selected with some regard to youth and beauty; they were always extremely well dressed. Some among them lived at court as if quite indifferent to their surroundings; others received attentions with more or less pleasure. The routine of life was quiet, for Bonaparte liked no noise except such as was made by himself. He paid no attention to demonstrations of friendship among those about him, nor to any signs of dissension; and in lives so busy, so orderly, so disciplined, there was not much scope for either one or the other.

Among the persons selected by the Emperor to compose the households of the various members of his family there were also some ladies of high rank; but they were of even less importance at court than we were.

His mother's house was, I believe, a very dull abode; Madame

Joseph Bonaparte's was quiet and unpretending. Madame Louis Bonaparte gathered her former schoolfellows about her, and maintained with them, as far as she dared, the relations of former times. At Madame Murat's everything was done by rule, carried even to stiffness, but all was regulated with order and propriety. Public rumor has spoken lightly of Princess Borghese, and her conduct cast its reflection on the young and pretty women who formed her court.

It will, perhaps, be appropriate here to devote a few words to persons who distinguished themselves in literature and art, and to the principal works that appeared between the foundation of the Consulate and the year of which I am writing (1806). Among the former are four, of whom I can speak at some length.*

Jacques Delille, better known as the Abbé Delille, had seen his best years before the Revolution. To great talents he united a kindly nature and a most attractive disposition. He took the title of abbé because it formerly gave a certain rank in society. After the Revolution he discarded it, in order to marry a lady of good family. She was neither very handsome nor very agreeable, but her care and attention had become necessary to him. Always a welcome guest in the best society of Paris, well received by Queen Marie Antoinette, and loaded with favors by the Comte d'Artois, he knew only the prosperous side of the life of a man of letters. He was popular, courted, and liked; his graceful manners and delicate wit were remarkable; he spoke with peculiar elegance, and the privilege of hearing him recite poetry was eagerly sought.

The terrible scenes of the Revolution shocked and appalled him; he emigrated, receiving everywhere throughout Europe a welcome which alleviated the pain of exile. Nevertheless, when order had been reestablished in France by Bonaparte, M. Delille wished to return to his country, and he came to Paris with his wife. He was then aged and nearly blind, but as amiable as ever, and he brought with him several works which he was anxious to publish in his native land. He was warmly welcomed; men of letters hastened to visit him, and certain advances were made to him by Bonaparte's orders. The professorship in which he had taught the principles of French literature with great ability was restored to him, and he was offered a pension in return for a few laudatory verses. But M. Delille, desiring to retain the liberty of his political opinions, and firmly attached to the House of Bourbon, withdrew himself from favors and offers of pensions, retired to a dis-

* Jacques Delille, M. de Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and Madame de Genlis.

tant part of Paris, and devoted himself exclusively to study, replying to all advances in the following lines of the "Homme des Champs":—

> "Auguste triumphant pour Virgile fut juste.
> J'imitai le poète, imitez-donc Auguste,
> Et laissez-moi sans nom, sans fortune et sans fers,
> Rêver au bruit des eaux, de la lyre et des vers." *

If Bonaparte felt any vexation at these refusals, he did not let it appear; popular esteem and affection formed a shield for the gentle poet. He passed a peaceful life, and died too soon, for he did not live to see the return of those princes whom he had never ceased to love.

In the days when Bonaparte was as yet only Consul, and when he cultivated "everybody" who was "anybody," he wished to meet M. Delille, hoping perhaps to win, or at least to fascinate, him. Madame Bacciochi was directed to invite the poet to pass an evening at her house; some other persons, among whom I was included, were also invited. The First Consul made his appearance; there was something of the Jupiter Tonans in his entry, for he was accompanied by a considerable number of aides-de-camp, who placed themselves in a line, not a little surprised, apparently, at seeing their general behave with marked civility to a little old man in a black coat, who looked rather afraid of them. Bonaparte sat down at a card-table, and summoned me to join him. I was the only woman of the whole party whose name was not unknown to M. Delille, and I felt that Bonaparte had selected me as a link between the poet's time and the Consul's. I tried to draw them together. Bonaparte allowed the conversation to turn on literary subjects, and at first our poet did not seem insensible to the attentions of so great a personage. Both became animated, but each in his own way; I soon perceived that neither was producing on the other the impression at which he was aiming. Bonaparte liked to be the speaker; M. Delille talked a great deal, and was given to narration. They interrupted each other; neither would take the part of listener; their sentences clashed instead of alternating. Both had become accustomed to admiration: each soon saw that neither could get the advantage, and they parted at last, tired of, and perhaps angry with, each other.

After their one evening together, M. Delille used to say that the

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* In the course of a few years, he published translations of the "Æneid" and of "Paradise Lost;" "L'Homme des Champs," "L'Imagination," some other poems, and finally, "La Pitié," which, by order of the police, could only be sold bound in boards. [This was to put its price beyond the reach of the people.]

First Consul's conversation "smelt of gunpowder," and Bonaparte, that the old poet "driveled wit."

I know little of M. de Chateaubriand's youth. When his family emigrated he accompanied them, and while in England he became acquainted with M. de Fontanes, who read his early manuscripts and encouraged him in his intention of becoming an author. On his return to France they renewed their acquaintance, and it was M. Fontanes, I think, who presented Chateaubriand to the First Consul. He published "Le Génie du Christianisme" at the time of the Concordat, in 1801, and thought proper to dedicate that work to "The Restorer of Religion."

He was not wealthy, and his tastes, his rather ill-regulated disposition, his strong though somewhat undefined ambition and his overweening vanity, made him desire and require to attach himself to something. I do not know in what capacity he was attached to the legation at Rome. He behaved imprudently there and displeased Bonaparte. This, added to the indignation he felt at the death of the Duc d'Enghien, set them utterly at variance.

On his return to Paris, M. de Chateaubriand was surrounded by a circle of ladies, who looked upon him as a martyr, and he embraced the political opinions to which he has since adhered. Neither his inclinations nor his talents were such as to make him fly from the world and court forgetfulness. Finding himself an object of suspicion to the government, he took pride in the fact. Those who profess to know him intimately assert that if Bonaparte, instead of molesting him, had shown more disposition to acknowledge his abilities, he could have easily won him over at any time, for he would not have been indifferent to praise from such a quarter. I give this opinion for what it is worth; I am not sure that it is well founded, but I know that the Emperor held it. He often said, "The difficulty would not be to buy M. de Chateaubriand, but to give him his own price." As it was, he held aloof and frequented the society of the opposition only.

During his journey to the Holy Land he was forgotten for awhile; all at once he reappeared, and published "Les Martyrs." The religious feelings which are apparent on every page of his works, colored as they are by brilliant genius, formed his admirers almost into a sect, and secured for him the enmity of the philosophers. He was both praised and attacked in the newspapers, and became the subject of a controversy which sometimes waxed very bitter. The Emperor encouraged it, "because," he said, "this controversy gives society something to do."

Just at the time of the publication of "Les Martyrs," a royalist conspiracy broke out in Brittany. One of M. de Chateaubriand's cousins was proved to have been implicated in it, brought to Paris, put on his trial, and condemned to death. I was intimate with some friends of M. de Chateaubriand; he came with them to my house and entreated me to join with him in imploring pardon for his kinsman, through the intercession of the Empress. I asked him to place a letter from himself to the Emperor in my hands; this he refused with repugnance, but he consented to write to Madame Bonaparte. At the same time he handed me a copy of "Les Martyrs," in hopes that Bonaparte would read that work and be mollified towards its author. As I did not feel sure that this would be sufficient to appease the anger of the Emperor, I replied to M. de Chateaubriand that I advised him to make use of several means at once. "You are related," I said, "to M. de Malesherbes. His is a name which, wherever it is uttered, is sure to command attention and respect.* Let us make use of it, and do you refer to him in writing to the Empress."

M. de Chateaubriand greatly astonished me by rejecting my advice on this point. He hinted to me that his self-respect would be hurt if he could not personally obtain the favor he solicited. His pride as an author was evidently his strongest feeling, and he wished to influence the Emperor in that capacity. He did not write, therefore, exactly in the strain I should have advised, but none the less did I convey his letter and also second it to the best of my ability. I even spoke to the Emperor and seized an opportunity of reading a few pages of "Les Martyrs" to him. Finally I mentioned M. de Malesherbes's name.

"You are not an unskillful pleader," said the Emperor, "but you are not rightly informed on this business. I must make an example in Brittany; it will be in the person of a man of little worth, for M. de Chateaubriand's cousin does not bear a very high reputation. I also know for certain that his kinsman does not greatly care about him, and the steps he has induced you to take are a proof of this. He is childish enough to refuse to write to me; his letter to the Empress is cold and haughty; he wants me to feel that his genius is of importance. To that I reply that my policy is of importance, and, in all conscience, he need not feel humbled by that. I must make an example in Brittany, to avoid the necessity of numberless trivial political prosecutions. This will be an opportunity for M. de Chateaubriand to

* Bonaparte restored to Madame de Montboissier, a returned emigrant, part of her property, for the reason that she was M. de Malesherbes's daughter.

write some pathetic pages, and he will read them aloud in the Faubourg St. Germain. The fine ladies will shed tears, and you will see how effectually that will console him."

It was hopeless to try to shake a resolution so expressed. The Empress's endeavors and mine were equally vain, and the sentence was carried out. On that very day I received a note from M. de Chateaubriand which, in spite of myself, reminded me of Bonaparte's words. He wrote that he had thought it his duty to be present at the death of his kinsman, and that he had shuddered at seeing dogs lap up his blood. The rest of the letter was in the same style. I had been touched, but this revolted me. Whether that result was his fault or mine I do not know. A few days afterwards I saw M. de Chateaubriand; he was in the deepest mourning, but did not appear very much afflicted. His dislike to the Emperor greatly increased from that time forth.

Now that I had become acquainted with him, his works gave me less pleasure than before. He was, and still is, greatly spoiled in certain circles, especially by women. He often places his acquaintances in an awkward position by showing them there is nothing they can teach him as to his own value. He always takes the highest place, finds that it suits him, and then becomes pleasant enough. But his conversation, though full of vivid imagination, betrays a cold heart, and his selfishness is scarcely disguised. His writings are religious, but his conversation does not always indicate pious sentiments. His writings are serious, but he is himself wanting in gravity. He has a fine face, is slightly misshapen, and most careful and affected in his dress. He prizes notoriety above all things; he possesses followers rather than friends. I conclude, from all I have observed, that it is pleasanter to read his works than to be acquainted with their author. I will relate at another time what occurred to him concerning the decennial prizes.

I was barely acquainted with Madame de Staël, but I have known many persons who knew her well. My mother and some of my relatives associated frequently with her in her youth, and they have often told me that from her childhood she gave indications of the remarkable intellect which made of her a person apart. At fifteen she devoured books on abstract questions, as well as the most passionate romances. The celebrated Franclieu, of Geneva, finding her one day with a volume of J. J. Rousseau's works in her hand, and surrounded by books of all sorts, said to Madame Necker, her mother, "Take care what you are about; you will drive your daughter into madness or imbecility." This startling prediction was not realized,

yet it may be admitted that there was a certain aberration of mind in the way Madame de Staël estimated her position as a woman. Surrounded in her father's house by all the celebrated men then residing in Geneva, and stimulated both by the conversations carried on in her presence and by her own genius, her intellect became overdeveloped. She early acquired a taste for argument, in which she afterwards became strikingly proficient. Her animation and excitability were excessive; she was perfectly sincere and unaffected, she felt strongly, and her words were of fire. Her husband was an ordinary man, and she was neither a good nor a happy wife. Swayed by her vivid imagination, too eager for fame and success, held in restraint by the social laws that confine women in a narrow circle, from which they can escape only by forfeiting their peace of mind, she defied and overcame all these things, and suffered unspeakably in this struggle between the interior forces that urged her on, and the social proprieties that failed to curb her.

It was her misfortune to be excessively ugly, and to grieve over the fact, for she craved for supremacy in everything. Had she been even good-looking, she would perhaps have had a larger share of happiness, for her mind would have been more at rest. A passionate nature like hers must have been loving, and her imagination, no doubt, often led her to believe that she loved. Her fame attracted many admirers, and her vanity was flattered by their homage. Although she was kind-hearted, she excited both dislike and envy. Women were afraid of her; and she gave offense to numbers of men, to whom she believed herself to be superior. Nevertheless, she had friends who always remained true to her, and her own loyalty in friendship was unimpeachable.

When Bonaparte became Consul, Madame de Staël was already celebrated for her opinions, her mode of life, and her writings. Such a man as Bonaparte would naturally excite, first the curiosity, and then the enthusiasm, of a woman so alive to anything out of the common way as Madame de Staël. She was enraptured, and eagerly sought his acquaintance. She thought that one who united so many remarkable gifts with so many favorable circumstances, would be a powerful promoter of liberty, which was her idol; but she alarmed Bonaparte, who did not choose to be either closely watched or clearly interpreted. Madame de Staël, having first startled, soon displeased him. He received her advances coldly, and disconcerted her by the brevity and downrightness of his speech. He opposed some of her opinions; mutual mistrust sprang up between them; and, as both were intense in their natures, this mistrust soon developed into dislike.

Madame de Staël received a good deal of company in Paris; political questions were freely discussed at her house. Louis Bonaparte sometimes visited there, and enjoyed her conversation; his brother objected to this, forbade him to frequent her society, and had him watched. Men of letters, journalists, men of the Revolution, and nobles, were her constant guests. "That woman makes men think," the First Consul used to say, "who otherwise would not dream of it, or who had forgotten how to set about it." And this was true enough. Certain works published by M. Necker irritated him still further; he banished Madame de Staël from France, and lowered himself by that arbitrary act. Moreover, as nothing increases the tendency to injustice so much as indulging it, he even persecuted those persons who afforded her shelter and help during her exile.

Her works, with the exception of novels, were garbled on entering France, and all the newspapers received orders to condemn them. She was most ungenerously treated. But while her own country rejected her, foreigners received her with honor. Her genius was strengthened by adversity, and reached a height which many men might have envied. Had Madame de Staël combined with her worth and her genius a taste for a quiet life, she would have escaped the greater part of her misfortunes, and attained during her lifetime to the distinguished place which cannot long be refused her among the writers of her century. Her works disclose comprehensive, able, and useful views, a lofty spirit, and, at times, a too vivacious imagination. They are wanting in clearness and taste, and they reveal an unquiet mind, to which order and rule are irksome. Her life was hardly the life of a woman, and could not be the life of a man; repose was not in her, and that is an irreparable injury to happiness and also to talent.

At the first restoration Madame de Staël returned to France, rejoiced to be once more in her native land, and to behold the dawn of a constitutional government for which she had ardently longed. The return of Bonaparte struck her with terror. Once more she fled to a foreign land, but her exile only lasted a hundred days; she reappeared when the king came back. Again she was happy; she had just given her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie who to the luster of his name adds that of a noble and distinguished character; she rejoiced in the delivery of France from bondage; she was surrounded by friends and admired by the great world.

In the hour of her prosperity she died, at the age of fifty.* Her last work remained unfinished; it was published after her death, and

* In 1817.

reveals the woman completely. In it she describes her own times, and gives a clear and just idea of the century to which she belonged, which alone could have produced her, and of which she is one of the remarkable features.

I have heard Bonaparte speak of Madame de Staël. His dislike of her arose in part from his jealousy of any superior talent of which he could not make himself master; his acrimonious censure of her served only to exalt her and to lower himself in the estimation of reasonable hearers.

During the years in which Madame de Staël might very justly have complained of the persecution to which she was subjected, another writer, doubtless greatly inferior to her, but not less celebrated, had reason to rejoice in the patronage extended to her by the Emperor. This was Madame de Genlis. It must be owned that neither her abilities nor her opinions were directed against him. She had admired the Revolution, and availed herself of the liberty it gave. As she advanced in years, she became a partisan of order, and for this reason, or on this pretext, she professed profound admiration for Bonaparte. He was flattered, and granted her a pension; he also authorized her to enter into a sort of correspondence with him, in the course of which she kept him informed of everything that she thought might be of use to him, and told him all he wanted to know concerning the former *régime*. She played patron in her turn to M. Fiévée, who was then a very young writer; she gave him a share in this correspondence, and a sort of relation was established between him and Bonaparte of which the young man subsequently boasted.

Though Bonaparte knew how to utilize the admiration of Madame de Genlis, he estimated her worth pretty accurately. He criticised her one day in my hearing with great acuteness; alluding to the prudery which characterizes all her writings, he said, "When Madame de Genlis wants to describe virtue she always speaks of it as of a new discovery."

There was no renewal of friendship between Madame de Genlis and the House of Orleans at the Restoration. The Duke of Orleans would only see her once, though he continued to allow her the pension that the Emperor had granted her.

But these two were not the only women who wrote books during the reign of Bonaparte. I could name several. At their head should be Madame Cottin, who is remarkable for the passion of her imagination and of her style; then Madame de Flahault, who at the beginning of the century was married to M. de Souza, at that

time Portuguese ambassador, and who wrote very pretty tales. There are others whose names will be found in all the newspapers of the day. Novels have multiplied in France during the last thirty years, and the mental progress of the country since the Revolution may be approximately estimated by an examination of them. The anarchy of the first years of the Revolution prevented men and women from seeking those intellectual pleasures which can only be enjoyed in repose.

The rising generation were, generally speaking, entirely deficient in education, and the antagonism of parties destroyed public opinion. From the moment this great power disappeared, mediocrity might lift its head unabashed; every kind of literature had its chance, and works of imagination, which are easy to compose in proportion as they are eccentric, were published without criticism.

The minds of men were in a state of excitement, which showed itself strongly in the composition and style of works of fiction. Only liberty, which we did not enjoy, can profitably develop those feelings which our great political convulsions had aroused in men of genius. But, at all times and under all governments, women can speak and write of love, and the general taste was in favor of works of this kind. They were no longer written with the artistic elegance of Madame de la Fayette, or the refined and delicate grace of Madame Riccoboni; the authors no longer took pleasure in describing the ways of courts or the customs of a state of society all but obsolete. Strong situations were now depicted, passionate sentiments, and human nature grappling with extraordinary difficulties. The writer's heart was often laid bare in these fictions, and there were men also who gave vent to the suppressed excitement of the time in this style of composition. After all, there is some truth and nature in the spirit of the works published at the period of which I am writing, and even in the novels the imaginative part is rather overstrained than affected; it is not, generally speaking, perverted by a false taste.

The bewilderment of our revolution had shaken French society, and it had been unable to reform itself. Every individual composing it had not only been displaced, but also entirely changed. Purely conventional customs had by degrees disappeared, and social relations, speech, writings, even paintings, had been influenced by the change. Stronger and simpler emotions were sought for, because misfortune develops a state of habitually profound feeling. Bonaparte could not thrust back this tide, but he could repress it. The restoration of order in the government brought order also to what M. de Fontanes used to call *les bonnes lettres*. It was felt that taste, discretion, and moder-

ation must now be expected in the productions of men of talent. Had the good genius of France ordained that Bonaparte, while giving us rest, should also give us some semblance of liberty, it is probable that the recollections of a stormy time, when all mental processes were in a state of the wildest ferment, combined with a more orderly condition of things in the present, would have produced more important literary results. But the Emperor, who was bent on turning everything solely to his own advantage, and made immense efforts to connect every kind of celebrity with his own reign, set the seal of his despotism upon intellect by forbidding it every generous flight.

Authors for the most part exhausted their ingenuity in inventing flattery which was bespoken and rewarded; they did not venture to write political works; they avoided even a line of questionable application in their works of fiction. Comedy did not dare to represent the manners of the day; tragedy was restricted to certain heroes. There was, in truth, sufficient matter for praise; the literary conscience might thus be at ease, but the imagination was thwarted, and soon died out.

Meanwhile, the progress of time, the natural advance of thought, the habitual good taste of France, the general desire to preserve former classic models—all these things co-operated, so that most of the literary work of the time was distinguished by elegance and correctness. All those, or very nearly all who wrote, wrote well, but they were constrained; for thought is the highest quality of genius, and when thought is curbed, the writer must restrict himself to perfection of expression. Authors, therefore, gave their whole mind to doing well that which they were permitted to do at all, and hence the monotony which appears to me to characterize the greater part of the writings of the early part of this century. But now, when the liberty we have just gained may be extended in every direction at once, this improvement in style will not have been in vain, and we shall have bequeathed to our children a habit of polished expression, which will come to the aid of genius.

Much was forbidden us, but truth to nature at least remained within our reach, and that quality is to be recognized in the greater part of the literary productions of our time. The stage, which did not venture to represent the vices or foibles of any class, because all classes had been newly re-established by Bonaparte, and whatsoever was his doing had to be respected, shook off the affectation of pre-revolutionary times. The place of honor among our writers of comedy is due to Picard, who has given us many lively and original

pictures of the manners and customs of Paris under the Directory; after him comes Duval, and then some authors of pretty comic operas. We have also witnessed the birth and death of many distinguished poets of the second rank, viz., Legouvé, who began by writing "La Mort d'Abel," and who afterwards wrote "La Mort d'Henri IV.," and some graceful little poems; Arnault, author of "Marius à Minturnes;" Raynouard, who made a great success with "Les Templiers;" Lemercier, whose first and finest work was "Agamemnon;" Chénier, who possessed real tragic power, but whose talent was of too revolutionary an order.

Then come a crowd of poets,* all more or less disciples of M. Delille, who, having learned from him the art of elegant rhyme, sang the charms of the country, of simple pleasures, and of peace, to the sound of Bonaparte's cannon, which was thundering all over Europe. I need not give a long list of names that can easily be found elsewhere. Some good translations were made. Only a few historical works were produced; the time had come when they would need to be written with a powerful pen, and no one would have ventured on this. Happily, the light and mocking tone of the last century's philosophers, which, by destroying all belief by the aid of ridicule, blighted everything serious in the life of man, and ended by proclaiming the negation of all religion as an obligatory and intolerant dogma, was no longer in fashion. The teachings of adversity were contrary to impiety; men's minds began to be attracted towards a more excellent way, which they have not ceased to follow, though somewhat falteringly.†

* Such as Esménard, Parseval-Grandmaison, Luce de Lancival, Campenon, Michaud, etc.

† The following is my father's criticism on this chapter of literary history:—"My mother's opinions on literature and art may seem rather incoherent; and, in fact, it was on these subjects that she retained most of what I may venture to call the prejudices of her education. She had a great admiration for Louis XIV., together with political tendencies which were simply senseless if Louis XIV.'s was a model government. In the same way she was an admirer of the cold and factitious correctness of the literature of this period, even regarding it as the mark and test of excellence; and yet, when not on her guard, she showed that her natural preference was for strength, passion, life, and nature. When she was quite young, Rousseau was her favorite author, and, from the moment that she formed any political opinions, she became full of enthusiasm for Madame de Staël, while she was fascinated with the novelty of Chateaubriand. She beheld the beginning of the Romantic School, and was an ardent admirer of Sir Walter Scott, of Byron's 'Parisina,' 'Childe Harold,' and Schiller's tragedies. Yet she seems to have thought that the literature of the time of the Revolution was extravagant, and to have rejoiced at a return under the empire to the rules of correct writing and of modesty in composition, believing all the while that she was contemporary with a renaissance of art of the highest promise.

"She speaks rather coldly of Chateaubriand. Nor does she sufficiently admit her

The fine arts, to which liberty is less a necessity than it is to literature, have not ceased to progress. But, nevertheless, as I have said before, they also suffered from the general constraint. Among our most famous painters is David, but he unfortunately injured his fame by yielding to the worst excesses of the Revolutionary madness. After refusing, in 1792, to paint a portrait of Louis XVI., because he would not, he said, allow his pencil to reproduce the features of a tyrant, he was the very humble servant of Bonaparte, and painted portraits of him over and over again. Gérard may be mentioned next; he painted many historical portraits, an immortal picture of the battle of Austerlitz, and, quite recently, the entry of Henri IV. into Paris, a work which stirred every French heart; Girodet, who is remarkable for his purity of outline and the originality of his conceptions; Gros, an eminently dramatic artist; Guérin, whose magic brush touches the deepest feelings; Isabey, the exquisitely skillful miniature painter; and numberless others in every branch of the art.

The Emperor was the patron of all. Painters were glad to avail themselves of inspiring subjects, and money was lavished upon them. The Revolution had opened the doors of society to them; their position was agreeable and useful; they guided the graceful advance of luxury; and at the same time that they drew inspiration from the poetic side of

admiration of his works. His attitude and his writings from 1815 to 1820 greatly displeased her, and, as his character had never attracted her, she judged him with some severity. She had at intervals invited him to her house during the empire; she liked him to appear to appreciate her, yet she disliked his affected manner. That manner he never altered, except for a careless, indifferent, sarcastic demeanor. The latter, however, he never assumed towards her; it would have pleased her no better. It is under this Byronic aspect that he is best known by a certain section of society, including Molé, who had been on friendly terms with him. He was looked on coldly by what I may call the Faubourg Saint Honoré. My mother had moved in circles far removed from Madame de Staël, and was full of prejuice against her, imparted by education and society. She seldom heard her spoken of by persons who were acquainted with her, with the exception of M. de Talleyrand, who was no friend of Madame de Staël's, but took pleasure in holding her up to ridicule.

"Our impressions are far more strongly influenced by our views than they should be. My mother did not at first appreciate, as she would naturally have done, the intellectual gifts of Madame de Staël. Not that she disliked 'Corinne' and 'Delphine,' but she was afraid to like them, for, in the time of her youth, admiration of works which bore traces of the influence of the Revolution or of philosophy was hampered by many restrictions and scruples. All this was greatly changed in 1818, and we have seen to what a reasonable point my mother had attained with regard to Madame de Staël when she began writing her "Memoirs." Nevertheless, her former opinion of this lady lingers in her remarks on her personal appearance and even on her works. I cannot refrain from smiling when I find her laying down *repose* as a condition of the development of talent. This is an idea of the seventeenth century, or rather of the light in which the rhetoricians of the time made us regard the seventeenth century."—P. R.

the Revolution and the imperial rule they reaped a rich harvest for themselves.

Bonaparte might, perhaps, check the utterance of great thoughts, but he kindled men's imaginations, and that is enough for most poets and for all painters.

The progress of science was in no way retarded. Science does not inspire fear in any kind of government, and it is useful to all. The Institute of France includes some very distinguished men. Bonaparte was gracious to all of them; some he enriched, and even decorated them with his new orders. He raised certain among them to the senate, and I think that by so doing he did honor to himself, and that there was grandeur in the idea. Men of science, however, showed no more spirit of independence under his reign than did other classes. Lagrange alone, one of the senators created by him, kept aloof; but Laplace, Lacépède, Monge, Bertholet, Cuvier, and others, received his favors with eagerness, and repaid them by constant admiration.

I must not conclude without saying a few words respecting a number of musicians who also did honor to their art. Music has attained to high perfection in France. Bonaparte had a particular liking for the Italian school, and the sums he had both the power and the will to expend in introducing this school of music into France were of service to us, although he was capricious in the distribution of his favors. For instance, he never liked Cherubini, because the latter, feeling annoyed on one occasion at a criticism of Bonaparte's, then only General Bonaparte, had answered him abruptly, "A man may be a good soldier, and yet understand nothing of harmony." He took a fancy to Lesueur,* and was exceedingly angry, on the occasion of the distribution of decennial prizes, because the Institute did not bestow the prize on him. But, on the whole, he was the special patron of music. I have seen him receive the aged Grétry at Malmaison, and treat him with marked distinction.

Grétry, Dalayrac, Méhul, Berton, Lesueur, Spontini, and others, distinguished themselves under the empire, and received rewards for their compositions.†

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*Composer of the opera of "Les Bardes," and of "Trajan."

† It is to be regretted that Madame de Rémusat, who was a good musician and composed some pretty songs, did not give a more detailed account of the musicians of her time. I find the following interesting letters of the Emperor among his correspondence:

"MONSIEUR FOUCHÉ:—I beg you will give me information on the subject of 'Don Juan,' which the opera house wishes to put on the stage. I wish to know your opinion of this play with respect to its effect on the public.

"Bologna, 4th Messidor, year 13 (23d June, 1805)."

In like manner actors were largely subsidized. What I have already said of our authors may also be applied to theatrical art. Since the Revolution an easy style has replaced the labored phraseology of our stage. Good taste has proscribed pompous gravity in tragedy, and banished affectation in comedy. Talma and Mademoiselle Mars have carried the union of art and nature to perfection. Grace has been combined with agility in stage dancing. Lastly, we may fairly affirm that simplicity and elegance have became the prevailing characteristic of modern French taste, and that all that was untrue to nature, either in imaginary or conventional scenes, has disappeared.

On the suggestion of M. Portalis, the minister of public worship, the Emperor issued a decree, appointing his birthday to be kept on the Feast of the Assumption, the 15th of August, which was also the anniversary of the conclusion of the Concordat. The first Sunday of each December was also set apart as a holiday, in commemoration of Austerlitz.

On the 30th of March there was an important session of the senate, which gave rise to much and various comment. The Emperor communicated to the senators a long list of decrees, which were destined to affect Europe from one end to the other. It will not be amiss to give some details of these, as well as an extract from the speech of Cambacérès, the arch-chancellor, which affords an example of the obsequious skill with which the sudden resolves of a master who kept all things, even men's minds, in unceasing ferment, could be clothed in specious phrases.

"Gentlemen," said Cambacérès, "at the time when France, animated by the same spirit as ourselves, secured alike her happiness and her glory by an oath of obedience to our august sovereign, you foresaw in your wisdom the necessity of co-ordinating the system of hereditary

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"Ludwigsburg, 12th Vendémiaire, year 14 (4th October, 1805).

"My Brother:—I leave this to-night. Every day will now bring forth events of greater interest. It will be enough if you put in the *Moniteur* that the Emperor is in good health; that on Friday, 12th Vendémiaire, he was still at Ludwigsburg; and that the junction of the army with the Bavarians is accomplished. I heard yesterday, at the court theater here, the German opera of 'Don Juan.' I imagine the music to be the same as that of the opera now on the stage in Paris. It seemed to me to be very good."

On the same day he writes to the Minister of the Interior:—

"Monsieur Champagny:—I am at the court of Wurtemburg, and in one of the intervals of war. I heard yesterday some very good music. German singing seems to me, however, rather rough. Is the reserve on the march? What about the conscription of the year 14?"—P. R.

governments in all its parts, and likewise of strengthening it by institutions analogous to its nature.

"Your wishes have been partly fulfilled; they will be still further accomplished by the various enactments which his majesty the Emperor and King orders me to lay before you. You will receive with gratitude these fresh proofs of his confidence in the senate and his love for the people, and you will hasten, in conformity with his majesty's intention, to inscribe them on your registers.

"The first of these decrees is a statute to regulate all things relating to the civil status of the imperial family, and it also defines the duties of the princes and princesses towards the Emperor.

"The second decree unites the States of Venice to the kingdom of Italy.

"The third confers the throne of Naples on Prince Joseph." (Here follows an elaborate panegyric of the virtues of the new king and of the measure by which he retains the title of grand dignitary of the empire.)

"The fourth contains the cession of the duchy of Cleves and the duchy of Berg to Prince Murat" (similar panegyric).

"The fifth bestows the principality of Guastalla on the Princess Borghese and her husband" (praises of both).

"The sixth transfers to Marshal Berthier the principality of Neufchâtel."* (He is complimented like the rest. This touching proof of the solicitude of the Emperor for his companion-in-arms, for his brave and intelligent fellow-soldier, will not fail to touch every loyal heart and to gladden every loyal spirit.)

"The seventh erects three great titles in the States of Parma and Piacenza which will be suitably supported by considerable sums to be raised in those states by order of his majesty.

"By similar provisions, contained in decrees relating to the States of Venice, the kingdom of Naples, and the principality of Lucca, his majesty has created rewards worthy of himself for several of his subjects who have performed great services in war, or who, in the dis-

* In the following terms, alike familiar and unkind, the Emperor informs Marshal Berthier of the new favors he bestowed on him:—"Malmaison, April 1, 1806. I send you the *Moniteur*. You will see what I am doing for you. I make but one condition: it is that you should marry; and this must also be a condition of my friendship for you. Your infatuation has lasted long enough; it has become absurd; and I have the right to expect that you, whom I have called my *companion-in-arms*, and whom posterity will always place at my side, shall no longer remain enslaved by such a weakness. You must, therefore, marry, or I will see you no more. You are fifty; but you come of a family who live to eighty, and these thirty years are precisely those in which the comforts of home life will be most necessary to you."—P. R.

charge of important functions, have contributed in a signal manner to the welfare of the state. These dignities and titles become the property of those invested with them, and will descend in the male line to their legitimate heirs. This grand conception, while it proclaims to Europe the price attached by his majesty to acts of valor in his soldiers, and to faithfulness in those employed by him in important affairs, is also of political advantage. The brilliant position of eminent men gives to their example and their counsels an influence with the people which a monarch may sometimes substitute, with advantage, for the authority of public officials. At the same time, such men are intercessors between the people and the throne."

(It must be admitted that a good deal of progress had been made since the still recent time when the decrees of the government were dated "Year 14 of the republic.")

"It is, therefore, on these bases that the Emperor wishes to build the great political system with the idea of which Providence has inspired him, and by which he increases the love and admiration for his person which you share with all the French nation."

After this speech the various decrees were read aloud. The following are the most important articles :—

By the decree regulating the civil status of the imperial family, the princes and princesses could not marry without the consent of the Emperor. Children born of a marriage contracted without his consent would have no claim to the privileges which in certain countries attach to morganatic marriages.

Divorce was forbidden to the imperial family, but separation, if authorized by the Emperor, was allowed.

The guardians of imperial children were to be named by him.

Members of the imperial family could not adopt children without his permission.

The archchancellor of the empire was to fulfill towards the imperial family all the functions assigned by law to the officers of the civil status. A secretary for the status of the imperial family was to be chosen among the ministers or from among the state councilors.*

The ceremonial for marriages and births was arranged.

The archchancellor was to receive the will of the Emperor, as dictated by him to the secretary of the imperial family, in presence of two witnesses. The will was to be placed in the keeping of the senate.

* This was State Councilor Regnault de Sainte-Jean d' Angeley.

The Emperor was to regulate everything concerning the education of the princes and princesses of his family, appointing or removing those who had it in charge. All princes born in the order of succession were to be brought up together in a palace not more than twenty leagues from the residence of the Emperor.

The education of the princes was to begin at the age of seven, and end at that of sixteen. Children of certain persons distinguished by their services might be admitted by the Emperor to share in the advantages of this education.

If a prince in the order of succession should ascend a foreign throne, he would be bound, on his sons' attaining the age of seven, to send them to the aforesaid palace.

The princes and princesses could not leave France, nor remove beyond a radius of thirty leagues, without permission of the Emperor.

If a member of the imperial family were to misconduct himself, forgetting his high position and his duties, the Emperor might, for a space of time not exceeding one year, place him under arrest, forbid him his presence, or send him into exile. He might forbid any intercourse between members of his family and persons who seemed to him of doubtful character. In serious cases he might order two years' seclusion in a state prison. This was to be done in the presence of the archchancellor and of a family council presided over by himself; the secretary of the imperial family to be in attendance.

The great dignitaries and the dukes of the empire were subject to the provisions of these latter articles.

After this first decree came the following:—

"We have established and we establish as duchies and great fiefs of our empire the provinces hereinafter to be named:

Dalmatia,	Tréviso,
Istria,	Feltre,
Friuli,	Bassano,
Cadore,	Vicenza,
Belluna,	Padua,
Conegliano,	Rovigo.

"We reserve to ourselves the investiture of the said fiefs, to descend in succession to male issue. In the event of extinction the said fiefs shall revert to the imperial crown.

"It is our intention that a fifteenth part of the revenue that our kingdom of Italy draws, or may draw, from the said provinces shall be an appanage to the said fiefs, and be possessed by those whom we shall have invested with them. We reserve to ourselves for the same pur-

pose the disposal of thirty millions of francs from national property situate in the said provinces.

"*Le Mont Napoléon* * shall be charged with twelve hundred thousand francs as government annuities, in favor of those generals, officers, and soldiers who have done good service to the country and to our crown, but on the express condition that they shall not alienate the said sum within ten years without our permission.

"Until the kingdom of Italy shall have an army, we grant to the said kingdom a French contingent, to be maintained by our imperial treasury. To this end, our royal treasury of Italy shall pay monthly to our imperial treasury the sum of two million five hundred thousand francs during the time that our army shall sojourn in Italy, that is, during six years. The heir-presumptive of Italy shall be entitled Prince of Venice.

"The tranquillity of Europe requires that we should secure the safety of the peoples of Naples and Sicily, who have fallen into our power by the right of conquest, and who are part of the grand empire; we therefore declare our brother Joseph Napoleon, Grand Elector of France, King of Naples and Sicily. The crown shall be hereditary in the male line; failing this, we appoint it to our own legitimate children in the male line, and failing these, to the children of our brother Louis Napoleon; † reserving to ourselves, in the event of our brother Joseph's dying without male children, the right of naming as successor to the crown a prince of our own family or an adopted son, according as we may deem it desirable in the interests of our people, and of that great system which Divine Providence has destined us to found.

"Six great fiefs are established in the said kingdom, with the title of duchy, and the same prerogatives as the others, to be in perpetuity appointed by us and our successors.

"We reserve to ourselves a revenue of one million on the kingdom of Naples, for distribution among the generals, officers and privates of our army, on the same conditions as those set forth in the case of *le Mont Napoléon*.

"The King of Naples shall be, in perpetuity, a grand dignitary of the empire, we reserving to ourselves the right of creating him a prince instead of grand elector.

"We declare that the crown of Naples, which we place on the head of Prince Joseph and his heirs, shall in no way bar their right to the

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* *Le Mont Napléon* was a creation of government stock for Italy.

† Bonaparte had made all his brothers take the name of Napoleon.

succession to the throne of France.* But it is our will also that the crowns, whether of France, Italy, Naples and Sicily, shall never be united on the same head.

"We give the duchies of Cleves and of Berg to our brother-in-law, Prince Joachim, and to his heirs male; failing whom, they shall devolve on our brother Joseph, and if he have no male issue, on our brother Louis; but they are never to be united to the crown of France. The Duke of Cleves and Berg will continue to be grand admiral, and we shall have power to create a vice-admiral."

Lastly, the principality of Guastalla was bestowed on Princess Borghese—the prince was to bear the title of Prince of Guastalla; should they have no issue, the Emperor was to dispose of the principality at his pleasure. The same conditions were to hold good in the case of the principality of Neufchâtel.†

The principality of Lucca was augmented by the addition of some lands detached from the kingdom of Italy, and in return was to pay an annual sum of two hundred ‡ thousand francs, which was likewise destined for military rewards. A portion of the national property, situate in the duchies of Parma and Piacenza, was reserved for the same object.

I have deemed it well to give almost the entire text of the different decrees, which seem to me to call for comment. This act of Bonaparte's revealed to some extent the preponderance which he intended to give the French empire over the conquered states of Europe, and also of that which he reserved to himself personally. It may easily be conceived that these decrees excited such disquiet throughout Europe as forbade us to cherish the hope of a long peace. It is also plain from them that Italy, which had been eager to seize on the independence which unity of government seemed to promise her, soon found her hopes betrayed by the secondary position in which she was placed by the bonds that subjected her to the Emperor.

No matter how careful Prince Eugene was, or how mild and just his government, the Italians soon perceived that conquest had placed them in the power of a master who made use of the resources of their beautiful land for his own advantage only. They maintained on their territory, and at their cost, a foreign army. The largest part of their

* Joseph Bonaparte had insisted on the assertion of this article.

† Oudinot took possession of Neufchâtel, at the head of his grenadiers, and began by confiscating all English merchandise.

‡ All these annual revenues were comprised, together with the levies made in war time, in what was called the extraordinary estate.

revenue served to enrich Frenchmen. In everything that was exacted of them, much less regard was paid to their interests than to the advantage of the great empire, and this soon became synonymous with the ambitious projects of one man, who did not hesitate to claim from Italy sacrifices he would scarcely have dared to ask of France. The viceroy endeavored to obtain some alleviation for the Italians, but in vain. They learned, however, to do justice to the character of Eugene, and to distinguish between him and the rigorous measures which he was forced to carry out; they were grateful to him for what he tried to do, and for his good intentions. This, however, did not last; the people, too much oppressed, lost the power of being just, and included all Frenchmen, Prince Eugene at their head, in the hatred they bore to the Emperor.

The viceroy himself, who was a faithful servant to Bonaparte, though he was under no delusion regarding him, told his mother, in my presence, that the Emperor, jealous of the affection Eugene had won, had imposed useless and oppressive measures upon him in order to alienate the good will of the Italians.

The vice-queen contributed also, at first, to the popularity of her husband. She was beautiful, very kind-hearted, pious, and benevolent, and she charmed every one who approached her. Towards Bonaparte her manner was dignified and cold. He disliked to hear her praised. She never passed much time in Paris.

Several of the articles of these decrees were never carried out. Change of circumstances led to change of purpose; new passions brought forth new fancies, or sudden suspicion altered former resolves. In many respects the government of Bonaparte resembled the palace of the legislature in which the chamber of deputies is now installed. The former building remains unaltered; but, in order to render it more imposing, a façade has been erected, which, seen from the riverside, is undoubtedly a grand object, but if we walk round the building, we find that the façade does not harmonize with the architecture. Bonaparte frequently erected façades only, political, legislative, or administrative.

After the reception of these messages the senate passed a vote of thanks to the Emperor, and deputations were sent to the new Queen of Naples, who received them with her usual simple grace, and to the two princesses. Murat had already departed to take possession of his duchy. The newspapers assured us he was received with acclamations, and gave a similar account of the delight of the Neapolitans; but from private letters we learned that the war was to be continued, and

that Calabria would make a stout resistance. Joseph has a mild disposition, and in no place has he made himself personally disliked; but he is wanting in tact, and he has always shown himself unequal to the position in which he was placed. To tell the truth, the business of kingship, as established by Bonaparte, has been a difficult one.

Having settled these important points, the Emperor turned to occupations of a lighter kind. On the 7th of April the betrothal of the young couple of whom I have already spoken took place at the Tuileries. The ceremony was performed in the Diana Gallery in the evening; there was a numerous and brilliant court. The bride-elect wore a silver-embroidered gown ornamented with roses. The witnesses on her side were MM. de Talleyrand, De Champagny, and De Ségur; and for the bridegroom the hereditary Prince of Bavaria, the grand chamberlain of the Elector of Baden, and Baron Dalberg, Minister Plenipotentiary of Baden.*

On the following evening the marriage was celebrated in state. The Tuileries were illuminated; fireworks were exhibited on the Place Louis XV., then called Place de la Concorde.

The court displayed a special splendor for the occasion, even beyond its usual extravagant luxury. The Empress wore a gown entirely covered with gold embroidery of different shades, and wore, besides the imperial crown, pearls in her hair to the value of a million francs; Princess Borghese shone with all the Borghese diamonds added to her own, which were priceless. Madame Murat wore rubies; Madame Louis was almost covered with turquoises set in brilliants; the new Queen of Naples, who was slight and delicate, seemed to bend beneath the weight of precious stones. I remember that I had a court dress made for the occasion,† although I was not usually among the most brilliantly dressed ladies of the court. It was of pink crape, spangled with silver, and looped up with wreaths of jasmine. I wore a wreath of jasmine and diamond wheat ears. My jewels were worth from forty thousand to fifty thousand francs, far less in value than those of our court ladies.

Princess Stéphanie had received magnificent gifts from her husband, and still more splendid ones from the Emperor. She wore a circlet of diamonds surmounted with orange blossom. Her court dress was of white tulle, with silver stars and sprays of orange blossom. She approached the altar with much gracefulness, and made

* Nephew to the prince primate, archchancellor of the German Empire.

† It cost sixty louis.

her deep curtsies so as to charm the Emperor and every one else. Her father, who stood among the senators, was moved to tears. His position in this ceremony was curious, and his feelings must have been rather complex. The Order of Baden was conferred on him.

The cardinal legate, Caprara, solemnized the marriage. At the conclusion of the ceremony we returned from the chapel to the state apartments in the same order as that in which we had come down; the princes and princesses heading the procession, the Empress followed by all her ladies, with the Prince of Baden at her side, and the Emperor leading the bride. He wore his state costume. I have already said that it became him well. Nothing was wanting to the pageantry of the procession but a more deliberate step; but Bonaparte always would walk fast, and he hurried us more than was dignified or desirable.

The trains of the princesses and queens, and that of the Empress, were borne by pages. As for the rest of us, although letting our trains fall would have greatly improved our appearance we were obliged to carry them over one arm, because their excessive length would have caused far too much delay for the Emperor's quick pace.

It frequently happened in state ceremonials, and rendered them less imposing, that the chamberlains preceding him would repeat in a low tone, as they trod on our heels, "Now then, ladies, please to get on." The Countess d'Arberg, who had been at the court of the archduchess in the Netherlands, and was accustomed to German etiquette, was always so visibly annoyed by this intimation, that we, who were used to it, could not but laugh at her. She used to say, with some humor, that we ought to be called "postilions-in-waiting," and that we had better have had short skirts given to us than the long train, which was of no use.

M. de Talleyrand was also very much annoyed by this habit, as, in his capacity of grand chamberlain, he had to precede the Emperor, and he, on account of a weakness of the lower limbs, found even slow walking difficult. The aides-de-camp used to be amused at his vexation. As for the Empress, this was one of the points on which she would not yield to her husband. She had a very graceful manner of walking, and was averse to hiding any of her accomplishments, therefore nothing could induce her to hurry. The pressure began among those who were following her.

When we were starting for the chapel, I recollect that the Emperor, who was little used to giving his hand to ladies, was puzzled, not knowing whether to offer his right or his left hand to the bride. It was she who had to make the decision.

A great reception was held that day in the state apartments; there was a concert, then a ballet and supper, as I have before described. The Queen of Naples having passed next after the Empress, Bonaparte placed his adopted daughter at his right hand, above his mother. On that evening again Madame Murat had to endure the great mortification of passing through the doorways after the young Princess of Baden.

The court removed next day to Malmaison, and shortly afterwards to Saint Cloud. I have already related what occurred there. On the 20th we came back to Paris, to be present at a splendid fête given in honor of the marriage.

The Emperor, wishing to display his court to the Parisians, allowed a considerable number of invitations to be sent to men and women of every class. The state apartments were filled by an immense crowd.* Two quadrilles were danced; one, in which I took part, was Madame Louis Bonaparte's, and was performed with dance-steps in the Salle des Maréchaux. Sixteen ladies, in groups of four, dressed in white, their heads wreathed with flowers of different colors, their dresses ornamented with flowers, and with diamond wheat ears in their hair, danced with sixteen gentlemen wearing white satin coats, and scarfs corresponding in color to their partners' flowers. When our dance was concluded the Empress and the imperial family entered the Diana Gallery, where Madame Murat was at the head of another quadrille — the persons composing it being costumed as Spaniards, with hats and feathers.

After this, every one was allowed to dance—city and court together. Ices and refreshments were distributed in profusion. The Emperor returned to Saint Cloud, having remained about an hour, and spoken to a great number of persons; that is to say, having asked each one his or her name. Dancing was kept up after his departure, until morning.

Perhaps I have lingered too long on these details, but they are a relief from the serious narrative I have undertaken, and of which my woman's pen becomes at times a little weary.

While making and unmaking kings, according to the expression of M. de Fontanes;† while giving his adopted daughter in marriage, and joining in the festivities of which I have spoken, the Emperor assiduous-

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* There were two thousand five hundred persons at this ball. Supper was served in the state council room.

† Speech of the president of the corps législatif, this year.

ly attended the state councils, hastened on their work, and forwarded daily a great number of laws to the legislature. State Councilor Treilhard was the bearer of the code of procedure, completed during this year; many regulations were agreed to concerning trade, and the session was closed by a statement which conveyed grand ideas of the flourishing state of our finance. Not an extra sou was demanded from the nation; public works had been accomplished, and others were in contemplation; there was a formidable army, as was well known, and only a fixed debt of forty-eight millions; a civil list of thirty-five million against eight million of revenue.

Meanwhile the Emperor's resentment against the English government was growing deeper. The cabinet, which, however changed in its individual members, was not changed in its policy towards us, declared war on the King of Prussia, to punish him for his neutrality in the last war, and for his conquest of Hanover, which he had just taken.

A long article on European politics appeared in the *Moniteur*. The author tried to prove that by this rupture England would accelerate the policy which must close the northern ports against her, the ports of the south being already closed, and that she would strengthen the union between France and the Continent. The position of Holland was next fully discussed. The Grand Pensionary Schimmelpenninck had, it was reported, become blind. What would be the course taken by the Dutch? It was known that the Emperor, who had not directly authorized the recent changes in the organization of that country, had spoken as follows: "The prosperity and liberty of nations can only be assured by one of two systems of government—a constitutional monarchy, or a republic, constituted according to the principles of liberty. In Holland the grand pensionary exercises an important influence on the elections of the representatives of the legislative body; this is a radical vice in the constitution. Nevertheless all nations cannot with impunity leave the choice of their representatives to the public, and when there is danger to be apprehended from assembling the people, recourse must be had to the principles of a good and wise monarchy. This, perhaps, is what will occur to the Dutch. It is for them to appreciate their situation and to choose between the two systems that one which is most likely to establish public prosperity and public liberty on a solid basis." These words were sufficiently indicative of what was in store for Holland. The writer next pointed out the advantages which must result to France from the duchies of Cleves and Berg being occupied by a Frenchman, inasmuch as our relations with Holland would be better,

and that all the countries on the right bank of the Rhine would be occupied by allies of the imperial family.

The Prince de Neufachâtel was about to close Switzerland against English traders.* The Emperor of Austria was said to be engaged in tending his wounds, and resolved on a long peace. The Russians, still agitated by English policy, had had fresh contests in Dalmatia, being unwilling to give up the country situated near the month of the Cattaro, which was in their occupation; but the presence of the Grand Army, whose return had been suspended, had compelled them at length to fulfill the conditions of the last treaty.

The Pope was dismissing from Rome all persons, whether English, Russians, or Sardinians, suspected of intriguing, and whose presence gave umbrage to the French government.

The kingdom of Naples was almost entirely subjugated; Sicily was defended by a mere handful of English; France was in close alliance with the Porte; the Turkish Government was less mercenary and less ignorant than had been supposed, and understood that the presence of the French in Dalmatia might be most useful in protecting Turkey from Russian invasion; lastly, our army was more formidable than ever, and well able to resist the attacks of a fourth coalition, to form which Europe was, after all, not disposed.

This sketch of our position with regard to Europe could only be reassuring to those who took in their literal sense plausible phrases which emanated from the highest source. It was easy enough for any one who read them without absolute credulity to perceive that the populations were not so docile as we tried to make out, that we were beginning to sacrifice their interests to our own policy, that England, angered by failure was bent on raising up new enemies for us, that the King of Prussia was selling us his friendship, and that Russia was still threatening us. Men no longer believed in the pacific intentions which the Emperor announced in all his speeches. But there was something so impressive in his plans, his military talent was so abundantly proved, he bestowed such greatness on France, that, duped by her own glory, forced as she was to bend beneath the yoke, she consented also to be beguiled by the enchanter. Moreover, the internal prosperity of the country had apparently increased; there was no augmentation of taxes; everything contributed to dazzle us, and not one of us, acted upon as we were by the impulsion which Bonaparte had given us all,

* The town of Basel, alarmed by the threats of the French government, declined all commerce with England. The Queen of Etruria, who was but ill established on her throne, did the same.

had either the leisure or the will for serious reflection. The Emperor used to say, "Luxury and glory have never failed to turn the heads of the French."

Shortly after we were told that a great council, at which affairs of the highest importance had been discussed, had been held at the Hague by the representatives of the Batavian people, and a rumor was allowed to spread that a new Dutch monarchy was about to be founded.

Meanwhile, the English newspapers were full of criticisms on the progress which the imperial power was making in Europe. "If Bonaparte," they said, "succeeds in accomplishing his design of a federal empire, France will become the sovereign arbiter of almost the whole Continent." He was delighted at this prediction, and resolutely strove to realize it.

M. de Talleyrand, at that time in great repute, used his influence in Europe to gain over the foreign ministers. He asked for and obtained from the sovereigns exactly those ambassadors whom he knew he could make amenable. For instance, he obtained from Prussia the Marquis de Lucchesini,* who subsequently acted in the French interest, against his own master. He was a clever man, of a somewhat scheming disposition. He was born at Lucca, but a taste for traveling took him in his youth to Berlin, where he was received by Frederick the Great, who, liking his conversation and his philosophical principles, kept him near his own person, gave him a place at court and founded his fortunes. He was subsequently intrusted with Prussian affairs, became a person of importance, and had sufficient luck and ability to remain long in high repute. He married a Prussian lady, and both he and his wife, when they came to France, devoted themselves to M. de Talleyrand, who made use of them to further his own ends. It was long before the King of Prussia found out that his ambassador had joined in the plots against him, and Lucchesini did not fall into disgrace until some years later. The marquis then repaired to Italy and found a fresh field for his ambition in the influence he obtained over the sovereign of Lucca, who had become Grandduchess of Tuscany. The events of 1814 caused his downfall to follow on that of his mistress. The Marchesa de Lucchesini, who was rather addicted to coquetry, was, while in Paris, one of the most obsequious of Madame de Talleyrand's friends.

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*It might be inferred from this passage that Lucchesini was ambassador at Paris only from this period; he had, however, filled that post at the time of the Peace of Amiens. But he had not always supported the interests of France, and, although he was in personal relations with M. de Talleyrand, he belonged rather to the English party, and his reports aroused a hostile feeling in Prussia against us.—P. R.

On the 5th of June the Emperor received an ambassador extraordinary from the Porte, with messages of congratulation and friendship from the Sultan. These messages were accompanied by magnificent presents of diamonds, a pearl necklace worth eighty thousand francs, perfumes, innumerable shawls, and Arab horses, with housings adorned with precious stones. The Emperor gave the necklace to his wife and distributed the diamonds and the shawls among the ladies-in-waiting. Some were given also to the wives of ministers, of marshals, and to a few others. The Empress reserved the finest for herself, and there yet remained enough to be used afterwards for the decoration of a boudoir at Compiègne, which Josephine had arranged for herself with special care, but which was never used save by the Empress Maria Louisa.

On the same day the envoy from Holland came to announce that it had been decided at the Hague, upon mature deliberation, that a constitutional monarchy was the only form of government which would thenceforth be suitable for Holland, because such a monarchy would harmonize with the principles now spreading in Europe; and that, in order to consolidate it, they solicited Louis Napoleon, the Emperor's brother, to become their first king.

Bonaparte replied that such a monarchy would doubtless be profitable to the general policy of Europe, and that, by removing anxieties of his own, it would enable him to deliver important places into the hands of the Dutch which hitherto he had felt it his duty to retain. Then, turning towards his brother, he enjoined him to have a care of the people intrusted to him.

This scene was well acted. Louis made a fitting reply. On the audience coming to an end, the doors were flung open, as on the occasion when Louis XIV. accepted the succession to Spain, and the new King of Holland was announced to the assembled court.

Immediately on this, the archchancellor, according to custom, carried the new imperial message to the senate, and made the usual speech.

The Emperor guaranteed to his brother the integrity of his states, and that his children should succeed him, but the crowns of France and of Holland were never to be united on one head.

In the case of a minority the queen was to be regent, and failing her, the Emperor of the French, in right of his position as perpetual head of the imperial family, was to appoint a regent, whom he was to select from among the princes of the royal family or among the Dutch nation.

The King of Holland was to remain constable of the empire. A vice-constable was to be created at the Emperor's pleasure.

The message also contained an announcement to the senate that the archchancellor of the German empire had asked of the Pope that Cardinal Fesch might be designated as his coadjutor and successor; and that his Holiness had informed the Emperor of this request, who had approved of it.

"Lastly, the duchies of Benevento and of Ponte Corvo, being a subject of litigation between the courts of Naples and Rome, in order to put an end to these difficulties, and reserving to ourselves the indemnification of these courts, we erect them," says the decree, "into duchies and fiefs of the empire, and we bestow them on our grand chamberlain Talleyrand, and on our cousin Marshal Bernadotte, to reward them for services rendered to the country. They will bear the titles of these duchies, they will take an oath to serve us as faithful and loyal subjects, and, if their issue should fail, we reserve to ourselves the right of disposing of those principalities." Bonaparte had no great liking for Marshal Bernadotte; but probably felt bound to promote him because he had married the sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife, and it seemed fitting that the sister of a queen should be, at least, a princess.

It is unnecessary for me to add that the senate approved of all these proceedings.

On the day following the ceremonial which introduced another king into Bonaparte's family circle, we were at breakfast with the Empress, when her husband entered the room, looking extremely pleased, and holding little Napoleon by the hand. He addressed us all in these terms: "Mesdames, here is a little boy who is going to recite to you one of La Fontaine's fables. I made him learn it this morning, and you shall hear how well he knows it." On this the child began to repeat the fable of the frogs who asked for a king, and the Emperor laughed loudly at each allusion that seemed applicable to the circumstances. He stood behind Madame Louis's armchair—she was seated at table opposite her mother—and pinched her ears as he asked her over and over again, "What do you say to that, Hortense?" No one said much in reply. I was smiling to myself as I ate my breakfast, and the Emperor, in high good humor, said to me, laughing also, "I see that Madame de Rémusat thinks I am giving Napoleon a good education.

Louis's acquisition of a kingdom revealed to his brother the deplorable state of his domestic affairs. Madame Louis could not contemplate her accession to a throne without bitter weeping. The ungenial climate to which she was about to remove, which must needs aggra-

vate the wretched state of her health; the dread she felt of living alone with her tyrannical husband; his increasing dislike of her, which did not lessen his jealousy, although it deprived it of rational excuse—all these things made her resolve to open her heart to the Emperor. She confided her sorrows to him, and prepared him for the fresh troubles that, no doubt, awaited her. She entreated his protection in the future, and exacted from him a promise never to judge her unheard. She went so far as to tell him that, foreseeing the persecution she would have to endure in the isolation to which she would be subjected, she had resolved that when she should have suffered up to a certain point, she would leave the world and retire to a convent, relinquishing a crown of which she could already feel the thorns.

The Emperor entreated her to have courage and patience; he promised to protect her, and directed her to advise with him before taking any decisive step.

I can bear witness that this unhappy lady ascended her throne in the spirit of a victim resigning herself to sacrifice.

In the June of this year I went to take the waters at Cauterets, and remained away three months. I was in very delicate health, and needed a respite from court life and from the daily anxieties which were wearing alike to mind and body. My family—that is to say, my husband, my mother and my children—were settled at Auteuil, whence M. de Rémusat could easily get to Saint Cloud, and there they passed a happy and peaceful summer. Our court was then very quiet; the sovereigns of Holland had taken their departure, and the members of Bonaparte's family had separate establishments. The Emperor was engrossed by the gathering clouds in Europe, and was constantly at work; his wife employed her leisure in beautifying her estate of Malmaison.

The *Moniteur* contained glowing accounts of the triumphal entry into their respective states, of the princes created by Bonaparte. Enthusiasm was said to be at the highest at Naples, at Berg, at Baden and in Holland, and the populace was delighted everywhere. The speeches of the new kings or princes, in which they treated their subjects to a pompous panegyric of the great man whose envoys they were, were published for our edification. It is certain that, at first, Louis Bonaparte found favor with the Dutch. His wife shared his popularity in it, and displayed such affability that very soon, as I heard from some French people who accompanied them, her strange husband became jealous of the affection she inspired.

Like his brother, Louis was intolerant of the least independence in others. After exacting that the queen should hold a brilliant court,

he suddenly changed his mind, and reduced her by degrees to a very solitary life, thus isolating her from the people over whom she too had been appointed to reign. If I may believe the accounts I have received from persons who could have had no motive for inventing them, he resumed his distrustful jealousy and his system of spying, and the queen was constantly subjected to insult. The poor young creature, in a state of chronic ill-health and profound melancholy, perceived that it was not her husband's pleasure that she should share the affection he hoped to inspire in his Dutch subjects. Sorrow had made her indifferent to such things; she withdrew into the solitude of her palace, where she lived almost as a prisoner, devoting herself to the arts she loved, and indulging her excessive affection for her eldest boy. The child, who was forward for his age, greatly loved his mother, to the extreme jealousy of Louis. The latter would sometimes try to obtain his preference by indulgence carried to excess; then again he would alarm him by outbreaks of passion, and the boy clung the more to her, who always loved, and never frightened him. Men were found—such men are always to be found in courts—who, for hire, undertook to watch the queen and report her every action. The letters she wrote were opened, lest they might contain any allusion to events in her husband's dominions. She has assured me that more than once she found her desk open and her papers upset, and that if she had chosen she might have detected the king's spies in the act of carrying out his instructions. It was soon perceived at the Dutch court that to appear to be influenced in any way by the queen was to lose one's own chances of favor, and on this she was immediately forsaken. Any unfortunate person addressing himself to her in order to solicit a favor would be immediately suspected; any minister conversing with her on the most trifling matter would fall under the king's displeasure. The damp climate of Holland aggravated her ailments; she fell into a state of atrophy perceptible to every one, but which the king did not choose at first to notice. She has told me that her life at this time was so hard and seemed so hopeless, that frequently, when residing at one of her country houses not far from the sea, and gazing at the ocean stretched before her and the English vessels blockading the harbors, she ardently wished that some chance would bring one of them to the coast, and that some partial invasion might be attempted in which she should be made a prisoner. At last her physicians ordered her to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the king himself, who was out of health, resolved on accompanying her thither, and also taking the waters.

From this time Holland began to suffer from the prohibitive system which the Emperor imposed on everything appertaining to the empire.

It must be said of Louis Bonaparte that he promptly defended the interests of the people confided to him, and opposed the tyrannical measures forced on him by the imperial policy as strongly as was in his power. He met the Emperor's reproaches on the subject with firmness, and resisted him in such a manner as to gain the affection of the Dutch. In this they did him justice.

Switzerland also was compelled to decline all trade with England, and English goods were seized everywhere. These measures served to strengthen the party in London who were anxious to force France into fresh European wars at any price.

Mr. Fox, who was then prime minister, seemed, however, to lean towards peace, and to be willing to receive overtures of negotiation. During the summer he was attacked by the illness which subsequently proved fatal to him, and his influence declined. The Russians were still contending with our troops for the possession of certain parts of Dalmatia. The Grand Army showed no sign of returning to France; the promised fêtes were constantly deferred.

The King of Prussia was inclined to peace, but his young and lovely consort, as well as Prince Louis of Prussia and a part of the court, did all they could to incite him to war. They pointed out to him that the future had in store the liberation of Poland, the aggrandizement of Saxony, and the danger of the Confederation of the Rhine being organized. It must be admitted that the Emperor's line of conduct was a justification for the disquiet of Europe. English policy was by degrees regaining its influence over the Emperor of Russia. Count Woronzow had been sent to London, and he fell so completely under the influence exerted over him that the Continent was again disturbed.

The czar had sent Baron d'Oubril to Paris to negotiate with us, and a treaty of peace was, in fact, signed by him and M. de Talleyrand on the 20th of July, but, as will be seen hereafter, it was never ratified at St. Petersburg.

About this time General Junot was made governor of Paris.

France was in a state of profound tranquillity. Day by day the Emperor met with less opposition. A firm, equable, and strict administration, which was just, inasmuch as it was equal for all, regulated both the exercise of authority and the mode of supporting it. The conscription was strictly enforced, but as yet the murmurs of the people

were but faint; the French had not then exhausted the sentiment of glory, as they have done since that time, and, moreover, the brilliant possibilities of a military career fascinated the youth of France, and they all espoused the cause of Bonaparte. Even in the families of the nobility, who were, on principle or from habit, in opposition, the political creed of the father was less firmly held by the children, and parents were perhaps, in their secret heart, not sorry to relax somewhat of their severity on the plea of paternal concession. Nor was any opportunity overlooked of indicating that the nation had returned to the natural course and order of things.

The feast of the 15th of August having become that of St. Napoleon, the minister of the interior wrote a circular letter to all the prefects, recommending them to combine rejoicings for the birthday of the Emperor and the re-establishment of religion in the solemnization of the fête. "No holiday," said the letter, "can inspire deeper feelings than that in which a great people, in the pride of victory and the consciousness of happiness, celebrates the birthday of the sovereign to whom all its felicity and glory are to be ascribed."

It ought to be constantly repeated, as well for the sake of nations to come as for the sake of those who are called to reign over them, that both peoples and kings who allow themselves to be deceived by an appearance of calm, after the storm of a revolution, are in the wrong. If this time of peace has not called into existence an order of things indicated by national needs, then it is fallacious calm, a respite resulting from circumstances—of which an able man will indeed avail himself, but which he cannot really utilize, unless he prudently regulates the advance of those who have trusted him. Far from so acting, Bonaparte, powerful and headstrong, opened, as it were, a long parenthesis in the French Revolution. He always had a conviction that this parenthesis would be closed at his death, which to him seemed the only possible limit to his fortune.

He seized the reins of France when Frenchmen were wandering bewildered in every direction, and were fearful that they should never reach the goal to which they aspired; their desires, which were vague because they no longer ventured to undertake any kind of enterprise boldly, were then turned into military ardor, the most dangerous of any, because the most opposed to the true citizen spirit. For a long while Bonaparte reaped the advantage of this, but he did not foresee that, in order to rule after his fashion a nation which for a time had become distrustful of its own strength, and which yet felt the need of a great restoration, it was imperative that victory should always follow

on war, and that reverses must inevitably turn men's reflections in a direction dangerous for himself.

He was also, I believe, hurried along by the force of circumstances, resulting from the events of every day. But he was determined to check the growth of liberty at any cost, and to this end he directed all his efforts. It has frequently been said, both during the empire and after his fall, that he understood the science of governing better than any other man. This is the case, if it be only understood as the knowledge of means whereby to enforce obedience; but if the word "science" includes "the clear and certain knowledge of a thing, founded on principles either self-evident or proved to demonstration," * then it is certain that in Bonaparte's system of government there was no place for those elements which manifest the esteem of the sovereign for his subjects. He by no means recognized that every man who intends to rule other men for any length of time must begin by conceding certain rights to them, lest, weary of their mental inaction, they should one day claim those rights for themselves. He did not know how to stir generous passion, or to appreciate and evoke moral virtues, and thus elevate himself in proportion as he aggrandized human nature.

Singular in every respect, he believed himself to be vastly superior to the rest of the world, and nevertheless he was afraid of superiority in others. Is there one among those who knew him well who has not heard him say that he preferred men of second-rate abilities? Is there one who has not remarked that when he made use of a man of talent, of whatever kind, he would, before he felt he could trust him, find out his weak point, and in most cases hasten to divulge it? Did he not always depreciate, and often falsely, those whose services he employed? The truth is, Bonaparte's gifts, whether to the world, to nations, or to individuals, were all bargains.

Those bargains, which were enforced rather than offered, flattered the vanity of human nature, and thus for a long time beguiled men's minds, so that it is now hard to reduce them to bounds of possibility and reason. Such a policy as this may certainly avail to purchase service of every kind, but it follows that it must be based on unvarying success. Are we to conclude from this that the French were unpardonably guilty, because they fell into the power of such a man? Will posterity condemn them for their imprudent trust in him? I think not.

Bonaparte, who employed good or evil things indifferently, accord-

* This definition is given in the Encyclopædia.

ing as they served his purpose, understood thoroughly that no secure foundations can be laid in times of trouble. He therefore began by restoring order, and it was thus he won us, poor tired wayfarers that we were, battered by many a storm! That which he created for his own profit only we accepted gratefully; the social order which was restored by him, that it might become the groundwork of his despotic sway, we regarded as the greatest of his gifts and the pledge of other benefits. We believed that the man who re-established public morality, religion and civilization, who patronized art and literature, and who undertook to reduce society to order, must have a soul capable of true greatness, and perhaps, after all, our error, which was deplorable because it served his purposes so long, proves the generosity of our sentiments rather than our imprudence.

Until Prussia declared war, no event of any importance took place. In the course of the summer, Count Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, arrived in Paris. He occupied an important position in Europe, took part in events of the highest importance, and finally made an enormous fortune; but his abilities did not rise above the schemes of a second-rate policy. At the period of which I am speaking he was young, good looking and popular with women. A little later he formed an attachment to Madame Murat, and he retained a feeling towards her which for a long time aided to keep her husband on the throne of Naples, and which, probably, is still of service to her in her retirement.*

In the month of August a decree which settled the new catechism of the Gallican Church was promulgated. It was entitled "Bossuet's Catechism," and it contained, together with doctrines taken from the works of the Bishop of Meaux, some remarkable utterances on the duties of the French people towards their Emperor.

Page 55: "*Question.* What are the duties of Christians towards their rulers; and what, in particular, are our duties towards Napoleon I., our Emperor?

"*Answer.* Christians owe to the princes who govern them, and we in particular owe to Napoleon I., our Emperor, love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service, and the tributes ordained for the preservation and defense of the empire and of his throne. To honor and serve our Emperor is, therefore, to honor and to serve God.

"*Q.* Are there any special reasons which should more strongly attach us to our Emperor, Napoleon I.?

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* At the present date (1819) she is living in the states of the Emperor of Austria. (She died at Florence on the 18th of May, 1839.—P. R.)

"*A.* Yes; for it is he whom God raised up in difficult circumstances to restore the public profession of the holy religion of our forefathers, and to be its protector. He has restored public order by his profound and active wisdom; he defends the state by his powerful arm, and he has become the anointed of the Lord through the consecration of the Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the Universal Church.

"*Q.* What ought we to think of such persons as may fail in their duties towards our Emperor?

"*A.* According to the Apostle St. Paul, they would thereby be resisting the orders of God Himself, and would become worthy of eternal damnation." *

During Mr. Fox's tenure of office, Bonaparte, either from private information, or because he perceived the policy of the prime minister to be opposed to that of his predecessor, flattered himself that he should be able to conclude a treaty of peace with England. Besides the advantages to be gained from this, his pride was always singularly mortified that the English government did not acknowledge him as a sovereign. The title of "General," which the English newspapers gave him, always annoyed him extremely. Notwithstanding his greatness, he had some of the weaknesses of a *parvenu*.

When Fox fell ill, the *Moniteur* announced that there was reason to fear that the gravity of his malady might throw English policy back once more into its ordinary complications.

Meanwhile, the design of the Confederation of the Rhine was suddenly disclosed. In the Emperor's grand feudal plan this was comprised: it would increase the number of the feudatories of the French empire, and spread the European revolution. But if it be true that the old institutions of the Continent have reached a point at which their decrepitude gives irresistible warning of the necessity of their fall, it is also true that the time has come when their fall is not to be for the advantage of despotism. Bonaparte never ceased trying to make a counter-revolution, solely in his own interests, against those ideas which emerged into the light of day thirty years ago. Such an undertaking is, happily, beyond the power of man; and we owe to him, at least, that his failure to accomplish that reaction settled this important question forever.

* "Were we, then, to believe," asks Madame de Staël, "that Bonaparte could award hell in the next world, because he gave the idea of it in this?" There is some exaggeration in this remark; but the following seems to me to be extremely accurate: "Nations have sincere piety only in those countries where one may love God and the Christian religion with one's whole soul without losing, and especially without obtaining, any worldly advantage by the manifestation of that sentiment."

The grandduchies of Germany were, therefore, separated from the Germanic empire, and the Emperor of France was declared to be their protector. The contracting parties—that is to say, the empire and the confederated states—engaged to take up arms in the case of war being declared on one or the other. The contingent of the confederation was named at sixty-three thousand men, that of France at two hundred thousand. The elector archchancellor of the Germanic empire became prince primate of the confederation; on his death, the Emperor was to nominate his successor. Moreover, the Emperor renewed the declaration by which he bound himself not to extend the frontiers of France beyond the Rhine; but, at the same time, he declared that he would use every means to procure the freedom of the seas. This appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 25th of July.

M. de Talleyrand had a large share in the honor of forming this confederation. He was in very high repute at this time. He seemed destined to reduce the wide and ambitious projects of the Emperor to a definite system; but, at the same time, he did not neglect the increase to his own fortune which was to be got out of them. The German princes paid, as a matter of course, for slight advantages obtained by them in the arrangement; and the name of M. de Talleyrand, being always connected with such important negotiations, became more and more renowned throughout Europe.

One of his favorite theories, and it is one which has always seemed just and reasonable, is that the policy of France ought to tend to the release of Poland from a foreign yoke, and to the use of that country as a barrier against Russia and a counterpoise to Austria. He always exerted his influence in this direction. I have often heard him say that the repose of all Europe depended on Poland; it would appear that the Emperor was of the same opinion, but that he did not persevere sufficiently in endeavoring to realize this project. Accidental circumstances also interfered with it.

He often complained of the passionate, yet shallow, character of the Poles. "It was impossible," he said, "to guide them on any system." They required special and exclusive attention, and Bonaparte could only think of Poland occasionally. Moreover, as it was the Emperor Alexander's interest to obstruct French policy in this particular, he would not have remained a quiet spectator of efforts in any such direction; and so it happened that only a half-hearted course was taken with respect to Poland, and all the advantages that might have been gained were lost. However, after some slight differences between the Russians and ourselves about the cession of the mouths of the Cat-

taro, the two emperors apparently came to terms, and Baron d'Oubril was sent to Paris from St. Petersburg to sign a treaty of peace.

Although the return of our army was constantly announced to us, yet it did not take place, either because Bonaparte had already become aware of the difficulty of keeping so large a number of soldiers in France, a burden upon the citizens, or that he foresaw fresh disturbances in Europe, and that the peace would be of no long duration. A kind of bazaar for the exhibition of French industrial produce was opened on the Place des Invalides; but the fêtes promised to the grand army were no longer spoken of. This exhibition took place, and profitably occupied the minds of the people.

In the beginning of September, Jerome Bonaparte arrived in Paris. Every attempt which had been made on the colonies had failed, and the Emperor gave up naval enterprise forever. He began to plan a marriage for his young brother with one of the European princesses, having insisted that his first marriage should be regarded as null and void.

On creating the Confederation of the Rhine, Bonaparte had declared that the Hanseatic towns should retain their liberty, but whenever there was a question of liberty, it was natural enough to believe that the Emperor's gift of it was, in reality, but a temporary loan, and his resolutions on the subject caused great agitation in Prussian politics. The queen and the nobility urged the King of Prussia to war; consequently, during the campaign which was very shortly begun, the former was made an object of vituperation, frequently of a coarse kind, in the bulletins. At first she was compared to Armida, who, torch in hand, tried to raise up enemies against us. As a contrast to this poetical comparison, a few lines farther on we find a phrase in an utterly different style: "What a pity! for they say that the King of Prussia is a very well-meaning man." * Bonaparte frequently said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; this is true, both of actions and words, when true art is neglected, and it must be owned that he made little account of it.

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* The Emperor often expresses this opinion in letters written during the campaign. Thus he writes to his wife on the 13th of October: "To-day I am at Gera; all is going on well, and according to my hopes. With the help of God, in a few days the state of things will be terrible for the poor King of Prussia, whom personally I pity, for he is a good man. The queen is with him at Erfürt. She will have the cruel pleasure of seeing a battle, if she wishes it. I am in perfect health, and have already grown stouter since I left Paris, yet every day I cover twenty to twenty-five leagues of ground, riding, driving—in every kind of way, in fact. I lie down at eight, and when I get up again at midnight, I remember that you have not yet retired for the night. Ever yours."—P. R.

Mr. Fox died in September, and the war party resumed power; the Russian ministry was changed; a national movement was set on foot among the Russian nobility; the people were beginning to respond; the storm was gathering, and it suddenly burst when the czar refused to ratify the treaty signed in Paris by his plenipotentiary, Baron d'Oubril. From that moment war was inevitable. No official intimation was made, but the matter was openly discussed.

At the beginning of the month, I returned from Cauterets, and I was enjoying the happiness of my home circle, when M. de Rémusat received a sudden order to proceed to Mayence, whither the Emperor was going a few days later. I was deeply grieved by this fresh separation. As I enjoyed none of those honors in which some women can find compensation even for the sufferings of a soldier's wife, I found it hard to resign myself to these constantly recurring separations. I remember the Emperor asking me, after M. de Rémusat was gone, why I looked so sad, and when I answered that it was because my husband had left me, he laughed at me. "Sire," I added, "I know nothing of the delights of heroism, and I always meant to take out my share of glory in happiness." He laughed again. "Happiness?" he said. "Ah, yes! much we think of happiness in this age."

Before the departure for Mayence, I again met M. de Talleyrand, who was very friendly. He assured me that nothing could be better for our prospects than that M. de Rémusat should be in attendance on the Emperor in all his journeys; but as he saw tears in my eyes, he spoke seriously, and I was grateful to him for not jesting on a subject which to myself only was a grief, but which certainly must have appeared of slight consequence to the many wives and mothers whose husbands and sons were leaving them for scenes of real danger. M. de Talleyrand's natural tact, and his admirable good taste, lead him perfectly to adapt his tone to those whom he addresses; this is one of his most attractive characteristics.

The Emperor went away suddenly on the 25th of September, without sending any message to the senate in explanation of his absence.*

* These journeys and long absences of the Emperor were more frequent than we can now realize. Never has a sovereign dwelt less in his own capital. There is a curious work entitled "Itinéraire général de Napoléon, chronologie du consulat, et de l'empire, indiquant jour par jour pendant toute sa vie, le lieu où était Napoléon ce qu'il y a fait, et les événements les plus remarquables qui s'attachent à son histoire, etc., par A. M. Perrot. Paris, Bistor, 1845." From this book, which is very exact, especially with regard to the period of imperial grandeur, we learn that from the time of his accession to the throne, until his abdication in 1814, Napoleon spent only nine hundred and fifty-five days in Paris, *i.e.*, less than three years, during a reign of ten. He was traveling, if

The Empress, who always parted with him unwillingly, had not been able at first to obtain permission to accompany him, though she hoped to rejoin him later. She, however, used such persuasion during the last day of his stay at Saint Cloud, that towards midnight he yielded, and she entered his traveling carriage with him and only one attendant. The imperial suite did not join her until a few days later. I was no longer included in these journeys—my health forbade. I may affirm that the Empress, who had become accustomed to the gratification to her vanity afforded her by ladies of a higher rank than mine seeking to join her court, had returned in her heart to her former friendship, and now felt real regret at my absence. As for the Emperor, I counted for little in his eyes, and he was right. At his court a woman was nothing, and a woman in ill-health less than nothing.

Madame Bonaparte told me that her husband entered upon this Prussian campaign with some reluctance. Luxury and ease had had their natural effect upon him, and the hardships of camp life now affected his imagination unpleasantly; nor was he devoid of solicitude. The Prussian troops were renowned, their cavalry was recognized as first-rate, while ours, as yet, inspired no confidence, and our military men expected a formidable resistance.

The prompt and unparalleled result of the battle of Jena is one of those miracles which upset all human calculations. That victory astonished and confounded all Europe, proved the good fortune as well as the genius of Bonaparte, and bore witness to French valor.

He did not remain long at Mayence; the Prussians had marched into Saxony, and it was imperative to follow them. At the opening of this campaign the Emperor formed two new companies of gendarmes; the command of one was given to the Vicomte de Montmorency. This was an appeal to the nobility to take their share of glory, to nibble at the bait of a semblance of privilege; and, in fact, a few gentlemen did join that regiment.

During the preparations for the important coming events, it was decided that the Empress, with those members of the court who had accompanied her, should remain at Mayence. M. de Rémusat was in waiting, having the superintendence of her entire household, and M. de Talleyrand was also to remain until further orders.

Just before the Emperor's departure, my husband was present at a

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not out of France, yet at a considerable distance from Paris, and from his palaces of Saint Cloud, Malmaison, Compiègne, Rambouillet and Fontainebleau, for more than one thousand six hundred days, that is, for more than four years, and was frequently absent for six months at a time.—P. R.

scene which made a great impression on him. M. de Talleyrand was in the Emperor's cabinet, where M. de Rémusat was receiving final instructions; it was evening, and the traveling carriages were waiting. The Emperor sent my husband to summon the Empress; he returned with her in a few moments. She was weeping. Agitated by her tears, the Emperor held her for a long time in his arms, and seemed almost unable to bid her farewell. He was strongly moved, and M. de Talleyrand was also much affected. The Emperor, still holding his wife to his heart, approached M. de Talleyrand with outstretched hand; then, throwing his arms round both at once, he said to M. de Rémusat, "It is very hard to leave the two persons one loves best." As he uttered these words, he was overcome by a sort of nervous emotion, which increased to such a degree that he wept uncontrollably, and almost immediately an attack of convulsions ensued, which brought on vomiting. He was placed in a chair, and drank some orange-flower water, but continued to weep for fully a quarter of an hour. At length he mastered himself, and rising suddenly, he shook M. de Talleyrand by the hand, gave a last embrace to his wife, and said to M. de Rémusat, "Are the carriages ready? Call the suite and let us go."

When, on his return, my husband described this scene to me, it made me feel glad. The fact that natural feeling had got the mastery over Bonaparte always seemed to me a victory in which we were all interested. He left Mayence on the 22d of October at 9 P.M.

No announcement had as yet been made to the senate, but every one expected a formidable war. It was a national war on the part of the Prussians, for in declaring it the king had yielded to the ardent desire of all the nobility and a majority of the people.

Moreover, the rumors regarding the foundation of a kingdom of Poland were disquieting to reigning sovereigns. A northern league was in contemplation which was to embrace all the states not comprised in the Confederation of the Rhine.

The young queen had great influence with her husband, and strong confidence in Prince Louis of Prussia, who longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself. He was brave, amiable, had great taste for the fine arts, and had fired the youthful nobility with his own ardor. The Prussian army, full of life and spirit, inspired complete confidence in the new coalition; its cavalry was considered the finest in Europe.

When we remember how easily all this was dispersed, we can only conclude that the leaders were very incompetent, and that the old Prince of Brunswick once more misdirected the courageous soldiers confided to him.

Even at the opening of this campaign it was easy to see that France was weary of the uncertainty which war brought into both public and private affairs. Discontent was visible in the expression of men's countenances, and it was evident that the Emperor must indeed do wonders to rekindle feelings that were beginning to chill. In vain did the newspapers contain articles describing the zeal with which the new conscripts came to be enrolled in all the departments; no one was deceived by these accounts—no one even tried to appear to be deceived. Paris fell into the gloomy condition which war while it lasts always produces in capital cities. The progress of our industrial pursuits was admired at the exhibition of which I have spoken, but curiosity alone will not stir the heart of a nation, and when citizens may not take the least part in their own government, they regard the improvements in civilization which are due to that government merely as a spectacle. We in France began to feel that there was something mysterious in Bonaparte's conduct towards us; we perceived that not for us was he living and acting—that what he wanted from us was an appearance of prosperity, brilliant rather than solid, which should surround him with fresh luster. I recollect writing to my husband during the campaign in the following terms:—"The situation is greatly changed; so are men's minds: the military miracles of this year do not produce half the effect of former ones. The enthusiasm excited by the battle of Austerlitz is not to be aroused now." * The Emperor himself perceived this:

* My grandmother's correspondence bears witness to the great change which had taken place in public opinion on the subject of the military success of the Emperor. I believe the publication of these letters would be of interest, even though they did not contain any political revelations. I intend shortly to publish them, but I could quote numerous passages in support of what is here stated, or has been stated in previous paragraphs, notwithstanding the reserve made necessary by the insecurity of the post-office. For instance, during this Prussia campaign, two months after the battle of Jena, and before that of Eylau, Madame de Rémusat writes on the 12th of December, 1806:—"We ought to be very cautious in our correspondence, and, if I may say so, I think you are imprudent, and there are sometimes philosophic phrases in your letters which might be taken in bad part. It is an additional trial that we may not even write freely when separated by so great a distance; but we must resign ourselves to every sacrifice, and hope that by this one we may obtain a long peace. Peace! People scarcely hope for it here. Depression and discontent prevail everywhere—there is both suffering and open complaint. This campaign does not produce one-quarter of the effect of the last. There is no admiration, and even no astonishment; we have become used to miracles. The bulletins are all received without applause at the theaters; in fact, a generally painful feeling prevails. This feeling is, no doubt, unjust, for, after all, there are cases in which even men of the strongest mind are carried away by circumstances farther than they wish, and I cannot believe that a great mind will seek for glory in war. Add to this the conscription, and the new decrees respecting commerce. Enmity makes use of everything, and is not guided by reason. People pretend that these measures are taken from

when he had returned to Paris after the Treaty of Tilsit, he said, "Military glory soon palls upon modern nations. Fifty battles produce little more sensation than five or six. To the French I shall always be the man of Marengo, rather than of Jena or Friedland."

As the Emperor's designs on Europe increased in magnitude, it became more and more needful for him to centralize his administration in order that his commands, all emanating from the same point, might be rapidly transmitted to the proper quarters. The submission of the senate might be taken for granted; the importance of the corps législatif was lessening every day. Bonaparte had doubtless resolved on seizing the first pretext for ridding himself of the tribunate, and he extended the powers of the council of state, which consisted of men of ability, on whom he exercised a direct pressure. By a new decree he now appointed a committee of petitions in the council of state, which consisted of councilors, masters of requests, and auditors. They met three times a week, and reported to Bonaparte. MM. Molé and Pasquier, both of them masters of requests, were members of this committee. They had entered public life at the same period; both, although widely differing in age,* bore names well known in the magistracy; they had the same social connections, equal zeal, and similar ambition, and they were beginning to make themselves felt in the new government. Meanwhile, the Emperor already displayed a preference for M. Molé. He exercised an ascendency over this young man, who, although naturally of a grave disposition, was yet capable of enthusiasm. He thought he could mold his opinions in his own way, and he partly succeeded, while he made use of the parliamentary tendencies of M. Pasquier. "I use one," he said sometimes, "but I *create* the other." I quote these words of his to show how he was accustomed to analyze his own conduct towards every one.

Horse races, which had been decreed by the Emperor himself when

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motives of anger only. I am far from passing judgment on them, for, in spite of all I hear, I must admire and trust the power which rules the fate of all I hold dear." This letter was evidently not intrusted to the post, but conveyed by some friendly hand. But even in their correspondence, carried on by the ordinary means, the writers expressed their feelings, their distrust, almost amounting to horror, of the then state of things. Prudence, however, sometimes had the upper hand, and in a letter preceding this one, my grandmother excuses herself for not forwarding to her husband a letter from her son Charles, then a boy of nine years old, on the grounds of its lack of prudence. The young scholar, in quoting the line from Phædrus, *Humiles laborant ubi potentes dissident*, had ventured to express the following sentiment: 'I dislike Philip because he is too ambitious."—P. R.

* M. Molé was then twenty-six years of age, and M. Pasquier about forty.

he was as yet only First Consul, took place in Paris in the autumn of this year. In fact, France had come to resemble a great audience at a theater, before whom performances of all kinds were given on the sole condition that hands should be raised only to applaud.

On the 14th of October the senate was convoked.

The archchancellor, as he had done in the past, and as he was to do in the future, announced the war in an insignificant and pompous speech. After this he read a letter from the Emperor, dated from headquarters, in which he stated that the King of Prussia was the aggressor, and deplored the evil influence that constantly disturbed the repose of France, while he announced that the invasion of Saxony had obliged him to march rapidly forward. This letter was accompanied by the official report of the minister of foreign affairs. He could discover no valid cause for war; he expressed surprise that the freedom granted to the Hanseatic towns could have given umbrage to the Prussian government, and quoted a note from M. de Knobelsdorff, the new envoy from Prussia.

A rumor arose that, some time previously, M. de Lucchesini, who was devoted, it was said, to England, had alarmed the court by unfounded reports of a universal monarchy planned by the French government. On being informed of this, the Emperor had requested that M. de Lucchesini should be recalled. M. de Knobelsdorff succeeded him, but no good result ensued. The coolness between the cabinets increased; the Emperor went away; the Prussian minister received a final note from his sovereign, demanding the immediate evacuation of the whole of Germany by the French troops, and requiring that the ratification of this demand should be sent to the King of Prussia's headquarters by the 8th of October. M. de Knobelsdorff dispatched this note to M. de Talleyrand, then at Mayence, and it was forwarded by him to the Emperor, who had already reached Bamberg.

The first bulletin on the opening of the campaign gives the following account of what had taken place: "On the 7th, the Emperor received dispatches from Mayence, consisting of M. de Knobelsdorff's note and a letter from the King of Prussia, twenty pages long—a pamphlet, in fact, in the style of those written to order for the English government, by authors hired for £500 a year. The Emperor did not read it through, and remarked to the persons about him, 'I am sorry for my brother, the King of Prussia; he does not understand French. He has certainly not read this rhapsody.' Then he turned to Marshal Berthier: 'Marshal, they give us a rendezvous for the 8th; never has a Frenchman failed to keep such an appointment. But as it seems that a lovely queen

wishes to be a spectator of our contest, let us be courteous, and march without delay towards Saxony.' "

And, in fact, hostilities began on the 8th of October, 1806.

The Emperor's proclamation to his soldiers was like the former ones, in a style peculiar to himself and belonging to no particular epoch.

" Let us march," he said, " since our moderation has failed to cure them of their astounding folly. Let the Prussian army meet the same fate as that which befell it fourteen years ago. Let them learn that if it be easy to acquire an increase of territory, and of power, by means of the friendship of a great nation, so its enmity, which can only be incurred by forsaking all wisdom and reason, is more terrible than the storms of ocean."

Meanwhile, the King of Holland had returned to the Hague in order to assemble the states, and to ask them to pass a law enacting the payment in advance of one year's land-tax. Having obtained this, he moved his headquarters to the frontier. Thus, the Dutch, to whom a long continuation of prosperity, in return for the surrender of their liberty, had been promised, were from the very first threatened with war, and had to endure a double taxation and a blockade of the Continent, which destroyed their trade.

Madame Louis Bonaparte joined her brother at Mayence, and seemed to breathe freely when once more among her own people. The young princess of Baden also came to Mayence; there was still, at this time, a great coolness between her husband and herself. The Empress received a visit from the prince primate and also some of the sovereigns belonging to the confederation. Her life at Mayence was very bright and stirring; many distinguished personages came thither to pay their respects to her. She would have preferred to follow the Emperor, but when she wrote, asking leave to join him, he answered, "I am unable to send for you here. I am the slave of the nature of things and the force of circumstances; we must wait until they decide." *

* This letter is not included in Napoleon's general correspondence published under the second empire. But the letters belonging to this period, which are comprised in that publication, are very similar both in style and matter. Moreover, this was a usual topic in the Emperor's letters to Josephine in all his campaigns. He writes to her from Warsaw a few months later, on the 23d of January, 1807 : "I have your letter of January 15. I could not allow ladies to undertake such a journey as this ; bad roads, unsafe and dirty. Go back to Paris, be bright and gay; perhaps I shall be there soon. I was amused at your saying you took a husband in order to have him with you ; I fancied in my ignorance that the wife was made for the husband, and the husband for the country,

The Empress, who was very anxious now that her husband was about to incur fresh risks, had no friend among her court circle to sympathize affectionately with her. In her suite were several ladies who belonged by their very names to memories which they claimed a right to retain at the new court; and they took leave to disapprove of the war, and especially to express an interest in the beautiful queen, which was natural enough. She soon became an object of attack in each successive bulletin. The death of Prince Louis of Prussia, with whom some of the ladies-in-waiting had been acquainted during the emigration, was also much lamented by them, and a sort of disdainful opposition formed itself around our Empress, of which Madame de la Rochefoucauld took the lead.

M. de Rémusat, who had the superintendence of this miniature court, became the recipient of the complaints of the Empress, who, having nothing serious to occupy her, was annoyed by foolish and vain speeches which she ought to have despised. He advised her to pay no attention to these vexations, and by no means to mention them to the Emperor, who would make them of more importance than was at all desirable. Madame Bonaparte, however, wrote all the history to her husband, and subsequently M. de Talleyrand, who was present during these little storms which might have been so easily dispersed, thought to amuse the Emperor with a description of them. Bonaparte did not regard the matter in a harmless light. I have dwelt on this in order to explain hereafter what came of it to ourselves personally.

Meanwhile, a life so trivial and so empty was wearisome to my husband. He amused himself by learning German, in order, as he wrote to me, "at least, to occupy a portion of each day usefully." He took increasing pleasure in the society of M. de Talleyrand, who treated him with confidence and warm friendship. Whenever the slightest appearance of feeling is attributed to M. de Talleyrand, one is obliged to put the statement with strong affirmation, because it will inevitably be received with doubt. The world judges him with severity, or, at least, too sweepingly. I know him to be capable of affection, and I venture to say that had he been altogether deceitful, I could not have become so sincerely attached to him.

During this time I was living very quietly in Paris with my mother, my sister, and my children. Some distinguished people came to my house; also a number of literary men, who were attracted thither by

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the family, and glory. Forgive my ignorance; there is always something to be learned from beautiful women. Farewell, my dearest; believe me, it costs me something not to send for you. Say to yourself: It is a proof how precious I am to him."—P. R.

my husband's authority over the theaters. Princess Caroline only (Duchess of Berg), required any court to be paid to her. She lived at the Elysée with a certain amount of state; people waited on her as they did on the archchancellor Cambacérès. Occasional visits had to be paid to the ministers, but the remainder of one's time was one's own. News from the seat of war was received without enthusiasm, but not without interest, because every family was more or less connected with the army.

The knowledge that every drawing-room was watched by the police prevented all serious conversation; every one was engrossed by secret anxieties, and a sort of isolation, which was just what the Emperor wished, was the result.

Nevertheless, a little incident happened during the campaign which amused all Paris for several weeks. On the 23d of October, Cardinal Maury was chosen—by that class of the Institute which has received the name of the French Academy—to succeed M. Target. When the day for his reception drew near, some one raised the question whether he should be addressed as *Monseigneur*, and a great commotion ensued. Before the Revolution a similar discussion had occurred on the same subject. D'Alembert and the three members of the Academy had pleaded for the rights of equality in the sanctuary of letters; but the Academy having, in 1806, become "the Right," was disposed to grant the title of *Monseigneur*, in opposition to the party headed by Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, his brother-in-law Arnault, Chénier, etc. The discussion ran so high, the cardinal declared so positively that he would not present himself unless he were to be addressed according to his rank, the difficulty of arriving with due freedom at any decision was so great, that it was determined to refer the matter to the Emperor himself, and this foolish dispute was actually brought before him on the battlefield. Meanwhile, whenever the cardinal met any of the members of the Institute who were hostile to him, he attacked them. On one occasion he met M. Regnault dining at Madame Murat's, and an amusing encounter, at which I was present, took place between them. Almost at the very beginning of the conversation, the cardinal requested M. Regnault to go into another room, to which M. Regnault consented, provided that some of the other guests would accompany him. The cardinal, who was annoyed, began to get excited.* "You do not recollect, then, sir," he said, "that at the constituent assembly I called you *little boy*."—"That is no reason," replied M. Regnault,

* He was a very hot-tempered man.

"why we should give you a token of respect at the present day."—"If my name were Montmorency," returned the cardinal, "I could afford to laugh at you; but I owe my elevation to the Academy to my abilities only, and if I yielded the point of *Monseigneur*, the next day you would treat me as an equal." M. Regnault reminded us that once only had the French Academy consented to use the title of *Monseigneur*, and that then it was in favor of Cardinal Dubois, who was received by Fontenelle. "But," he added, "times are greatly changed." I must own that, looking at Cardinal Maury, I ventured to think men were not so much altered. Finally the discussion became hot; it was reported to the Emperor, who sent orders to the academicians to address the cardinal as *Monseigneur*. On this everybody immediately submitted, and we heard no more about it.

The Emperor had left Bamberg and was hastening to the assistance of the King of Saxony. Our armies, which had been gathered together with the surprising rapidity that always defeated the plans of the enemy, were marching onwards. The first skirmishes took place at Saalfeld, between Marshal Lannes and the vanguard of Prince Hohenlohe, commanded by Prince Louis of Prussia. The latter, who was brave to rashness, fought in the ranks, until, coming to a hand-to-hand conflict with a quartermaster and refusing to surrender, he fell covered with wounds. His death disheartened the Prussians, while it increased the ardor of our troops. "If," says the imperial bulletin, "his last moments were those of a bad citizen, his death was glorious and deserving of regret. He died as every good soldier must wish to die." *

I am ignorant whether, in Prussia, Prince Louis was considered to have sacrificed the interests of his country to his own glory by promoting the war. It may have been imprudent to commence it when he did; the right moment for declaring war would have been at the formation of the coalition in the preceding year; yet the feelings of the prince were, even at this time, shared by a great number of his countrymen.

For some days the bulletins gave accounts of several partial engagements which were but the prelude to the great battle of the 14th of October. The Prussian court was described as being in great confusion, and despotic advice was given to those princes who are led into

* It appears certain that he lost his life in endeavoring to save that of a friend. Those who were intimate with him say he had but one fault—a jealousy of any kind of success in others. This is a weakness very common among princes—the very abilities which are devoted to their service seem to require their forgiveness. Prince Louis was nephew to the King of Prussia.

hesitation by consulting the multitude on great political interests above its comprehension! As if nations, having reached their present degree of enlightenment, would continue to intrust the money taken from their coffers, and the men levied from among their ranks, to their rulers, without ascertaining the uses to which the gold and the soldiers are to be put!

On the 14th of October the two armies met at Jena, and in a few hours that important battle decided the fate of the King of Prussia. The renowned Prussian cavalry could not resist our infantry; confused orders caused confusion in the ranks; a great number of Prussians were killed or taken prisoners;* several general officers lay dead on the field of battle; the Prince of Brunswick was severely wounded, and the king was forced to fly. In fact, the rout was complete. Our bulletins were full of the praises of Marshal Davoust, who had, in truth, greatly contributed to the success of the day, and the Emperor willingly acknowledged this. He was not usually so ready to render justice to his generals. When the Empress questioned him on his return about the eulogiums he had on this occasion allowed to be lavished on Davoust, he answered her, laughing, "I may heap upon him as much glory as I please; he will never be strong enough to carry it."

On the evening of the battle a whimsical adventure happened to M. Eugene de Montesquieu.† He was an orderly officer, and was sent by the Emperor to the King of Prussia with a letter, to which I shall presently allude. He was detained all day at the Prussian headquarters, where the defeat of the French was considered certain, and they wished him to witness it. He remained, therefore, an agitated but inactive spectator of the course of events. The generals, and Blucher‡ in particular, affected to give alarming orders in his presence. Towards evening the young man, involved in the flight of the Prussians, was endeavoring to rejoin our camp. On his way he met with two Frenchmen, who joined him, and the three together contrived to get

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* The Emperor gives the following account of Jena in a letter to the Empress, written on the battlefield on the 15th of October, 1806:—"My dearest, I have had great success against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. They numbered a hundred and fifty thousand men. I have taken twenty thousand prisoners, a hundred of their guns, and some flags. I was very near the King of Prussia, and only just missed taking him, as well as the queen. I have been bivouacking the last two days. I am in capital health. Adieu, my dearest; keep yourself well, and think of me. If Hortense is at Mayence, kiss her for me, as well as Napoleon and the little fellow."—P. R.

† The eldest son of the chamberlain. He was afterwards killed in Spain.

‡ Whom, twice since then, we have seen entering Paris at the head of his army.

hold of eighteen disbanded Prussians, whom they brought in triumph to the Emperor. This capture greatly diverted him.

The battle of Jena was followed by one of the rapid marches which Bonaparte was wont to impose on his army in the hour of victory. No one ever knew better how to profit by victory than he; he bewildered the enemy, leaving him not a moment's repose.

The town of Erfürt capitulated on the 16th. The King of Saxony was slightly reprimanded for having yielded to the King of Prussia, by giving him the entry of his states and taking part in the beginning of the war; but his prisoners were restored to him. General Clarke was made governor of Erfürt.

The bulletins of this period are especially remarkable. Bonaparte was angry at having been deceived by the Emperor Alexander. He had calculated on the unchanging neutrality of Prussia; he was mortified at English influence on the Continent, and his ill-humor was perceptible in every word dictated by him. He attacked in turn the English government, the Prussian nobility, whom he wished to denounce to the people, the young queen,* women, etc. Grand and noble expressions, often of a poetical nature, were strangely contrasted with abusive terms. He gratified his resentment and anger, but he lowered himself by giving such expression to his own feelings, and, above all, he sinned against Parisian good taste. We were beginning to grow accustomed to military wonders, and the form in which the news of them was transmitted to us was freely criticised.

After all, the attention that nations pay to the words of kings is not so foolish as it may appear. The words of sovereigns, even more than their actions, often reveal their characters, and the disposition of their ruler is of primary importance to subjects.

The King of Prussia, who was now pushed to extremity, asked for an armistice: it was refused, and Leipsic was taken.

The French marched across the battlefield of Rosbach, and the column erected there in commemoration of our former defeat was removed and sent to Paris.

On the 22d of October, M. de Lucchesini came to our headquarters. He brought a letter from the King of Prussia, the publication of which, said the *Moniteur*,† was forbidden by the secrecy necessary in diplo-

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* Bulletin of October 17: "The queen has a pretty face, but little intelligence," etc. And subsequently: "It is said in Berlin, 'The queen was so kind, so gentle! But since that fatal interview with the handsome emperor, how greatly she is changed!'"

† *Moniteur* of the 30th. Putting aside the more or less imperative circumstances which determined the King of Prussia to declare war, Bonaparte's letter is remarkable.

matic affairs. "But," it continued, "the Emperor's reply was considered so admirable that a few copies of it have been made; we have procured one, and we hasten to lay the letter before our readers."

Every determination taken by the Emperor, from the greatest to the least, seems partly founded on the lion's reason in La Fontaine's fable—"*Because my name is Lion.*"

"The Prussians are surprised at the briskness of our pursuit; they are probably accustomed to the maneuvers of the Seven Years' War." And when they asked for three days' truce, in order to bury their dead—"Think of the living," replied the Emperor, "and leave to us the care of burying the dead. That needs no truce."*

The Emperor reached Potsdam on the 24th of October. As may be supposed, he visited Sans-Souci, and reminiscences of Frederick the Great are to be found in the bulletins. "The handsome emperor (the czar) and the lovely queen" received fresh insults in these documents, from which we gathered that a war with Russia would follow the Prussian war. Paris was thrown into consternation; the news from the seat of war was read publicly at the theaters, but the only applause that greeted it was hired. "War, nothing but war, is all that is left to us." Such words as these, uttered with more or less of wrath or grief, struck ominously on the ear of the adherents of the Emperor, who were unable to contradict them.

On the same day, the 25th of October, the fortress of Spandau capitulated.

To all these accounts of the war was added a letter supposed to be written by a private soldier from a town in the duchy of Brunswick. It contained enthusiastic praise of French valor, which it attributed to the military system adopted in our army. "It is also certain," continues the writer, "that any soldier who can say to himself, 'It is not impossible for me to become a marshal of the empire, a prince, or a duke, as it has happened to others,' must be greatly encouraged by that thought. It was quite another thing at Rosbach. The French army was then commanded by gentlemen who owed their military rank only to their birth, or to the patronage of a Pompadour, and the

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* M. Daru, intendant of the Emperor's household, was at this period made intendant of the army. His severity in raising the war contributions is remembered to this day in Prussia. He left a terrible reputation behind him, and yet those who knew him well affirm that he was a man of moderate opinions, with a taste for literature, and liked by his friends. But at that time obedience was the first duty. The Emperor required it, both in manner and matter. The qualities or the vices of masters are reflected in those who serve them.

troops were so-called soldiers, on whose track, after their defeat, were found nothing but pigtails and powdering-bags."

When the Emperor made his entry into Berlin, on the 26th of October, in the midst of acclamations, he vented his displeasure on those among the Prussian nobles who were presented to him. "My brother the King of Prussia," he said, "ceased to be king from the day on which he failed to have Prince Louis hanged, when he dared to go and break his minister's windows." And to Count Nesch he said roughly: "I will bring the nobles of this court down so low that they shall be obliged to beg their bread."

By violent speeches of this kind, which were published, the Emperor not only gratified his anger against the instigators of the war, but imagined that he fulfilled obligations towards our Revolution. Although he was a determined counter-revolutionist, he was obliged from time to time to render some homage to the ideas which, by a fatal deviation, had produced his own accession. A mistaken longing for equality, a noble desire for liberty, were the causes of our civil discord; but, in his thirst for power, he gave us no encouragement towards that freedom which, if we succeed in obtaining it, will be the most glorious conquest of our times; but limited himself, in his bargain with the age, to promoting equality only. The love of liberty is an unselfish sentiment, which a generous ruler ought, at the present day, to foster in his people: but Bonaparte only sought to aggrandize his own power. Sometimes, with entire forgetfulness of his origin, he would speak and act as if he were a king by the grace of God, and then every word of his became, as it were, feudal; while at other times he affected a sort of Jacobinism, and then he would abuse legitimate royalty, treat our old memories with disdain, and denounce the nobility to the plebeians of every country. Never did he seek to establish the true rights of nations; and the unostentatious aristocracy of letters and of a noble civilization was far more displeasing to him, in reality, than that of titles and privileges, which he could make use of as he pleased.

On the 29th of October, M. de Talleyrand left Mayence to join the Emperor, who had sent for him. M. de Rémusat felt great regret at his departure. He had found his society a great resource; the somewhat solemn idleness of court life made them necessary to each other. M. de Talleyrand, having recognized both the trustworthiness and the superior abilities of my husband, would throw aside his habitual reserve in his company, and would confide to him his views on passing events and his opinion of their common master. An aristocrat by taste, by

conviction, and by birth, M. de Talleyrand approved of Bonaparte's repression of what he regarded as the excesses of the Revolution, but he would have wished that a headstrong temper and a determined will had not led the Emperor aside from a course in which his own prudent counsels might have guided him aright. He was thoroughly conversant with the European political situation, and better versed in the law of nations than in their true rights, and he propounded with accuracy the diplomatic course that he would have had the Emperor follow. He was alarmed at the possible preponderance of Russia in Europe, and was in favor of interposing an independent power between us and Russia. For this reason he encouraged the ardent, though vague, desires of the Poles. "A kingdom of Poland," he used to say, "ought to be established. It would be the bulwark of our independence; but it ought not to be done by halves." With his head full of this plan, he started to join the Emperor, resolved on advising him to turn his brilliant success to good account.

After M. de Talleyrand's departure, M. de Rémusat wrote me that the dullness of his life was extreme. The court at Mayence was monotonously regular. There, as elsewhere and in all places, the Empress was gentle, quiet, idle, and averse to take anything on herself, because, whether far or near, she dreaded the displeasure of her husband. Her daughter, who was delighted to escape from her wretched home, spent her time in diversions of a nature somewhat too childish for her rank and position.

Hortense rejoiced with her mother over the promising qualities of her little son, then full of life and beauty, and very forward for his years. The German princes came to pay their court at Mayence; great banquets were given; elegant costumes were worn; there was much walking and driving about, and great eagerness for news. The court wanted to return to Paris; the Empress wanted to go to Berlin; and there, as elsewhere, all was dependent on the will of one man.

In Paris, life was dull but tranquil. The absence of the Emperor was always a relief; if people did not speak more freely, they seemed better able to breathe, and this sense of alleviation was especially to be observed in persons connected with his government. The impression produced by the Emperor's victories became weaker every day; and a tangible proof was thus afforded to the world that lasting national enthusiasm could no longer be kindled by success in war.

Prince Eugene's army was marching onward in Albania, and Marshal Marmont was holding the Russians, who were moving on that side, in check. A fresh proclamation was issued by the Emperor to

his soldiers; it announced a rupture with Russia and an onward march, promised fresh triumphs, and alluded to the "love" of Bonaparte for his army. Marshal Brune, commanding the reserves stationed at Boulogne, issued on this occasion a curious order of the day, which was published by command in the *Moniteur*:—

"Soldiers, you will read at mess, every day for a fortnight, the sublime proclamation of his Majesty the Emperor and King to the Grand Army. You will learn it by heart; each one of you will shed tears of courage, and will be filled with the irresistible enthusiasm inspired by heroism." In Paris, no one was moved to tears, and the prolongation of the war filled us with dismay.

Meanwhile, the Emperor remained at Berlin, where he had established his headquarters. He announced in his bulletins that the great Prussian army had vanished like an autumnal mist, and he ordered his lieutenants to complete the conquest of all the Prussian states. At the same time a war tax of one hundred and fifty millions was raised; the towns surrendered one by one—Küstrin and Stettin first, Magdeburg a little later. Lubeck, which had offered resistance, was stormed and horribly pillaged—there was fighting in every street—and I remember that Prince Borghese, who took part in the assault, gave us some particulars of the cruelty practiced by the soldiers in that unfortunate town. "What I then saw," he told us, "gave me an idea of the blood-thirsty intoxication which resistance at first, and victory afterwards, can produce in soldiers." He added, "At such a moment every officer is a mere soldier. I was beyond all self-control; I felt, like everybody else, a sort of passionate longing to exert my strength against people and things. I should be ashamed to recall some absurdly horrible acts which I committed. In the midst of imminent danger, when one must cut one's way with the sword, with everything around in flames, when the thunder of cannon or the rattle of musketry mingle with the cries of a dense crowd, in which are people pressing in every direction, either seeking others or trying to escape from them, and all this in the narrow space of a street, then a man loses his head completely. There is no act of atrocity or of folly that he will not commit. He will wantonly destroy, without profit to anybody, and will give himself up to I know not what delirium of evil passions."

After the fall of Lubeck, Marshal Bernadotte remained there some time as governor of the town, and it was then that he began to lay the foundation of his future greatness. He behaved with perfect equity, and did his best to assuage the evils that had been caused by war.

Strict discipline was maintained among his troops; his kindly bearing attracted and consoled, and he won the admiration and sincere affection of the people.

During the Emperor's stay at Berlin the Prince of Hatzfeld, who had remained there, and who, said the bulletins, "had accepted the post of governor," kept up a secret correspondence with the King of Prussia, in which he gave full accounts of the movements of our army. One of his letters was intercepted, and the Emperor gave orders for his arrest and trial before a military court. His wife, who was with child, was in despair; she obtained an audience of the Emperor, and threw herself at his feet. He showed her the prince's letter, and when the poor young wife gave way to her sorrow, the Emperor, moved to pity, bade her rise, and said to her, "You have the original document on which your husband may be condemned in your own hand. Take my advice, profit by this moment to burn it, and then there will be no evidence to convict him." The princess, without a moment's delay, threw the paper into the fire, and bathed the Emperor's hands with her tears. This anecdote made a greater impression on Paris than all our victories.

Our senate sent a deputation to Berlin with congratulations on so triumphant a campaign. The Emperor intrusted the envoys, on their return to Paris, with the sword of Frederick the Great, the ribbon of the black eagle worn by him, and with several flags, among which, says the *Moniteur*, "there are several embroidered by the hands of that fair queen, whose beauty has been as fatal to the people of Prussia as was the beauty of Helen to the Trojans."

Every day our generals invaded some new district. The King of Holland had advanced into Hanover, which was again being attacked by us, but all at once we heard that he had returned to his own states, either because he disliked acting merely as one of his brother's lieutenants, or because Bonaparte preferred that his conquests should be made by his own generals. Marshal Mortier took possession of the city of Hamburg on the 19th of November, and an enormous quantity of English merchandise was confiscated. A number of auditors belonging to the council of state were sent from Paris; among them were M. d'Houdetôt and M. de Tournon. These auditors were made intendants of Berlin, Bayreuth, and other towns. By these young and active proconsuls the conquered states were immediately governed in the interests of the conqueror, and victory was immediately followed by an administration which turned it to the best advantage.

The Emperor gained the affections of the young of every rank by

giving them opportunities for action, for self-assertion, and for exercising an absolute authority. Thus, he often said, "There is no conquest I could not undertake, for with the help of my soldiers and my auditors I could conquer and rule the whole world." We may suppose that the habits and the despotic notions that these young men brought back into their own country, were rather perilous when the government of French provinces was confided to them. Most of them found it difficult not to rule those provinces like a conquered country. These young men, who were raised early in life to such important posts, are at the present time idle and without prospects, owing to the straitening of our territory, fret under their enforced idleness, and form one of the most serious difficulties with which the king's government is confronted.

The conquest of Prussia was completed, and our troops marched into Poland. The season was far advanced; they had not seen the Russians, but it was known that they were approaching; a severe and difficult campaign was anticipated. The cold was not severe, but the march of our soldiers was impeded by the marshy soil, in which men, guns, and carriages were continually sinking. The accounts of the sufferings endured by the army are terrible. Whole squadrons often sank up to the middle of the men's bodies in the marsh, and it was impossible to save them from a lingering death. Although the Emperor was determined to make the most of his victories, he felt the necessity of giving some repose to his troops, and he eagerly accepted the King of Prussia's offer of a suspension of hostilities, during which he was to remain on one bank of the Vistula, and the Prussians on the other. But it is probable that the conditions he annexed to this armistice were too severe, or perhaps it was only proposed by Prussia in order to gain time and effect a junction with the Russians; for the negotiations dragged slowly along, and the Emperor, on learning the movements of the Russian general, Benningsen, suddenly left Berlin on the 25th of November. He announced fresh danger and fresh success by the following spirited words, with which he closed his proclamation to his troops: "How should the Russians overthrow such designs? Are not they and we alike the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

A famous decree, dated from Berlin and preceded by a lengthy preamble, appeared at the same time, in which sundry grievances were set forth. This decree proclaimed the British Isles to be in a state of blockade, as a just reprisal on the usage of England, who, when she enters upon a war, declares a universal blockade, and, in virtue thereof, authorizes her ships to take possession of all other vessels in whatsoever seas. The Berlin decree divided the empire of the world in two,

opposing the power of the Continent to the power of the seas. Every Englishman who should be found either in France, or in any state occupied by us, or under our influence, was to become a prisoner of war, and this severe enactment was notified to our sovereign allies. Thenceforth it was manifest that the struggle which was beginning, between despotic power in all its ramifications and the strength of such a constitution as that which rules and vivifies the English nation, could end only by the complete destruction of one of the assailants. Despotism has fallen, and, nothwithstanding the terrible cost to ourselves, we ought to be grateful to Providence for the salvation of nations and the lessons taught to posterity.

On the 28th of November Murat made his entry into Warsaw; the French were enthusiastically received by those among the Poles who hoped that the liberty of their country would result from our conquests. In the bulletin which announced the entry these words occur: "Will the kingdom of Poland be restored? God alone, who holds in His hand the direction of events, can be the arbiter of this great political problem." Thenceforth Bonaparte's family began to covet the throne of Poland. His brother Jerome had some hopes of obtaining it. Murat, who had displayed brilliant valor throughout all the campaign, was the first to be sent to Warsaw, and made his appearance there in the theatrical costume that he affected—a plumed hat, colored boots, and richly laced cloak. His dress resembled that of the Polish nobles, and he flattered himself that one day that great country would be committed to his rule. His wife received many congratulations in Paris, and this, perhaps, made the Emperor, who disliked to be forestalled on any point, change his mind. I know that the Empress also had hopes of the Polish crown for her son. When the Emperor, at a later date, became the father of a natural son, of whose fate I am at present ignorant, the Poles fixed their hopes on that child. Writers better acquainted than I with the secrets of diplomacy may explain why Bonaparte did not carry out, but merely sketched, his plans for Poland, notwithstanding his own personal proclivities and M. de Talleyrand's influence and opinions on the subject. It may be that events succeeded each other with such rapidity, and clashed so rudely, that due care could not be bestowed on the projected enterprise. Subsequently to the Prussian campaign and the Treaty of Tilsit, the Emperor often regretted that he had not pushed his innovations in Europe to the extent of changing every existing dynasty. "There is nothing to be gained," he used to say, "by leaving any power in the hands of people whom we have made discontented. There is no use in half measures; old works will not drive new

machines. I ought to have made all other kings accessory to my own greatness, and, that they should owe everything to me, they ought not to have had any greatness in the past to point to. Not that in my eyes this was of much value—certainly not of value equal to that of founding a new race—but nevertheless it has some influence over mankind. My sympathy with certain sovereigns, my compassion towards suffering nations, my fear, I know not why, of causing an utter overthrow of all things, withheld me. I have been greatly in the wrong, and perhaps I may have to pay for it dearly."

When the Emperor spoke thus, he always dwelt on the necessity for the renewal of all things which had been imposed by the Revolution. But, as I have already said, in his secret heart he thought he had done enough for the Revolution by changing the frontiers of states and the sovereigns who ruled them. A citizen king, chosen either from among his own kinsfolk, or from the ranks of the army, ought, he considered, to satisfy all the citizen classes of modern society by his sudden elevation, and provided the despotism of the new sovereign could be turned to the advantage of his own projects, he should not be interfered with. It must be owned, however, that if "the spirit of the age," as Bonaparte called it, had resulted only in nations being governed by men whom a lucky chance had drawn from their native obscurity, it was scarcely worth while to make such a fuss about it. If we are to be ruled by a despot, surely the despot who can point to the greatness of his ancestors, and who exercises his authority in virtue of ancient rights made sacred by ancient glory, or even in virtue of rights whose origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, is the least mortifying to human pride.

At the close of the war Poland found that she was free only in that portion of the country which had been seized by Prussia. His treaties with the Emperor of Russia, the temporary need of repose, the fear of displeasing Austria by interfering with her possessions, cramped Bonaparte's plans. It may be that they could not have been carried out, but being only half attempted, they bore within them the elements of their own destruction.

The advantages and disadvantages of the Continental policy with regard to the English nation have often been discussed. I am not competent either to state the objections raised to this system or the reasons for which many disinterested persons approve of it; still less would I venture to draw hasty conclusions. The system in question imposed conditions on the allies of France which were too much in opposition to their interests to be long endured by them; for, although

it encouraged Continental industry, it interfered with the luxuries of life, and even with some of its daily necessaries. Besides this, it was felt to be an act of tyranny. Moreover, it caused every Englishman to share the aversion of the British government towards Bonaparte, because an attack upon trade is an attack on the fountain-head of every Englishman's existence. Thus the war with us became to our enemies a national war, and from that time it was vigorously carried on by the English.

Meanwhile I have heard it said by well-informed persons that the consequence of this rigorous policy would in the end strike a fatal blow at the English constitution, and that on this account especially it was advantageous to pursue it. The English government was obliged, in order to act with the same rapidity as the enemy, to encroach little by little on the rights of the people. The people made no opposition, because they felt the necessity of resistance. Parliament, less jealous of its liberties, would not venture on any opposition; and by degrees the English were becoming a military people. The national debt was increased, in order to afford supplies to the coalition and the army; the executive was becoming accustomed to encroachments which had been tolerated in the beginning, and it would willingly have maintained them as an acquired right. Thus, the strained situation into which every government was forced by the Emperor was changing the constitution of Great Britain, and possibly, had the Continental System lasted for a length of time, the English could only have recovered their liberties by open violence or sedition. This was the Emperor's secret hope. He promoted rebellion in Ireland; supported as he was by every absolute sovereign on the Continent, he aided and abetted the opposition in England by every means in his power, while the London newspapers in his pay stirred up the people to claim their liberties.

At a later period I heard M. de Talleyrand, who was greatly alarmed at this contest, express himself with more warmth than he usually displays in stating his opinions. "Tremble, foolish people that you are," said he, "at the Emperor's success over the English; for if the English constitution is destroyed, understand clearly that the civilization of the world will be shaken to its very foundations."

Before leaving Berlin, the Emperor issued several decrees, dated thence, showing that, although he was at the camp, he had both leisure and will to attend to other pursuits besides those of war. Such were the appointment of certain prefects, a decree for the organization of the naval office, and one designating the site of the Madeleine, on the Boulevard, for the monument to be erected to the glory of the French

army. Competition for designs for this monument was invited by circulars from the minister of the interior, which were distributed in every direction. Numerous promotions were made in the army, and there was a general distribution of crosses.

On the 25th of November the Emperor departed for Posen. The bad state of the roads obliged him to exchange his traveling-carriage for a country wagon. The grand marshal of the palace was overturned in his *calèche*, and dislocated his collar-bone. A similar accident happened to M. de Talleyrand's carriage, but he escaped unhurt; on account of his lameness, he had to remain four and twenty hours on the road in his overturned carriage, until means could be found to enable him to continue his journey. About this time he took occasion to answer a letter I had written to him. "I reply to your letter," he wrote, "in the midst of the mud of Poland; next year, perhaps, I may address you from the sandy deserts of I know not what country. I beg you to remember me in your prayers." The Emperor was only too much inclined to despise the obstacles that destroyed part of his army. Moreover, it was imperative to march onwards. The Russians were advancing, and he did not choose to await them in Prussia.

On the 2d of December the senate was convoked in Paris. The archchancellor read a letter from the Emperor, giving an account of his victories, promising others in the future, and requesting a *senatus-consultus*, which should order an immediate levy of the conscripts of 1807. This levy, in ordinary times, was made in September only. A commission was appointed for form's sake. This commission sat in consultation upon the request for one morning only, and the next day but one—that is, on the 4th—the *senatus-consultus* reported.

It was also about this epoch that the dispute between the Academy and Cardinal Maury was settled. The Emperor decided the question, and a long article appeared anonymously in the *Moniteur*. It ended in these words: "The Academy, doubtless, has no wish to deprive a man whose great abilities were conspicuous during a time of civil discord of a right which custom confers upon him. His admission to the Academy was another step towards that entire oblivion of past events which can alone insure the duration of the tranquillity that has been restored to us. This is a long article on a subject which is apparently of very small importance; nevertheless, the light in which some persons have endeavored to place it gives rise to serious consideration. We perceive to what fluctuations we should once more be exposed, into what uncertainty we should again be thrown, only that fortunately for us

the helm of the state is in the hands of a pilot whose arm is strong, whose steering is steady, and who has but one aim in view—the happiness of the country."

While Bonaparte forced his soldiers to endure terrible hardships of all kinds in the prosecution of the war, he lost no opportunity of proving that nothing interfered with the interest he, in the midst of camps, took in the progress of civilization.

An order of the day, dated from headquarters of the Grand Army, is as follows:—"In the name of the Emperor. The university of Jena, its professors, teachers and students, its possessions, revenues and other prerogatives whatsoever, are placed under the special protection of the commanders of the French and allied troops. The course of study will be continued. Students are consequently authorized to return to Jena, and it is the Emperor's intention to favor that town as much as possible."

The King of Saxony, subdued by the power of the conqueror, broke off his alliance with Prussia and concluded a treaty with the Emperor. During a long reign this prince had enjoyed the blessings of peace and order. He was revered by his subjects, and occupied solely with their welfare, and nothing but the hurricane of Bonaparte's success could have brought the horrors of war to the peaceful valleys of his kingdom. He was too weak to resist the shock; he submitted, and tried to save his people by accepting the victor's terms. But his fidelity to treaties could not save him, because Saxony subsequently became of necessity the battlefield on which the neighboring sovereigns contended more than once for victory.

Meanwhile Paris and its inhabitants became more gloomy every day. The bulletins contained only vague accounts of bloody conflicts, with small results. It was easy to infer, from occasional allusions to the severity of the season and the ruggedness of the country, that our soldiers had great obstacles to surmount and much suffering to bear. Private letters, although cautiously written, or they would not have reached their destination, betrayed general anxiety and distress. The least movements of our army were represented as victories, but the Emperor's very triumphs involved him in difficulty.

The distinct advantage with which the campaign had opened made the Parisians hard to please as the war went on. Much trouble was taken to keep up the enthusiasm. The bulletins were solemnly read at the theaters; guns were fired from the Invalides immediately on receipt of news from the army; poets were paid for hastily-written odes, chants of victory and interludes, which were splendidly represented at

the opera, and on the following day articles written to order commented on the heartiness of the applause.

The Empress, who was restless, idle, and tired of Mayence, wrote continually, begging to be allowed to go to Berlin. The Emperor was on the point of yielding to her, and I learned with fresh sorrow from M. de Rémusat that in all probability his absence would be prolonged. But the arrival of the Russians, and the obligation he was under of marching into Poland, made Bonaparte change his mind. Moreover, he was informed that Paris was dull, and that the tradespeople were complaining of the harm done them by the general uneasiness. He sent orders to his wife to return to the Tuileries, there to keep up the accustomed splendor of her court, and we all received commands to amuse ourselves ostentatiously.

Meanwhile, after a few partial engagements, the Emperor determined on going into winter quarters; but the Russians, who were better used to the severity of the climate and the rudeness of the country, would not allow of this, and after measuring their strength in some bloody encounters, where our success was dearly bought, the two armies met face to face near the village of Preussich-Eylau, which has given its name to a sanguinary battle. One shudders even now at the description of that terrible day. The cold was piercing, and the snow falling fast; but the opposition of the elements only increased the ferocity of both armies. For twelve hours they fought, without either side being able claim the victory. The loss of men was immense. Towards evening, the Russians retreated in good order, leaving a considerable number of their wounded on the field of battle. Both sovereigns, Russian and French, ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung. The fact is, this horrible butchery was to no purpose, and the Emperor afterwards said that if the Russian army had attacked him on the following day, it is probable he would have been beaten. But this was an additional reason for him to exult loudly over the victory; he wrote to the bishops, informed the senate of his alleged success, contradicted in his own journals the foreign versions of the event, and concealed as much as possible the losses that we had sustained. It is said that he visited the battle-field, and that the awful spectacle made a great impression on him. This would seem to be true, because the bulletin in which the fact is stated is written in a very simple style, unlike that of the others, in which he generally figures in a theatrical attitude.

On his return he ordered a very fine painting from Gros, in which Napoleon is represented among the dead and dying, raising his eyes to heaven, as if praying for resignation. The expression given to him by

the painter is extremely beautiful. I have often gazed at the picture with emotion, hoping with all my heart—for it still desired to cling to him—that such had really been the expression of his countenance on that occasion.

M. Denon, director of the Museum, and one of the most obsequious servants of the Emperor, always followed him in his campaigns, in order to select objects of value in every conquered city to add to the treasures of that magnificent collection. He fulfilled his task with exactness, which, people said, resembled rapacity, and he was accused of appropriating a share of the plunder. Our soldiers knew him only by the name of "The Auctioneer." After the battle of Eylau, and while at Warsaw, he received orders to have a monument erected in commemoration of the day. The more doubtful it was the more the Emperor insisted on its being held to be a victory. Denon sent to Paris a poetical account of the Emperor's visit to the wounded. Many persons have declared that the painting by Gros represented a fiction, like that of the visit to the plague patients at Jaffa. But why should it be denied that Bonaparte could sometimes feel?

The subject was open to competition among our principal painters. A considerable number of sketches were sent in. Gros obtained every vote, and the choice fell upon him.

The battle of Eylau was fought on the 10th of February, 1807.

After the battle of Eylau, both armies were forced to come to a halt in consequence of the confusion produced by a thaw, and both went into winter quarters. Our troops were in cantonments near Marienwerder, and the Emperor established himself in a country house near Osterode.

The Empress had returned to Paris at the end of January. She was out of spirits, vaguely anxious, and not pleased with those members of the court who had accompanied her to Mayence. Besides this, she was in a state of nervousness, as she always was during the Emperor's absence, for she dreaded his disapproval of her actions. She was most gracious, and showed all her former friendship for me. It was said by some members of the court that her low spirits were partly caused by tender feelings which she entertained towards a certain young equerry then absent with the Emperor. I never inquired into the truth of this story, nor did she ever mention it to me; but, on the contrary, she was distressed by the tales she was told by some Polish ladies then in Paris, concerning the Emperor and a young countrywoman of theirs. Her affection for her husband was always dashed with the dread of divorce; and, of all her feelings, this was, I believe,

the strongest. She would occasionally introduce a few words on the subject in her letters to Bonaparte, but he never made the least reply to them.

She tried to conform to the Emperor's wishes. She gave and accepted invitations, and could at any time find relief from her cares in the pleasure of displaying a magnificent dress. She behaved to her sisters-in-law coldly, but with prudence; she received a great number of persons, and always graciously, and she never said a word that was not studiously insignificant.

I once suggested to her that she might divert her mind by going to the theater. But she told me that she did not derive enough amusement from the plays to go *incognito*, and that she could not venture to go publicly. "Why, madame?" I asked her. "I think the applause you would receive would be pleasing to the Emperor."—"You do not know him, then," was her reply. "If I was received with much cordiality, I am sure he would be jealous of any little triumph which he would not have shared. When I am applauded he likes to take part in my success; and I should only mortify him by seeking any when he cannot be present."

The uneasiness of the Empress Josephine was increased by an appearance of mutual understanding between several persons about her; she always imagined they were conspiring to injure her. Bonaparte had infected her with his habitual suspicion. She felt no fear of Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who, although at that time Queen of Naples, was residing quietly at the Luxembourg Palace, being reluctant to exchange her peaceful life for that of a sovereign. The two princes—one the archchancellor, the other the archtreasurer of the empire—were timorous and reserved: they paid her an assiduous court, and inspired her with no distrust. Princess Borghese, who combined constant ill health with a life of intrigue, joined in no political schemes, excepting such as were common to the whole family. But the Grandduchess of Berg caused her sister-in-law constant jealousy and apprehension.

She lived in great splendor at the Elysée-Bourbon Palace. Her beauty was set off by the most exquisite dress; her pretensions were great, her manners affable, when she thought it prudent, and more than affable to men whom she wished to fascinate. She was unscrupulous when intent on injuring, and she hated the Empress, yet never lost her self-control. Of such a woman Josephine might well be afraid. At this time, as I have said, Caroline was desirous of obtaining the crown of Poland, and she endeavored to make friends among the influential members of the government, who might be useful to her. General

Junot, governor of Paris, became one of her ardent admirers, and, either from a reciprocal feeling or from interested motives, she contrived to make his tender sentiments serve her purpose; so that the governor of Paris in his reports to the Emperor—a certain branch of police being in his charge—always gave favorable accounts of the Grandduchess of Berg.

Another intimacy, in which there was no question of love, but which was of great use to her, was that between Fouché and herself. Fouché was on bad terms with M. de Talleyrand, who was no favorite of Madame Murat's. She wanted to secure her present position, and especially to elevate her husband in spite of himself. She hinted to the minister of police that M. de Talleyrand would contrive to have him removed, and she tried to gain his affection by a number of other little confidential communications. This intimacy gave daily recurring distress to the poor frightened Empress, who narrowly watched all her words and actions. Parisian society concerned itself little with these court secrets, and took no interest in the members of the court circle. We had the appearance of being, and we were, in fact, merely a living puppet-show, set up to surround the Emperor with what seemed to him necessary state. The conviction that no one had any influence over him led people to concern themselves little with his surroundings. Every one knew beforehand that his will only would finally determine all things.

Meanwhile, the sovereigns who were either related or allied to the Emperor sent deputations to Poland, to congratulate him on his victories. From Naples, Amsterdam and Milan came envoys to Warsaw, offering homage from the various states. The kingdom of Naples was disquieted by disturbances in Calabria only, but this was enough to keep it in agitation. The new king, a lover of pleasure, did not carry out with sufficient firmness the plan which the Emperor had laid down for the kingdoms he had called into existence. The Emperor also found fault with his brother Louis; but his reproaches did honor to the latter.

Louis's domestic affairs became every day more deplorable. Madame Louis, who had enjoyed some liberty at Mayence, no doubt found it hard to return to the dreary bondage in which she was held by her husband, and her depression, which she did not sufficiently conceal, embittered him perhaps still more. The division between them increased until they lived apart in the palace—she in retirement with two or three of her ladies, and he immersed in affairs, and making no secret of his dissatisfaction with his wife. He would not allow the Dutch to impute all the blame of the notorious domestic troubles to him.

Who can say to what such a position of affairs might have led, but for the common misfortune which shortly after fell upon the unhappy pair, and drew them together in a common sorrow?

Towards the end of the winter an order from the Emperor reached Paris to the effect that the newspapers were to remind persons distinguished either in art or science that the decree, dated from Aix-la-Chapelle, 24th Fructidor, year 12,* concerning the decennial prizes, was to come into effect at the expiration of one year and eight months from the then date. This decree promised considerable rewards to every author of an important work, of any kind whatsoever. The prizes were to be assigned at intervals of ten years, dating from the 18th Brumaire, and the jury who was to allot them was to consist of members of the Institute. This project has real greatness in it; we shall see, hereafter, how it fell to pieces in consequence of a fit of ill-humor on the part of the Emperor.

In March the vice-queen of Italy gave birth to a daughter, and the Empress was much pleased at being grandmother to a little princess, related to all the greatest powers of Europe.

During the suspension of war on both sides, from the inclemency of the season, the Emperor took every means to insure that in the spring his army should be more formidable than ever. The kingdoms of Italy and Naples had to furnish further contingents. Men born under the smiling skies of those beautiful lands were suddenly transported to the wild banks of the Vistula, and they might wonder at the change, until others were seen marching from Cadiz, to perish beneath the walls of Moscow, thus affording a proof of the courage and strength of which men are capable, and also of what can be done by the might of the human will. The army was reorganized; our newspapers were filled with columns of promotions, and it is curious, among these military decrees, to come upon one, dated like the rest, from Osterode, appointing bishops to vacant sees both in France and Italy.

But, notwithstanding our victories, or perhaps because of them, our army had suffered considerable loss. The extreme humidity of the climate caused sickness among the troops. Russia was evidently about to make an immense effort. The Emperor felt that this campaign must be decisive; and, not being satisfied that the numerous troops furnished to him were sufficient to insure victory, he put his own power and our submission to the test. After having, at the end of December, 1806, levied the conscription for 1807, he demanded from the senate in

* September 11, 1804.—P. R.

April the levy for 1808. The report of the Prince de Neufchâtel, which was published in the *Moniteur*, announced that during the year the army had been augmented by one hundred and sixty thousand men, levied by the conscriptions of 1806 and 1807; sixteen thousand men were non-combatants either from sickness or superannuation, and without troubling himself with calculations, which it was too certain no one would venture to make, because it was our system to conceal our losses, he put down the "casualties" of the campaign at fourteen thousand men. As our army had been increased by only a hundred and thirty thousand efficient soldiers, prudence required that the eighty thousand men of the conscription of 1808 should be raised and drilled, each in his own department. "Were this delayed," said the report, "the men would have to march at once to the seat of war; but by making the levy six months in advance they will acquire strength and knowledge, and will be better able to defend themselves."

State Councilor Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, who was the bearer of the imperial message to the senate, paused when he came to this portion of the report, and called the attention of the senators to the paternal goodness of the Emperor, who would not allow the new conscripts to brave the dangers of war without some previous preparation. The Emperor's letter announced that the whole of Europe was again in arms—that two hundred thousand recruits had been raised in England; and declared his own desire for peace, on condition that the English were not prompted by passion to seek their own prosperity in our abasement.

The senate passed the required decree, and voted an address of congratulation and thanks to the Emperor. He must have smiled on receiving it.

The minds of men who wield absolute power need to be very generous to resist the temptation to despise the human species—a temptation which is only too well justified by the submission that is accorded to them. When Bonaparte beheld a whole nation giving him its life-blood and its treasure in order to satisfy his insatiable ambition, when educated men of that nation consented to veil his acts of invasion of the human will in plausible phrases, how could he fail to regard the whole world as a vast field, open to the first person who would undertake to occupy and till it? Heroic greatness of soul only could have discerned that the adulatory words and the blind obedience of the citizens who were isolated by the tyranny of his institutions, and then decimated at his command, were dictated by constraint only.

And yet, although Bonaparte had none of those generous feelings,

reasonable observation might have shown him that the alert obedience with which the French marched to the battlefield was but a mis-direction of the national spirit that a great revolution had aroused in a great people. The cry of liberty had awakened generous enthusiasm, but the confusion that ensued had rendered men afraid to complete their work. The Emperor skillfully seized on this moment of hesitation, and turned it to his own advantage. For the last thirty years the French character has been so developed that the bulk of our citizens of every class have been possessed by the desire to live, or, if to live were impossible, by the desire to die, for some particular object. Bonaparte did not, however, invariably mistake the bent of the genius of the people whom he had undertaken to rule, but he felt within himself the strength to control it, and he directed, or rather misdirected, it to his own advantage.

It was becoming hard to serve him; feelings which seemed instinctively to warn us of what was to come were not to be repressed. Many were the sad reflections of my husband and myself—I remember them well—in the midst of the splendor and luxury of a position for which we were no doubt envied. As I have said, our means were small when we joined the First Consul's court. His gifts, which were sold rather than freely bestowed, had surrounded us with luxury on which he insisted. I was still young, and I found myself enabled to gratify the tastes of youth and to enjoy the pleasures of a brilliant position. I had a beautiful house; I had fine diamonds; every day I might vary my elegant dress; a chosen circle of friends dined at my table; every theater was open to me; there was no fête given in Paris to which I was not invited; and yet even then an inexplicable cloud hung over me. Often on our return from a splendid entertainment at the Tuileries, and while still wearing our garb of state—or shall I say, of servitude? —my husband and I would seriously discuss all that was passing around us. A secret anxiety as to the future, an evergrowing distrust of our master, oppressed us both. Without distinctly knowing what we dreaded, we were aware that there was something to dread. "I am unfitted," my husband used to say, "for the narrow and idle life of a court."—"I cannot admire," I would say to him, "that which costs so much blood and misery." We were weary of military glory, and shocked at the fierce severity it often inspires in those who have gained it, and perhaps the repugnance we felt for it was a presentiment of the price which Bonaparte was to make France pay for the greatness that he forced upon her.

To these painful feelings were added the fear of being unable to feel any affection for him whom we must still continue to serve. This

was one of my secret troubles. I clung with the enthusiasm of youth and imagination to the admiration for the Emperor that I desired to retain; I sincerely tried to deceive myself with regard to him; I eagerly recalled cases when he had acted up to my hopes. The struggle was painful and vain, but I suffered more after I had relinquished it. In 1814, numbers of people wondered at my ardent desire for the fall of the founder of our fortune, and for the return of those who would ruin it; they accused us of ingratitude in so promptly forsaking the cause of the Emperor, and honored us with their surprise because of the patience with which we endured our heavy loss. They were unable to read our hearts; they were ignorant of the impressions that had been made on us long before. The return of the king ruined us, but it set our hearts and minds at liberty. It promised a future in which our child might freely yield to the noble inspirations of his youth. "My son," said his father, "will perhaps be poor, but he will not be shackled and hampered as we have been." It is not sufficiently known in the world—that is, in the regulated and factitious society of a great city—that there is happiness in a position which allows of the complete development of one's feelings and of freedom in all one's thoughts.

On the feast of St. Joseph (March 19, 1807), Princess Borghese and Princess Caroline (Madame Murat, Grandduchess of Berg) gave a little fête in honor of the Empress. A large party was invited. A comedy or vaudeville was acted, containing verses in honor of the Emperor and in praise of Josephine. The two princesses, who represented shepherdesses, looked exquisitely lovely. General Junot took the part of a soldier just returned from the army, and in love with one of the young girls. The position seemed to suit them perfectly, whether on the stage or elsewhere. But Bonaparte's two sisters, although princesses, sang out of tune; and as each could detect this in the other, she ridiculed her sister's performance. Both my sister and I took part in the piece. I was greatly amused, at the rehearsals, by the mutual spitefulness of the princesses, who had little love for each other, and the vexation of the author and the composer. Both thought a good deal of the production; they were annoyed at hearing their verses and songs badly rendered; they dared not complain, and when they ventured on timid remonstrance, every one hastened to silence them.

The play was ill performed. The Empress cared little for the insincere homage of her sisters-in-law, and remembered that on this same stage, a few years before, she had seen her own children, young, gay, and loving, touch even Bonaparte's heart by offering him flow-

ers. She told me that during the whole evening this recollection had been present with her. She was now away from her husband, anxious about him, uneasy about herself, far from her son and daughter. Ever since the day she had ascended the throne she had regretted her happier past.

On the occasion of her fête-day the Emperor wrote affectionately to her: "I dislike very much being so far away from you. The chill of the climate seems to lay hold of my heart. We are all longing for Paris, that Paris which one regrets in every place, and for whose sake we are always in pursuit of glory; and, after all, Josephine, only that we may be applauded on our return by the crowd at the opera. When spring comes, I hope to beat the Russians thoroughly, and then, mesdames, we will go home, and you shall crown us with laurel."

During the winter the siege of Dantzic was begun. Bonaparte took it into his head to give some glory (as he called it) to Savary. The military reputation of the latter did not stand very high with the army; but he was useful to the Emperor in other ways, and covetous of reward. The Emperor foresaw that some day he would be obliged to give him a decoration, in order that he might use him should occasion arise, so he chose to say that Savary had obtained an advantage of some kind over the Russians, and bestowed on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Military men disapproved, but Bonaparte cared as little for them as for others, and to bestow reward independently of merit or desert was a favorite exercise of his independence.

He seldom left his headquarters at Osterode, except for the purpose of inspecting the various encampments. He issued decrees on a great number of subjects. He wrote a letter to M. de Champagny, the minister of the interior, which was mentioned in the *Moniteur*, ordering him to announce to the Institute that a statue would be presented to it, in the honor of d'Alembert, the French mathematician, who, more than any other, had contributed to the advancement of science.

The bulletins contained reports of the position of the army only, and of the Emperor's health, which continued to be excellent. He often rode forty leagues in a day. He continued to make numerous promotions in his army, which were published in the *Moniteur* indiscriminately, and under the same date with the appointment of certain bishops.

The Empress of Austria's death occurred at this time. She was only thirty-four years of age. She left four sons and five daughters. The Princess of Bavaria, of Baden, and some others belonging to the Confederation of the Rhine, were staying with the army and paying court to the Emperor. When the day's work was over, he attended concerts,

given for him by Paër the musician, whom he had met at Berlin, and whom he engaged in his service and brought back with him to Paris. M. de Talleyrand's society was no doubt a great resource to the Emperor, but he frequently left him, in order to pass some days in great state at Warsaw, where he conversed with the nobles, and kept up the hopes which it was thought desirable they should not relinquish.

It was at Warsaw that M. de Talleyrand negotiated on the Emperor's behalf with ambassadors from the Porte and from Persia. Bonaparte permitted them to witness some maneuvers by a part of his army. At Warsaw also a supension of arms between France and Sweden was signed.

The difficulty about the *Monseigneur* having been settled, Cardinal Maury was admitted to the Institute, and delivered a panegyric on the Abbé de Radovilliers as the usual reception speech. An immense crowd was present, but the cardinal disappointed public expectation. His discourse was long and tedious, and it was justly inferred that his abilities were absolutely worn out. His pastorals and some lenten sermons which he preached subsequently confirm that impression.

The death of her little grandson, Napoleon, on the 5th of May, was a severe blow to the Empress. The child, after a few days' illness, died of croup. The despair of the Queen of Holland surpassed description. She clung to the body of her son, and had to be removed by force. Louis Bonaparte, who was terrified as well as grieved at the state of his wife, treated her with great tenderness, and their loss brought about a sincere, though only temporary, reconciliation between them. At intervals the queen became completely delirious, shrieking, calling on her son, and invoking death, and she was unable to recognize those who approached her. When reason partly returned, she remained buried in profound silence, and was indifferent to all around. At times, however, she would gently thank her husband for his care, in a manner which showed her deep regret that such a misfortune had been needed to change their mutual feelings. On one of these occasions, Louis, true to his strange and jealous temper, while standing beside his wife's bed, and promising her that in future he would do all he could to make her happy, insisted on her confessing the faults he imagined she had committed. "Confide your errors to me," he said · "I will forgive them all. We are about to begin a new life which will forever efface the past." With all the solemnity of grief, and in the hope of death, the queen assured him that, ready as she was to appear before the throne of God, she had not even a semblance of a guilty thought of which to accuse herself. The king, still unconvinced, asked

her to swear this; but even after she had taken an oath of her truth, he could not believe her, but recommenced his importunities, until his wife, exhausted by her grief, by the answers she had made, and by this dreadful persecution, felt herself about to faint, and said, "Leave me in peace; I shall not escape from you. We will resume the subject to-morrow." And with these words she again lost consciousness.*

When the young prince's death was made known in Paris, a courier was despatched to the Emperor, Madame Murat started for the Hague, and a few days later the Empress went to Brussels, whither Louis himself brought his wife and their surviving little son, in order to place them under the care of the Empress. He seemed to be in great grief, and to be very anxious about Queen Hortense, who remained in a state approaching delirium. It was settled that, after a few days' repose at Malmaison, she was to pass several months in the Pyrenees, where her husband would subsequently join her. After staying one day at the palace of Laeken, near Brussels, the king returned to Holland, and the Empress, her daughter, the latter's second son, thenceforth of necessity called Napoleon, and the Grandduchess of Berg, who was ill calculated to console two persons whom she so greatly disliked, came back to Paris. M. de Rémusat, who was in attendance on the Empress on this melancholy journey, told me on his return of the attention with which Louis had treated his wife, and that he had observed that Madame Murat was displeased by it.

Madame Louis Bonaparte remained at Malmaison for a fortnight in profound retirement and deep dejection. Towards the end of May she left for Cauterets. She was indifferent to all things, tearless, sleepless, speechless. She would press the hand of any one who spoke to her, and every day, at the hour of her son's death, she had a violent hysterical attack. I never beheld grief so painful to witness. She was pale, motionless, her eyes rigidly fixed—one could not but weep on approaching her; then she would utter these few words: "Why do you weep? He is dead—I know it well; but I do not suffer. I assure you I feel nothing."

During her journey to the south, a tremendous storm roused her from this state of lethargy. There had been a storm on the day that her son died. When the thunder roared this time, she listened to it attentively; as it increased in violence she was seized with a terrible nervous attack, followed by a flood of tears; and from that instant she regained the power of feeling and of suffering, and gave herself up to a

* It is from the queen herself that I heard these fact.

profound grief which never completely subsided. Although I cannot continue her history without anticipating dates, I will nevertheless conclude this episode in her life at once. She took up her abode among the mountains with a small suite, and tried to escape from herself by continually walking so as to exhaust her strength. In a state of constant painful excitement she wandered through the valleys of the Pyrenees, or climbed the rocks, attempting the most difficult ascents, and seemed, I have been told by others, as if only bent on wearing herself out.

At Cauterets she met by chance with M. Decazes, who was then young, unknown to fame, and, like the queen, in deep grief. He had lost his young wife,* and was in bad health. These two met and understood each other's feelings. It is extremely probable that Madame Louis, who was too unhappy to restrict herself to the conventionalities of her rank and refused to receive unsympathetic persons, was more accessible to a man suffering from a sorrow like her own. M. Decazes was young and handsome; the idle sojourners at a watering-place and the inconsiderate tongue of scandal pretended there was something more than friendship in this. The queen was too much absorbed in her sorrow to take notice of anything that was going on around her. Her only companions were young friends devoted to her, anxious about her health, and eager to procure her the least alleviation. Meanwhile letters were written to Paris full of gossip about the queen and M. Decazes.

At the end of the summer, King Louis rejoined his wife in the south of France. It would seem that the sight of the sorrowing mother and of his only surviving son softened his heart. The interview was affectionate on both sides, and the married pair, who for long had lived in estrangement, were once more reconciled.† Had Louis returned immediately to the Hague it is probable that the reconciliation would have been lasting, but he accompanied his wife to Paris, and their domestic union displeased Madame Murat. I was told by the Empress that at first, on their return to Paris, her daughter was deeply touched by the grief of her husband, and said that through suffering a new bond had been formed between them, and that she felt she could forgive the past. But Madame Murat, or so the Empress believed on what appeared to be good grounds, began once more to disturb her brother's mind. She related to him, without appearing to believe them herself, the stories

* A daughter of M. Mariors, president of the Court of Appeal (Cour de Cassation).

† Their third son, afterwards Napoleon III., was born on the 3d of April, 1808.

told of the queen's meeting with M. Decazes. Less than this would have sufficed to rekindle Louis's jealousy and suspicion. I cannot now remember whether he had himself met M. Decazes in the Pyrenees, or whether he had merely heard him spoken of by his wife; for, as she attached not the least importance to her acquaintance with him, she often said before other persons how much she had been touched by the similarity of their sorrows, and how deeply she felt, in her own grief, for the desolation of the bereaved husband.

The Empress, who was alarmed at the emaciated condition of her daughter, and who feared for her the fatigue of another journey, as well as the climate of Holland, entreated the Emperor, who had then returned to Paris, to persuade Louis to allow his wife to remain in Paris for her confinement. The Emperor obtained permission for her by commanding Louis to grant it. The latter, who was angry, embittered, and no doubt ill-pleased at being forced to return alone to the gloomy mists of his kingdom, and who was beset by his own bad temper, resumed his suspicions and his ill-humor, and once more vented both on his wife. At first she could hardly believe him to be in earnest; but when she found herself again insulted, when she began to understand that even in her sorrow she was not respected, and that she had been thought capable of an intrigue at a time when she had been only longing for death, she fell into a state of utter dejection. Indifferent to the present, to the future, to every tie, she felt contempt for her husband, which perhaps she allowed to be too plainly perceptible, and she thought only of how she might contrive to live apart from him. All this took place in the autumn of 1807. When I shall have reached that date I may have more to say about this unhappy woman.

The Empress shed many tears over the death of her grandson. Besides the ardent affection she had cherished for this child, who was of a lovable disposition, her own position was, she felt, endangered by his death. She had hoped that Louis's children would make up to the Emperor for her lack of offspring, and the terrible divorce, which cost her so often such agonizing dread, seemed, after this sad loss, once more to threaten her. She spoke to me at the time of her secret fears, and I had much difficulty in soothing her.

Even at the present day, the impression produced by M. de Fontane's fine speech on this misfortune, into which he contrived to introduce a remarkable description of Bonaparte's prosperity, is not yet forgotten. The Emperor had ordered that the colors taken from the enemy in the last campaign, and also the sword of Frederick the Great, should be borne in state to the Invalides. A *Te Deum* was to be sung,

and an oration delivered in the presence of the great dignitaries, the ministers, the senate, and the pensioners themselves. The ceremony, which took place on the 17th of May, 1807, was very imposing, and the speech of M. de Fontanes will perpetuate for us the remembrance of those sacred spoils, which have since been restored to their former owners. The orator was admired for exalting his hero, and yet for refraining from insult to the vanquished, and for reserving his praise for what was really heroic. It was added that, strictly speaking, his praise might be taken for advice, and such was the general submission and fear in those days that M. de Fontanes was held to have displayed remarkable courage.

In his peroration he described his hero surrounded with the pomp of victory, but turning from it to weep over a child.

But the hero did not weep. He was at first painfully affected by the boy's death, then shook off the feeling as soon as possible. M. de Talleyrand told me afterwards that the very next day after hearing the news, the Emperor was conversing freely and just as usual with those around him, and that when he was about to grant an audience to some of the great nobles from the court of Warsaw, who came to offer their condolence, he (M. de Talleyrand) thought himself obliged to remind him to assume a serious expression, and ventured to offer a remark on his apparent indifference, to which the Emperor replied that "he had no time to amuse himself with feelings and regrets like other men."

Meanwhile the severity of winter gradually lessened in Poland, and everything indicated a renewal of hostilities. The bulletin of the 16th of May informed us that the Emperor of Russia had rejoined his army; and the temperate language in which the sovereigns were spoken of, together with the epithet of "brave soldiers" applied to the Russians, made us understand that a vigorous resistance was expected. The siege of Dantzic was intrusted to Marshal Lefebvre; some skirmishing took place, and finally, on the 24th of May, Dantzic capitulated. The Emperor immediately removed thither; to reward the marshal he made him Duke of Dantzic, and, together with the title, granted him a considerable sum of money. This was the first creation of the kind. He pointed out its advantages, in his own way, in a letter which he wrote to the senate on the occasion, and he endeavored to lay particular stress on those reasons for this step which would be least unwelcome to lovers of equality, whose opinions he was always careful to respect. I have often heard him speak of the motives which led him to create an intermediate caste, as he called it, between himself and the

vast democracy of France. His reasons were the necessity of rewarding important services in a way not onerous to the state and of contenting French vanity, and also that he might have a court about him like the other sovereigns of Europe. "Liberty," he used to say, "is needed by a small and privileged class who are gifted by nature with abilities greater than those of the bulk of mankind. It can therefore be restricted with impunity. Equality, on the other hand, delights the multitude. I do not hurt that principle by giving titles to certain men without respect of birth, which is now an exploded notion. I act monarchically in creating hereditary rank, but I remain within the principles of the Revolution because my nobility is not exclusive. The titles I bestow are a kind of civic crown; they may be won by good actions. Besides, it is a sign of ability when rulers communicate to those they govern the same impulses they have themselves. Now, I move by ascending, and the nation must rise in the same way."

On one occasion, after explaining this theory in his wife's presence and mine, he suddenly paused—he had been walking up and down the room, as was his habit—and said, "It is not that I do not perceive that all these nobles whom I create, and especially the dukes whom I endow with enormous sums of money, will become partially independent of me. Their honors and riches will tempt them to get loose, and they will acquire probably what they will call the *spirit of their class.*" On this he resumed his walk and was silent for a few minutes; then, turning to us abruptly, he added, with a smile of which I cannot attempt to analyze the expression, "Ah, but they won't run so fast but that I shall be able to catch them!"

Although Lefebvre's military services were a sufficient reason for the gifts which the Emperor assigned to him from the battlefield, yet the mocking humor of the Parisians, unaffected by even justly won glory, exercised itself upon the dignity of the new duke. There was something of the barrack-room about him which partly encouraged this, and his wife, who was old and excessively homely in her manners, became the object of general ridicule. She openly expressed her preference for the pecuniary part of the Emperor's gifts, and when she made this admission in the drawing-room at Saint Cloud, and the simplicity of the speech made some of us laugh, she reddened with anger and said to the Empress, "Madame, I beg you to make your young hussies hold their tongues." It may be imagined that such a sally did not lessen our mirth.

The Emperor would willingly have put a stop to jesting on these points, but that was beyond his power; and as it was known that he

was sensitive on the subject, this was a favorite way of retaliating upon him for his tyranny.

Witty sayings and *calembourgs* were current in Paris, and written off to the army. The Emperor, in his vexation, rebuked the minister of police for his carelessness. The latter, affecting a certain disdainful liberality, replied that he thought he might as well leave idle people amusement of this kind. However, on learning that contemptuous or ill-natured remarks had been made in any Paris drawing-room, the minister would send for the master or mistress of the house, advise them to keep a better watch over their guests, and dismiss them full of an undefined suspicion of their social circle.

Afterwards the Emperor contrived to reconcile the old to the new nobility, by offering the former a share in his gifts; and they, feeling that every concession, however small in itself, was a recognition of their privileges, did not disdain favors which replaced them in their former position.

Meanwhile, the army was strongly re-enforced. All our allies contributed to it. Spaniards hurried across France in order to fight against Russians on the Vistula; not a sovereign ventured to disobey the orders he received. The bulletin of the 12th of June announced that hostilities had recommenced; it also contained an account of the efforts that had been made to bring about a peace. M. de Talleyrand anxiously desired this—perhaps the Emperor himself was not averse to it: but the English government refused to consent; the young czar flattered himself that Austerlitz would be forgotten; Prussia was weary of us and wishing for the return of her king; Bonaparte, as conqueror, imposed severe conditions, and war broke out again. Some partial engagements were to our advantage, and our usual activity was resumed. The two armies met at Friedland, and we gained another great and hardly contested victory. Yet, notwithstanding our success, the Emperor felt assured that whenever he should be pitted against the Russians, he must be prepared for a severe struggle, and that on himself and Alexander depended the fate of the Continent.

A considerable number of our general officers were wounded at Friedland. M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, behaved most gallantly: in order to support the movements of the army, he endured the enemy's fire for several hours at the head of his division of heavy cavalry, maintaining his men, by his own example, in a state of very trying inaction, which may be said to have been as sanguinary as the thick of the fight. Prince Borghese was sent from the battlefield to Saint Cloud to convey the news of victory to the Empress; he held out

at the same time the hope of an early peace, and the rumor which was soon spread was no little enhancement of the victory.

The battle of Friedland was followed by a rapid march of our troops. The Emperor reached the village of Tilsit, on the banks of the Niemen. The river separated the two armies. An armistice was proposed by the Russian commander and accepted by us; negotiations were begun.

While these events were taking place, I had gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, where I was leading a quiet life and waiting, like the rest of Europe, for the end of this terrible war. I met there M. Alexandre de Lameth, who was prefect of the department. After taking a conspicuous part at the beginning of the Revolution, he had emigrated, and after long years in an Austrian prison, he had eventually returned to France at the same time as M. de la Fayette. Entering the Emperor's service, he attained the post of prefect to the department of the Nord, as it was called, and managed it extremely well. The education I had received, the opinions I had heard expressed by my mother and her friends, had prejudiced me strongly against all who had aided the Revolution in 1789. I looked upon M. de Lameth as simply factious and ungrateful towards the court, and as having thrown himself into opposition as a means of obtaining a celebrity flattering to his ambition. I was still more inclined to hold this opinion because I found he was a great admirer of Bonaparte, who certainly did not govern France on a system which emanated from the constituent assembly. But it may be that, like the majority of Frenchmen, our anarchy had sickened him of liberty so dearly bought, and that he sincerely welcomed a despotism which restored order to the country.

My acquaintance with him gave me the opportunity of hearing him discourse upon the rights of citizens, the balance of power, and liberty in a restricted sense. M. de Lameth defended the intentions of the constituent assembly, and I had no inclination to dispute the point with him—it seemed of little importance at the date we had then reached. He attempted to justify the conduct of the deputies in 1780; and, though I was unequal to arguing with him, I felt, confusedly, that he was wrong and that the constituent assembly had not fulfilled its mission with due impartiality and conscientiousness. But I was struck with the utility of less ephemeral institutions to a nation, and the ardent words to which I listened, together with the depression produced in me by our endless wars, sowed in my mind the seeds of wholesome and generous thought, which subsequent events have developed in full. But whatever our ideas may have been at that time, our reason or our instinct was forced to bend before the triumphant fortune

which was then raising Napoleon to the zenith of his fame. He was no longer to be judged by ordinary rules; fortune was so constantly on his side, that in rushing onwards to the most brilliant as well as the most deplorable excesses he seemed to be obeying destiny.

In the meantime the important political circumstances gave rise, at Aix-la-Chapelle as well as in Paris, to rumors of every kind. The kingdom of Poland was to be founded, and given to Jerome Bonaparte, who was to marry a daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and our Emperor was to carry out the old project of the divorce. The public mind was excited by the gigantic proportions of actual events, and became more and more possessed by that longing for the extraordinary which the Emperor so ably turned to advantage. And, indeed, why should not the country, seeing what was happening, expect that anything might happen? Madame d'Houdetôt, who was then living, said of Bonaparte, "He diminishes history and magnifies imagination." *

After the battle of Friedland, the Emperor wrote a really fine letter to the bishops. The following phrase occurs in it: "This victory has commemorated the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, of that day when, still covered with the dust of the battlefield, our first thought, our first care, were for the re-establishment of order and peace in the Church of France." In Paris the *Te Deum* was sung and the city was illuminated.

On the 25th of June, the two emperors, having embarked one on each bank of the Niemen, in presence of a portion of the two armies, set foot at the same moment in the pavilion that had been erected for them on a raft in the middle of the river. They embraced on meeting, and remained together for two hours. The Emperor Napoleon was accompanied by Dumas his grand marshal, and Caulaincourt his grand equerry; the czar, by his brother Constantine, and two great personages of his court. In that interview the peace was definitely settled. Bonaparte consented to restore a portion of his states to the King of Prussia, although his own inclination was towards a complete change of the form of the conquered countries, because an entire transformation would better suit his policy, which had universal dominion for its basis. He was, however, obliged to sacrifice some part of his projects during this final treaty. The czar might still be a formidable enemy, and Napoleon knew that France was growing weary of the war, and demanded his presence. A longer campaign would have led the army

* At this period M. de Chateaubriand had returned from his journey to the Holy Land, which he had undertaken in order to make studies for the work ("Les Martyrs") which he was then contemplating.

into enterprises of which none could foresee the issue. It was, therefore, necessary to postpone a portion of the great plan, and once more to call a halt. The Poles, who had reckoned upon complete liberation, beheld the portion of Poland that had belonged to Prussia turned into the duchy of Warsaw, and given to the King of Saxony as if in pledge. Dantzic became a free town, and the King of Prussia undertook to close his ports to the English. The Emperor of Russia offered to mediate with England for peace; and Napoleon imagined that the great importance of the mediator would terminate the quarrel. His vanity was deeply concerned in bringing our insular neighbors to recognize his royalty.* He frequently said, afterwards, that he felt at Tilsit that the question of Continental empire would one day be decided between the czar and himself; and that the magnanimity which Alexander displayed,† the young prince's admiration of him, and the genuine enthusiasm with which he had been inspired in his presence, had captivated him, and led him to desire that, instead of a total rupture, a firm and lasting alliance should take place, which might lead to the division of the Continent between two great sovereigns.

On the 26th the King of Prussia joined the illustrious party on the raft, and after the conference the three sovereigns repaired to Tilsit, where they remained while the negotiations lasted, exchanging visits every day, dining together, holding reviews, and appearing to be on the best possible terms. Bonaparte employed all the resources of his mind on this occasion, and kept a close watch over himself. He flattered the young Emperor, and completely captivated him. M. de Talleyrand completed the conquest by the skill and grace with which he sustained and colored his master's policy; so that Alexander conceived a great friendship for him, and trusted him entirely. The Queen of Prussia came to Tilsit, and Bonaparte did all he could to efface the impression of his bulletins by treating her with the utmost attention. Neither the queen nor her husband could complain. They, the two dispossessed, were forced to receive what was restored to them of their states with gratitude. These illustrious conquered ones concealed their pain, and the Emperor believed that he had gained them to his cause by re-establishing them in the parceled-out kingdom from which he was unable altogether to drive them. He secured to himself means of constant supervision by his treaty, by leaving French garrisons in the states of

* When the Emperor learned, shortly afterwards, that the English government refused to make peace, he exclaimed, "Very well, then! The war shall recommence, and it shall be to the death for one of the two states."

† Alexander was then thirty years old, very handsome, and of fine manners.

certain second-rate princes; for instance, in Saxony, Coburg, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin. A portion of his army still remained on the northern coast, because it appeared that the King of Sweden would not enter into the treaty; and, lastly, this war gave birth to a new kingdom, composed of Westphalia and a portion of the Prussian states. Jerome Bonaparte was adorned with the new kingship, and his marriage with the Princess Catherine was arranged.

M. de Talleyrand and Prince Kourakine signed this treaty on the 9th of July, 1807, and the Emperor, wearing the star and ribbon of the Russian Order of St. Andrew, immediately visited the czar. He asked to see the Russian soldier who had conducted himself best during the campaign, and gave him the Cross of the Legion with his own hand. The two sovereigns embraced anew, and parted, after having mutually vowed eternal friendship. Decorations were distributed on both sides. Farewells were then exchanged with great pomp between Bonaparte and the King of Prussia, and the Continent was once more pacified.

It was impossible to withhold admiration from glory such as this, but it is certain that the country took much less part in it than formerly. People began to perceive that it was of the nature of a yoke for us, though a brilliant one; and, as they were coming to know and distrust Bonaparte, they feared the consequences of the intoxication which his power might produce in him. Lastly, the predominance of the military element was exciting uneasiness; the foreseen vanities of the sword wounded individual pride. A secret trouble mingled with the general admiration, and the gloom which it produced was chiefly observable among those whose places or their rank must again bring them into contact with Napoleon. We wondered whether the rude despotism of his manners would not be more than ever apparent in all his daily actions; we were still smaller than before in his sight, by all the difference of his added greatness, and we foresaw that he would make us feel this. Each of us made his examination of conscience with scrupulous care, seeking to discover on what point our hard master would manifest his displeasure on his return. Wife, family, great dignitaries, ministers, the whole court—in fact, everybody suffered from this apprehension; and the Empress, who knew him better than anybody else, expressed her uneasiness in the simplest way, saying, "The Emperor is so lucky that he will be sure to scold a great deal." The magnanimity of kings consists in elevating those around them by extending to them a portion of their own moral greatness; but Bonaparte, who was naturally jealous, always isolated himself, and dreaded anything like sharing. His gifts were immense after this campaign, but it was

perceived that he paid for services in order that he might hear no more of them; and his recompenses were so evidently the closing of an account, that they excited no gratitude, while they did, on the contrary, revive claims.

While the momentous interviews of Tilsit were taking place, nothing happened at Paris except the removal of the body of the young Napoleon from Saint Leu (the residence of Prince Louis), in the Valley of Montmorency to Notre Dame. The archchancellor received the coffin at the church, and it was committed to the care of the cardinal archbishop of Paris (De Belloy) until the termination of the repairs at Saint Denis, when it was to be placed in the ancient abbey. The vaults that had contained the ashes of our kings were then in course of reconstruction. The scattered remains, which had been outraged during the Reign of Terror, were now collected together, and the Emperor had given orders for the erection of expiatory altars in reparation of the sacrilege that had been perpetrated upon the illustrious dead. This fine and princely idea did him great honor, and was fitly extolled by some of the poets of the period.

When the Emperor returned to France, his wife was living at Saint Cloud, with all possible precaution and the strictest prudence. His mother was living quietly in Paris; her brother, Cardinal Fesch, resided with her. Madame Murat inhabited the Elysée, and was skillfully conducting a number of small schemes. The Princess Borghese was leading the only kind of life she understood or cared for. Louis and his wife were in the Pyrenees; they had left their child with the Empress. Joseph Bonaparte was reigning benevolently but feebly, at Naples, disputing Calabria with the rebels, and his ports with the English. Lucien was living at Rome, devoting himself to leisure and the fine arts. Jerome brought back a crown; Murat, a strong desire to obtain one, and a deeply cherished animosity against M. de Talleyrand, whom he regarded as his enemy. He had formed an intimacy with Maret, the secretary of state, who was secretly jealous of the secretary for foreign affairs, and he highly approved of his wife's friendship with Fouché. These four persons were well aware that the Emperor had conceived, and was cherishing, the project of a divorce and an illustrious alliance, and they endeavored by every means to destroy the last links which still bound Josephine to Bonaparte, so that they might please the Emperor by aiding him to carry out this idea, and might also foil the Beauharnais and prevent M. de Talleyrand from acquiring a fresh claim to the confidence of his master. They wanted to have the direction of the affair entirely in their own hands.

M. de Talleyrand had been laboring for several years to acquire a European reputation, which, on the whole, he well deserved. No doubt he had more than once approached the subject of the divorce, but he was especially anxious that this step should lead to the Emperor's contracting a great alliance, of which he (M. de Talleyrand) should have the negotiation. Until, therefore, he could feel certain of succeeding in his objects, he contrived to restrain the Emperor by representing to him that it was of the utmost importance to select the fitting moment for action. On his return from this campaign, the Emperor seemed to place more confidence than ever in M. de Talleyrand, who had been very useful to him in Poland and in each of his treaties. His new dignity gave M. de Talleyrand the right to replace Prince Joseph wherever the rank of grand elector called him; but it also obliged him to relinquish the ministry of foreign affairs, which was beneath his present rank. He was, however, entirely in Napoleon's confidence with respect to foreign affairs, and was consulted by him in preference to the real minister. Some would-be wise persons afterwards claimed to have foreseen that M. de Talleyrand was exchanging a secure post for a brilliant but precarious position, and Bonaparte himself sometimes let it appear that he had not returned from Tilsit without feeling some displeasure at the preponderance of his minister in Europe, and that he was annoyed at the generally prevalent belief that M. de Talleyrand was necessary to him. By changing his office, and availing himself of his services in consultation only, he made use of him just as he wished, while reserving the power of setting him aside, or of not following his guidance, whenever either course should suit him. I remember an anecdote which illustrates this position of affairs. M. de Champagny, a clever but narrow-minded man, was transferred from the ministry of the interior to that of foreign affairs, and M. de Talleyrand, on presenting to him the various persons who were to be under his authority, said, "Here, sir, are many highly commendable persons. They will give you every satisfaction. You will find them capable, punctual, exact, and trustworthy, but, thanks to my training, not at all zealous." At these words M. de Champagny expressed some surprise. "Yes," continued M. de Talleyrand, affecting the utmost seriousness; "with the exception of a few dispatching clerks, who fold up their covers with undue precipitation, every one here observes the greatest calmness, and all are totally unused to haste. When you have had to transact the business of the interests of Europe with the Emperor for a little while, you will see how important it is not to be in any hurry to seal and send off his

decisions." M. de Talleyrand amused the Emperor by relating this incident, and describing the crest-fallen and astonished air with which his successor received the useful hint. It will not be inappropriate to place here a statement of the cumulative income of which M. de Talleyrand was at this time in receipt :—

	Francs.
As Grand Elector	330,000
As Grand Chamberlain	40,000
From the Principality of Benevento	120,000
The Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor	5,000
	495,000

Certain endowments were afterwards added to this sum. His personal fortune was estimated at three hundred thousand livres per annum; I never knew whether this was correct. The various treaties brought him immense sums of money and presents of enormous value. He lived in great style, and made very handsome allowances to his brothers. He bought the fine estate of Valençay, and furnished the house most luxuriously. At the time of which I am now speaking, he had a fancy for books, and his library was superb. That year the Emperor ordered him to make a sumptuous display, and to purchase a house suitable to his dignity as a prince, promising that he himself would pay for it. M. de Talleyrand bought the Hôtel de Monaco, Rue de Varenne, enlarged it, and decorated it extensively. The Emperor, having quarreled with him, did not keep his word, but threw him into considerable embarrassment by obliging him to pay for this palace himself.

In concluding my sketch of the position of the imperial family, I must add that Prince Eugene was then governing his fair realm of Italy with wisdom and prudence, happy in the affection of his wife and rejoicing in the birth of their little daughter.

The Archchancellor Cambacérès, who was cautious both by nature and training, remained in Paris, maintaining a certain state assigned to him by the Emperor, and which delighted his childish vanity. With equal prudence he presided over the state council, conducting the debates with method and discernment, and contriving that the prescribed limits should never be exceeded. Le Brun, the archtreasurer, interfered little with affairs; he kept up a certain state, and managed his own revenues, giving no cause of offense and exerting no influence.

The ministers confined themselves to their respective duties, preserving the attitude of attentive and docile clerks, and conducting the affairs with which they were intrusted on a uniform system, which had for its basis the will and the interests of their master. Each one's

orders were the same: "Promptitude and obedience." The minister of police allowed himself a greater liberty of speech than the others; he was careful to keep on good terms with the Jacobins, for whose good behavior he made himself responsible to the Emperor. On this account he was a little more independent, for he was at the head of a party. He had the direction of the various branches of police all over France, and was master of the details. Bonaparte and he may have often told each other falsehoods in their interviews, but probably neither of them was deceived.

M. de Champagny, subsequently Duc de Cadore, who had been minister of the interior, was placed at the head of foreign affairs, and was succeeded in his former post by State Councilor Crétet, who had been at first director-general of public works (ponts et chaussées). He was not a clever man, but hard-working and assiduous, and that was all that the Emperor required.

Requier, the chief judge, subsequently Duc de Massa, of whom I have already spoken, administered justice with persevering mediocrity. The Emperor was anxious that neither the authority nor the independence of the law should increase.

The Prince de Neuchâtel made an able war minister; General Dejean was at the head of the commissariat department. Both were under the personal superintendence of the Emperor.

M. Gaudin, the wise minister of finance, observed order and regularity in the management of taxes and receipts, which rendered him valuable to the Emperor. This was his sole employment. Afterwards he was created Duc de Gaëta.

The minister of the treasury, M. Mollien, who was subsequently created a count, showed more talent and much financial sagacity.

M. Portalis, the minister of public worship, was a man of talent and ability, and had maintained harmony between the clergy and the government. It should be said that the clergy, out of gratitude for the security and consideration which they owed to Bonaparte, submitted to him very willingly, and upheld a despotic authority which was conducive to universal order. When he demanded the levy of the conscripts of 1808, of which I have already spoken, he ordered the bishops, according to his usual custom, to exhort the peasantry to submit to the conscription. Their pastoral letters were very remarkable. That of the Bishop of Quimper contained these words: "What French heart will not ardently bless Divine Providence for having bestowed on this magnificent empire, when it was on the point of being forever crushed beneath blood-stained ruins, the only man who, as

Emperor and King, could repair its misfortunes and throw a veil of glory over the epoch of its dishonor?"

The death of M. Portalis occurred during this year, and he was succeeded by an excellent though less able man, M. Bigot de Préameneu, councilor of state, who was subsequently made a count.

Lastly, the minister of marine had had little occupation after Bonaparte gave up the hope of subduing England at sea, and being vexed with the failure of all his maritime attempts, had ceased to interest himself in naval affairs. M. Décrès, a man of real ability, was altogether pleasing to his master. His manners were rather rough, but he flattered Bonaparte after an original fashion. He cared little for public esteem, and was willing to bear the odium of the injustice with which the Emperor treated the French navy, so that it never appeared to emanate from Bonaparte himself. With unfaltering devotion, M. Décrès incurred and endured the resentment of all his former companions and friends. The Emperor afterwards made him a duke.

At the time of which I am writing, the court was dull and silent. There, especially, we were all impressed with the conviction that our privileges depended solely on the will of the master, and as that will was apt to be capricious, the difficulty of providing against it led each individual to avoid every needless action, and to restrict himself to the more or less narrow circle of the duties of his office. The ladies of the court were still more cautious; they did not attempt anything beyond winning admiration either by their beauty or their attire. In Paris itself people were becoming more and more indifferent to the working of a mechanism of which they could see the results and feel the power, but in whose action they knew they could have no share. Social life was not wanting in attractions. French people, if they are but at peace, will immediately seek for pleasure. But credit was restricted, interest in national affairs was languid, and all the higher and nobler sentiments of public life were well-nigh paralyzed. Thoughtful minds were disturbed, and good citizens must have felt they were leading useless lives. As a sort of compensation, they accepted the pleasures of an agreeable and varied social existence. Civilization was increased by luxury, which, while enervating the mind, makes social relations pleasanter. It procures for people of the world a number of petty interests, which are almost always sufficient for them, and with which they do not feel ashamed of being satisfied, when for a length of time they have been suffering from the greater political disorders. The recollection of the latter was still fresh in our memory, and it made us prize this period of brilliant slavery and elegant idleness.

When the Emperor reached Paris on the 27th of July, 1807, I was still at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was beginning to be anxious to know in what sort of temper he had returned. I have already said that there was universal solicitude on this point whenever he was expected. I could make no inquiries, for none dared to write openly to their correspondents; it was only when I myself returned that I could learn particulars.

The Emperor came back elated at his inconceivable good fortune, and it soon became evident that his imagination exaggerated the distance between himself and every other person. He showed, moreover, increased indignation at what he called the "gossip of the Faubourg Saint Germain." The first time that he saw M. de Rémusat, he rebuked him for not having given information respecting persons in society in Paris, in his lettters to Duroc, grand marshal of the palace. "You are in a position," said he, "to know what is said in a number of drawing-rooms, and it is your duty to keep me informed. I cannot accept the slight pretexts on which you have withheld information from me." To this M. de Rémusat replied that there was very little to withhold, because people were naturally careful as to what they said before him, and that he would have been loath to attach any importance to idle words, which might have caused serious consequences to those who had uttered them, often without any really hostile feeling. On such an answer being made to him, the Emperor would shrug his shoulders, turn on his heel, and say to Duroc or to Savary, "I am very sorry, but Rémusat will not get on; he is not devoted to me as I understand devotion."

It might be supposed that a man of honor who would rather mar his prospects than purchase fortune by a sacrifice of self-respect, would have been placed by that very resolution out of danger of those quarrels which result from what, alike in city and court, is called tittle-tattle. But such was not the case; Bonaparte did not choose that anybody should be at peace, and he knew admirably how to compromise or embroil those who most desired to live in quiet.

It will be remembered that, during the stay of the Empress at Mayence, some ladies of the court, of whom Madame de la Rochefoucauld was the chief, had ventured to criticise the Prussian war with some severity, and to compassionate Prince Louis, and still more the beautiful and cruelly insulted queen. The Empress, displeased by their freedom, had written full accounts to her husband of this exhibition of sympathy, begging him never to let it be known that she had mentioned the matter to him. That she had done so she confided to M. de Rému-

sat, who expressed his disapproval, but kept her secret. When M. de Talleyrand joined the Emperor, he too related what had been taking place at Mayence, but more with the intention of amusing Napoleon than from any hostility towards the lady of honor, whom he neither liked nor disliked. Bonaparte was, however, greatly displeased with her, and the first time they met he reproached her with his usual violence for her opinions and her utterances. Madame de la Rochefoucauld was taken by surprise, and, for want of a better excuse, denied everything. The Emperor rejoined by a positive reiteration, and when she inquired who had made this fine report about her, he instantly named M. de Rémusat. On hearing this, Madame de la Rochefoucauld was astounded. She was friendly to my husband and to me; and, believing rightly that she might rely on our discretion, she had often confided her most secret thoughts to us. She therefore was extremely surprised and angry, the more so that she herself was a sincere person, and incapable of such baseness as that attributed to my husband.

Being thus prejudiced against him, she avoided any opportunity of explanation, but was cold and constrained in her demeanor. For a long time he could not understand the cause of this estrangement; but, a few months afterwards, some circumstances connected with the divorce rendered certain interviews and conversations between Madame de la Rochefoucauld and ourselves necessary; she questioned my husband on the matter which I have just related, and he then learned the whole truth. She had made an opportunity of speaking freely to the Empress; the latter did not undeceive her, but allowed suspicion still to rest on M. de Rémusat, only adding that M. de Talleyrand had probably said more than he. Madame de la Rochefoucauld was an intimate friend of M. de Ségur, grand master of ceremonies, and she confided her feelings to him. For a time this caused a coolness between him and us; it also set him against M. de Talleyrand, the sharpness and occasional bitterness of whose satire leagued all commonplace people together against him, and he amused himself mercilessly at their expense.

They took their revenge when and how they could. The Emperor did not confine his reproaches to persons of the court; he likewise complained of high society in Paris. He rebuked M. Fouché for the inefficiency of his supervision; he sent certain ladies into exile, threatened some persons of distinction, and implied that, to avoid the effects of his displeasure, former acts of indiscretion must be repaired by steps which would show that his authority was recognized. Many persons felt themselves obliged to be presented at court in consequence;

some few made their own safety a pretext for this, and the splendor of his court was increased.

As he always took care to make his presence felt by disturbing everybody, he did not spare his own family. He scolded his sister Pauline severely, though very ineffectually, for her lightness of conduct, which Prince Borghese beheld with real or affected indifference. Nor did he hide from his sister Caroline that he was aware of her secret and ambitious projects. She bent before the inevitable storm with her usual suppleness, and brought him by degrees to own that, with such blood running in her veins, she was not very guilty in desiring a superior rank, while she took care to make her defense with all her usual charm. When he had thus, to use his own expression, roused up everybody all round, he felt satisfied with the terror he had excited, and, appearing to forget what had passed, he resumed his customary way of life.

M. de Talleyrand, who returned a little latter, expressed great pleasure at meeting M. de Rémusat. He now formed a habit of frequently coming to see me, and our intimacy became closer. I recollect that, at first, notwithstanding the gratitude with which his kindness inspired me, and the great pleasure I felt in his conversation, I was for a long time ill at ease in his company. M. de Talleyrand was justly regarded as a very clever man; he was now an important personage; but he was said to be hard to please, and of a sarcastic disposition. His manners, although highly polished, seem to place the person whom he is addressing in a relatively inferior position. Nevertheless, as the customs of society in France always accord to women a certain importance and liberty, they could, if they chose, hold their own with M. de Talleyrand, who likes women and is not afraid of them. Yet few of them choose to do so; their ambition to please restrains them. They hold themselves in a sort of bondage to him, and, in fact, to use a common expression, they have *spoilt him*. Lastly, as he is reserved, *blasé* on a multitude of subjects, indifferent on many others, and not easily moved to feeling, a woman who designs to conquer or retain him, or even only to amuse him, undertakes a hard task.

All that I knew about him, all that I discovered in becoming more intimate with him, made me constrained in his presence. I was gratified by his friendliness, but I did not venture to tell him so; I was afraid of disclosing my habitual thoughts and anxieties, because I imagined they would excite his sarcasm. I asked him no questions either about himself or on public affairs, for fear he might think me curious. My mind was so strained in his presence that I sometimes

experienced actual fatigue. I listened to him with the greatest attention, so that even if I could not always reply fittingly, at least I procured him the pleasure of an attentive auditor; for I own that my pride was flattered by his marked preference for me. When I think it all over now, I am amused at the mingled distress and pleasure which I experienced when my folding-doors were opened (on both sides) and the Prince of Benevento was announced. Large drops sometimes stood on my forehead from the efforts I made to say clever things, and there is no doubt that I was less agreeable in consequence than had I behaved more naturally, when, at any rate, I should have had the advantage of sincerity, and of harmony in my whole deportment. Although naturally grave and given to deep feeling, I tried to emulate the ease and levity with which he would pass from one subject to another. I was kind-hearted by nature, and averse to malicious talk, and yet I was always ready to smile at his jests. At the beginning, then, he exerted over me the influence which was customary to him, and had our intimacy continued on the same footing, I should have seemed to him but one woman the more to swell the ranks of those worshipers who vied with each other in applauding his defects, and fostering the worst faults of his character. He would probably have ended by breaking with me, for I should have ill sustained a *rôle* for which I was so little suited.

I will presently relate the painful circumstances which made me resume my natural character, and caused me to conceive a sincere affection for him, which has never wavered. Our new-formed intimacy was soon remarked at court, and at first the Emperor did not seem displeased. M. de Talleyrand was not without influence over him; the opinions he expressed when speaking of M. de Rémusat were of service to us, a few words let us perceive that we were held in increased esteem. The Empress, who in most things found a subject for fear, showed me great kindness, thinking I might serve her cause with M. de Talleyrand. His enemies at court watched us, but, as he was powerful, we were treated with great consideration. His numerous circle of acquaintance began to look with curious eyes on a quiet, straightforward, and taciturn man, who never flattered and was incapable of intrigue, yet whose abilities were praised, and whose society was courted by M. de Talleyrand. I, myself, a little person of twenty-seven years of age, ordinary looking, cold and reserved, in nowise remarkable, devoted to the duties of a pure and virtuous life, thus distinguished by the notice of so eminent a personage, also became an object of attention! It was probable that M. de Talleyrand, being just

then in want of amusement, found something novel and attractive in gaining the affection of two persons completely outside his own sphere of ideas, so that when wearied by the constraint of his existence, he sometimes turned with relief to companionship which he knew he could trust; while our attachment to him, openly professed at a time when his disgrace shook our own position, caused a solid friendship to succeed to mutual liking.

When visiting at this time at his house, which we had not previously been in the habit of doing, I became acquainted with a section of society hitherto almost unknown to me. There was always a number of people at M. de Talleyrand's—foreigners who paid him obsequious attention, great nobles of the former order of things, and men of the new, all wondering at finding themselves under the same roof, all remarkable for some reason or other, but whose character was not always equal to their celebrity. Well-known women were there also, of whom it must be said he had in general been rather the lover than the friend, and who were on the sort of terms with him that he preferred. His wife must be named first among the persons to whom I allude. Her beauty was daily waning on account of her increasing size. She was always handsomely dressed, and of course occupied the place of honor, but was unacquainted with most of the company. M. de Talleyrand never seemed to perceive that she was present; he never spoke to her, still less did he listen to what she said, and I believe he suffered acutely, but with resignation, for the error that had forced him into this extraordinary marriage. His wife seldom went to court: the Emperor treated her coldly, and she received no attention there. It never occurred to M. de Talleyrand to complain of this, nor yet of the compensation she was said to seek in the attentions of certain foreigners. Bonaparte would sometimes jest on this subject with M. de Talleyrand, who would answer negligently, and let the matter drop.

Madame de Talleyrand habitually disliked all her husband's friends, whether men or women. It is probable that she made no exception in my favor, but I always behaved to her with such ceremonious civility, I held myself so totally aloof from her private affairs, that we scarcely came into contact.

In these reception-rooms I also met some old friends of M. de Talleyrand, who, much to my amusement, began to regard me with curiosity. Among them were the Duchess de Luynes and the Princess de Vaudemont, both of them excellent women. They were sincerely attached and true to him, and very kind to me because they saw that my regard for him was sincere, straightforward, and without any ulterior design.

The Vicomtesse de Laval was less well-pleased, and being rather ill-natured, she judged me with some severity. The Princess de Lieskiewitz, sister of Prince Poniatowski, had recently made the acquaintance of M. de Talleyrand at Warsaw, and followed him to Paris. This poor lady, notwithstanding her forty-five years and her glass eye, was unfortunately passionately in love with him, and her attachment, of which he was manifestly weary, made her alive to the least preference shown by him. It is possible she may have honored me with a little jealousy. The Princess de X—— yielded to the same infirmity, for it was truly an infirmity to "love" M. de Talleyrand. I also met the Duchess de Fleury, a very clever woman, who had obtained a divorce from her husband, M. de Montrond; Mesdames de Bellegarde, whose only claim to importance in society was their extreme license of speech; Madame de K——, to whom M. de Talleyrand paid attention in order to keep on good terms with the grand equerry; Madame de Brignoli, one of the ladies-in-waiting, a very agreeable and elegant Genoese; and Madame de Souza, formerly Madame de Flahaut—a talented woman, who had been in her early youth a friend of M. de Talleyrand, and for whom he still retained much regard. She had written several pretty tales, and was, at the time of which I speak, the wife of M. de Souza, who had been ambassador to Portugal. Lastly, I met the ambassadresses, the foreign princesses then in Paris, and a great number of all the distinguished people of Europe.

I was entertained by this social magic-lantern; but, warned by an instinctive feeling to make no friendships among the crowd, I always stood on the strictest ceremony, and much preferred receiving M. de Talleyrand at my own fireside. My own circle felt some surprise at his so frequently joining us—some of my friends were even alarmed—for he inspired a general apprehension lest, immersed in important affairs as he was, he might find himself in a dangerous position and drag us down in his fall. We did not share the alarm of our friends, though perhaps we ought to have done so. M. de Rémusat's office as first chamberlain brought us in contact with M. de Talleyrand, and it was fitting that our intercourse should be friendly; we held aloof from all serious affairs, and had no thought of benefiting by his influence. Disinterested persons are apt to deceive themselves on this head; they imagine that others must know, or at any rate must perceive, what their real motives are, and as they act with simple sincerity they do not apprehend that they will be suspected of double-dealing. It was a great blunder, at that time, to expect to be estimated at one's real worth.

The Emperor saw Louis's second son when he went to Saint Cloud, and treated him affectionately, so that the Empress began to hope he would regard this child as his heir, as he had formerly regarded the elder boy. Bonaparte had been impressed by the extreme rapidity of the progress of the disease that had so suddenly carried off the elder brother, and he offered a competitive prize of twelve thousand francs for essays upon the malady called croup. Some valuable works were published in consequence.

The pacification of Europe did not at once bring back the whole army to France. In the first place, the King of Sweden was prevailed on by the English government, in spite of the opposition of his people, to announce the rupture of his armistice with us. Thirteen days after the signature of peace at Tilsit, a partial war broke out in Pomerania. Marshal Mortier was at the head of this expedition; he entered the Stralsund, and obliged the King of Sweden to take ship and escape. On this the English sent a considerable fleet to the Baltic, and, having attacked Denmark, laid siege to and took Copenhagen. These various events were chronicled in the *Moniteur*, accompanied with notes attacking the English, as usual, while the aberration of mind of the King of Sweden was proclaimed to Europe.

Alluding to the subsidy which the English government made to the Swedes for carrying on the war, the Emperor expressed himself as follows in the *Moniteur:* "Gallant and unfortunate Swedes, this subsidy costs you dear! If England could only repair the harm she does to your trade and to your honor, or could restore the blood she has already cost and still costs you! But you must feel that you are to be pitied for having lost all your privileges and all consideration, and for being thus defenseless and disorganized, subject to the caprices of an invalid king."

General Rapp remained at Dantzic as governor, with a garrison. He was a brave and honest man; rather rough in his ways, faithful, frank, careless of what went on about him, and of everything except the orders he received. He served his master with great fidelity, more than once nearly losing his life for him, without having ever made the least inquiry into the qualities or the vices of his character.

The Emperor held himself bound also to support the new constitution established in Poland by the King of Saxony, and he sent a considerable force thither to be added to the Polish garrison. Marshal Davoust had the command of this cantonment. By thus dispersing his troops through Europe, Bonaparte secured his influence over his allies, kept his soldiers in practice and relieved France from the burden of

supporting so many armed men. His aggressive policy obliged him to be always in readiness, and, moreover, it was necessary to secure the devotion of his army that the men should be kept far from their homes. He succeeded in so changing the nature of his troops that they became unreservedly devoted to his service; they lost all national sentiment, and cared only for their chief, for victory and for plunder, which in the eyes of a soldier is a great embellishment of danger. Thus they eventually drew down on the Fatherland which they had forgotten the hatred and revenge that resulted in the European crusade against us in 1813 and 1814.

Fresh adulation awaited the Emperor on his return. Language was exhausted for epithets of praise, to which he listened with disdainful composure. There is little doubt, however, that his indifference was feigned, for he loved praise from no matter what lips, and more than once he was duped by it. Certain men had influence over him only because their compliments were inexhaustible. Unfailing admiration, even though somewhat foolishly expressed, never failed to please him.

On the 10th of August he sent a message to the senate, announcing the elevation of M. de Talleyrand to the dignity of vice-grand elector, and that of Marshal Berthier to the rank of vice-grand constable. General Clarke succeeded the latter as minister of war, and he found opportunities for displaying the devoted admiration to which I have alluded, even more fully than before. The Emperor's habitual attention to all war matters, the high intelligence of Berthier, major-general of the army, and the careful administration of General Dejean, the chief of the commissariat, made any great ability in General Clarke unnecessary. Punctual, upright and obedient, he fulfilled all the requirements of his position. MM. Champagny and Cretet obtained the two ministerial posts of which I have spoken, and State Councilor Regnault was made state secretary to the imperial family.

Meanwhile we read every day of fresh military promotions, of the distribution of rewards, of the creation of official posts—in fact, of everything that tends to keep ambition, covetousness and vanity on the alert. Then the legislative body opened its session. M. de Fontanes, who, as usual, was named president, made, also as usual, a fine speech on the brilliant position of France. A great number of laws appertaining to rule and order were brought before the assembly for its sanction, as was likewise a budget, which proclaimed our finances to be in a flourishing condition; and, lastly, an account of the public works in contemplation, or begun, or already terminated, in all parts

of the empire. The cost of these works was defrayed by the contributions levied on Europe, and all France might witness improvements which nevertheless did not augment a single home tax. The Emperor, in addressing the legislative bodies, spoke to the whole French nation; gave them an account of his victories; mentioned the five thousand one hundred and seventy-nine officers and the one hundred and twenty-three thousand subalterns and privates taken prisoner in this war; spoke of the complete conquest of Prussia, of his soldiers encamped on the banks of the Vistula, of the fall of the power of England, which, he said, must be the result of so many victories; and ended by an expression of satisfaction with the nation which had so faithfully served him by winning for him such triumphant success. "Frenchmen," he said, "I am well pleased with you; you are a good and a great people."

The opening of the corps législatif was an imposing ceremony. The hall had been lavishly decorated; the dress of the deputies was handsome, that of the courtiers surrounding the Emperor was magnificent, and he himself was resplendent in gold and diamonds on that day. Although in every ceremonial he was too precipitate, the great pomp he insisted upon supplied the place of that dignity which was wanting. When, in the course of any ceremony, Bonaparte had to walk towards the throne prepared for him, he always seemed to rush at it. One could not but feel, on observing him, that he was no legitimate sovereign, taking peaceful possession of the royal seat bequeathed to him by his ancestors; but an all-powerful master, who, each time that he wore the crown, seemed to reiterate the words he had once uttered at Milan, "Guai à chi la toccherà."

Bonaparte's incorrect pronunciation was a great drawback on these state occasions. In general he had his speech drawn up for him. M. Maret, I believe, most frequently undertook that task, but sometimes it fell to M. Vignaud, or even to M. de Fontanes, and he would try to learn the discourse by heart, but vainly, for the least constraint was insupportable to him. He always ended by resolving to read his speech, and it was copied out for him in a large hand; for he was little accustomed to read writing, and could have made nothing out of his own. Then he would be instructed in the proper pronunciation of the words; but when he came to speak he forgot his lesson, and in a muffled voice, with lips scarcely parted, would read the speech in an accent more strange even than it was foreign, most unpleasant, and indeed vulgar. I have heard numbers of persons say that they always felt a painful sensation on hearing him speak in public. The indisputable testimony of his accent to the fact that he was a foreigner struck painfully on

the ear and the mind alike. I have myself sometimes experienced this involuntary sensation.

The fêtes of the 15th of August were splendid. The whole court, glittering with precious stones, was present at a concert in the palace, and at the ballet which followed it. The reception-rooms of the Tuileries were thronged with a brilliant and gorgeous company; there were ambassadors, the greatest nobles of all Europe, princes, and many kings who, although new-made, appeared in becoming state. There, too, were lovely women magnificently attired, who, together with the first musicians in the world, and all that the opera-ballets could lend of grace and elegance, combined to lend the scene an oriental splendor.

Public games and rejoicings were provided for the city of Paris. The Parisians, who are naturally gay when gathered together, and eager to join any crowd, hurried into the streets to see the illuminations and the fireworks, and showed the delight they felt in scenes of pleasure and in the beauty of the season. But there were no acclamations in honor of the Emperor. There seemed to be no thought of him, as the people enjoyed the amusements he had provided for them, but every one diverted himself according to his own character and taste, and these, perhaps, make the French the least serious people in the world, but also the most pleasant.

English people, who were present at these rejoicings, were quite astonished at the good order, the gayety, and the harmony which pervade all classes of society on such occasions. Every one enjoys himself, and does not think of interfering with his neighbor's enjoyment; there is no quarreling nor ill-humor, no revolting and dangerous drunkenness. Women and children may mix with impunity in the crowd, and are protected. People who are strangers to each other take their pleasure together; they sing and laugh in chorus, though they have never met before. On such occasions an unobservant sovereign might easily be misled. This constitutional hilarity, temporarily called forth by extraneous circumstances, may readily be mistaken for the expression of the feelings of a contented and loyal people. But if the sovereigns who are destined to reign over Frenchmen do not want to be deceived, they will interrogate their own conscience rather than the popular cry, if they would learn whether they give happiness to their people and possess their affection.

The flattery of a court is really astonishing; numbers of courtiers, in describing the behavior of the Parisian public, endeavored to represent it to the Emperor as a proof of the people's gratitude towards

him! I will not affirm that he was never deceived by this, but for the most part, he remained stolidly unmoved. Bonaparte seldom listened to others, and joyousness was foreign to his nature.

During the month of August several of the German princes arrived in Paris—some in order to visit the Emperor; others to solicit some favor or some liberty in behalf of their petty states.

The Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine came at about this time, to celebrate the marriage of Princess Catherine at of Wurtemberg, who herself arrived on the 21st of August. She was, I think, about twenty years of age, and was a nice-looking girl; her figure was already rather stout, and indicated that she would in time resemble her father, whose size was so enormous that he could only sit on chairs specially constructed for him, and had to dine at a table hollowed out in a semicircle to make room for his unwieldy figure.

This King of Wurtemberg was a very able man, but had the reputation of being the most worthless prince in Europe. He was hated by his subjects, who, it is said, more than once tried to rid themselves of him. He is now dead.

The marriage of Princess Catherine and the King of Westphalia took place at the Tuileries with great splendor. The civil ceremony was performed in the gallery of Diana, as in the case of the Princess of Baden's wedding, and on Sunday, the 23d, at eight in the morning, the religious marriage was solemnized at the Tuileries, in presence of the whole court.

The Prince and Princess of Baden had also come to Paris. She was prettier than ever. The Emperor did not appear to notice her particularly. I shall have to refer to her again presently.

At the end of August the King and Queen of Holland arrived. They seemed to be on good terms, but still depressed on account of their loss. The queen had lost flesh, and was suffering the *malaise* of an early stage of pregnancy. Shortly after she came to Paris, seeds of the old distrust and disquiet were once more sown in the mind of her husband. Evil tongues insinuated falsehoods respecting the unhappy woman's conduct at the Pyrenean watering-place. Her grief, the tears that were still flowing, her downcast air, her too evident ill-health, failed to disarm her enemies. She talked of the excursions she had made among the mountains, and of the soothing effect of the mountain scenery. She told how she had met M. Decazes, and pitied the profound grief into which his wife's death had plunged him. All this she related in the most frank and simple manner, but calumny laid hold of it, and the suspicions of Louis were re-

awakened. He wished, naturally but selfishly, to take his wife and son back to Holland. Madame Louis was as submissive as he could require her to be; but the Empress, alarmed by the declining state of her daughter, insisted on a consultation of physicians being held. The doctors were unanimous in pronouncing the climate of Holland unfit for a woman in the queen's situation, whose chest was already delicate; and the Emperor settled the question by announcing that he intended to keep his stepdaughter and her child with himself for the present. The king submitted sullenly, and bitterly resented to his wife a decision which she had not solicited, but which, I believe, was in accordance with her wishes. Discord once more reigned in that wretched household; and Queen Hortense, profoundly offended this time by the jealous suspicions of her husband, lost forever the interest in him which she had recently felt, and conceived a positive aversion towards him. "From that time forth," she has often said to me, "I was fully aware that my unhappiness must always be irremediable. I regarded my hopes as entirely and irrevocably ruined. All grandeur inspired me with horror. As for the throne, and what so many people called my 'luck,' I cursed them many a time. I was a stranger to every enjoyment of life. All my dreams had vanished; I was well-nigh dead to all that was passing around me."

About this time the Academy lost two of its most distinguished members: Le Brun the poet, who has left some beautiful odes and the reputation of great poetical talent, and M. Dureau de la Malle, the esteemed translator of Tacitus and the intimate friend of the Abbé Delille.

M. Delille lived peacefully in the enjoyment of a moderate fortune, surrounded by friends, popular in society, left to repose and freedom by the Emperor, who had given up the idea of winning him. He published certain works, from time to time, and reaped the reward of his natural amiability in the favor with which they were received. His life was indeed a peaceful one, untroubled by any bitter thoughts or hostile opinions. M. Delille was a professor at the College of France, and received the salary of a chair of literature, but Le Gouvé did its work for him. This was the only boon which he consented to accept from Bonaparte. He prided himself on preserving a faithful remembrance of Queen Marie Antoinette, whom he called his benefactress. It was known that he was composing a poem in honor of her, the king, and the emigrants, but no one resented this to him. The government, always anxious to efface such memories, respected them in Delille's case, and would not have ventured to incur the odium of persecuting the amiable, grateful, and generally beloved old man.

The two vacant seats in the Academy were much discussed in the salons of Paris. M. de Chateaubriand was mentioned for one of them. The Emperor was angry with him, and the young writer—pursuing a course which gained him celebrity, procured him the support of a party, and nevertheless did not expose him to any real danger—kept up an opposition which gained strength from the fact that it excited the Emperor's anger. The French Academy, imbued with the revolutionary and would-be philosophical incredulity that had come into fashion in the last century, opposed the choice of a man who had hoisted religious colors as the banner of his genius. It was said by those who most frequented M. de Chateaubriand's society that the habits of his life were by no means in harmony with the precepts that adorned his compositions. Excessive pride was imputed to him. Women, captivated by his talents, his peculiar manner, his handsome face, and his reputation, vied with each other in admiring and petting him, and he showed himself by no means insensible to their advances. His extreme vanity, the exalted opinion of himself which he entertained, made us all believe that, if the Emperor had only coaxed him a little, he would have succeeded in gaining him over to his side, although of course he would have had to pay the high price at which M. de Chateaubriand himself would have rated his partisanship.

The silent labors of the corps législatif were continued. It ratified all the laws that emanated from the council of state, and the administrative organization of the power of the Emperor was completed without opposition. It was now certain that he could rule France, by his own genius and by the proved ability of the members of this council of state, with an appearance of legality which reduced the country to silence and pleased his orderly mind ; and, regarding the remains of the tribunate as merely a center of opposition, which, however feeble, might be troublesome to him, he resolved to make an end of it. The tribunate had been considerably lessened in number under the consulate. By a *senatus-consultum* the tribunes were transferred to the corps législatif, and the session was immediately closed. The speeches delivered at the last sitting of the tribunate are remarkable. It is surprising that men should mutually consent to act such a farce, and yet we had become so much accustomed to that sort of thing, that nobody particularly noticed it at the time.

First, M. Béranger, councilor of state, appeared with certain of his colleagues, and after having recapitulated the services which the tribunate had rendered to France, went on to say that the new decree would confer on the corps législatif a plenitude of importance which

was a pledge of national rights. The president replied, on behalf of the entire tribunate, that this resolution was received with respect and confidence by them all, and that they appreciated its positive advantages. Then a tribune (M. Carrion-Nisas) moved that an address should be presented to the Emperor, thanking him for the evidence of esteem and regard which he had deigned to offer to the tribunate. The speaker added that he believed himself to be the interpreter of the feelings of each of his colleagues, in proposing to lay at the foot of the throne, as the last act of an honorable existence, an address which should impress the people with the idea that the tribunes, whose attachment to the empire was unalterable, had received the act of the senate without regret, and without solicitude for the country. This proposition was adopted with unanimity. The president of the tribunate, Fabre de L'Aude, was named senator.

At this time the Emperor organized the Cour des Comptes, and his displeasure with M. Barbé Marbois having passed away, he recalled him and made him president of that court.

In September the Emperor of Austria married for the second time. His bride was his first-cousin, the daughter of the old Archduke Ferdinand of Milan. Shortly afterwards his brother, the Grandduke of Wartzburg, now Grandduke of Tuscany, came to Paris.

The court was increased from time to time by the arrival of a number of great personages. Towards the end of September a sojourn at Fontainebleau was announced. On this occasion the greatest magnificence was to be displayed; fêtes were to take place in honor of the Queen of Westphalia. the *élite* of the actors and musicians of Paris were to be brought down to the palace, and the court received orders to appear in the utmost splendor. The princes and princesses of the imperial family brought a portion of their households, and they, as well as the great dignitaries and the ministers who were to accompany the Emperor, were to have separate tables.

On the 21st of September, Bonaparte left Paris with the Empress, and during the following days the Queen of Holland, the Queen of Naples, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the Grandduke and Grandduchess of Berg, the Princess Pauline, Madame Mère, the Grandduke and Grandduchess of Baden, the prince primate, the Grandduke of Wartzburg, the princes of Mecklinburg and Saxe-Gotha, M. de Talleyrand, the Prince de Neufchâtel, Maret (secretary of state), the great officers of the imperial houses, several ministers of the kingdom of Italy, and a number of marshals, arrived at Fontainebleau. M. de Rémusat, several chamberlains, the ladies of honor, the ladies-in-waiting, and the

women of the bed-chamber were included in the traveling party. We were summoned by letters from the grand marshal, Duroc, which announced to each that she had been selected by the Emperor. I had just come from Aix-la-Chapelle, and as I was comprised in the list, I had to rejoin the court and my husband at Fontainebleau, after the delay of a few days in Paris with my mother and my children.

Marshal Lannes had been nominated colonel-general of the Swiss Guard on the 20th of September.

Let us suppose an individual, ignorant of all antecedent events, and suddenly introduced to the life of the palace at Fontainebleau, at the time of which I am speaking. That individual, dazzled by the magnificence of the royal dwelling, and struck by the authoritative air of the master, and the obsequious reverence of the great personages who surrounded him, would undoubtedly have believed that he beheld a sovereign peacefully seated upon the greatest throne in the world, in virtue of the joint rights of power and legitimacy.

Bonaparte was then king in the eyes of all and in his own eyes; he forgot the past, he did not fear the future. He walked with a firm step, foreseeing no obstacles, or at least certain that he could easily overthrow any which might arise. It appeared to him, it appeared to us, that he could not fall, except by an event so unforeseen, so strange, and which would produce so universal a catastrophe, that all the interests of order and tranquillity were solemnly pledged to his support. He was either the master or the friend of all the Continental kings. He was allied to several of them either by foreign treaties or by foreign marriages. He had made sure of Europe by the partitions which he had effected. He had strong garrisons upon its most distant frontiers to insure the execution of his will, and all the resources of France were placed absolutely in his hands. He possessed an immense treasury; he was in the prime of life, admired, feared, and scrupulously obeyed; had he not then surmounted every obstacle?

For all this, a worm was gnawing at the vitals of his glory. The French Revolution was not a process by which the public mind was to be led to submit to arbitrary power; the enlightenment of the age, the progress of sound principles, the spread of liberty, were all against him, and they were destined to overthrow this brilliant edifice of authority, founded in opposition to the march of the human intellect. The sacred flame of liberty was burning in England. Happily for the welfare of nations that sanctuary was defended by a barrier which the armies of Bonaparte could not break down. A few leagues of sea protected the civilization of the world and saved it from being forced to

abandon the field of battle to one who might not perhaps have utterly beaten it, but who would have stifled it for the space of a whole generation.

The English government, jealous of so colossal a power, and notwithstanding the ill-success of so many enterprises, found an unfailing resource against the Emperor in the national sentiments. The pride and the industry of England, which was attacked in both its position and its interests, were equally alarmed, and the people consented eagerly to every sacrifice that was demanded of them. Large sums were voted for the augmentation of a naval service which should secure the blockade of the entire Continent of Europe.

The kings, who were afraid of our artillery, submitted to the prohibitive system which we exacted of them, but their people suffered. The luxuries of life, the necessities created by prosperity, the innumerable wants which are the result of high civilization, all fought the battle of the English. Murmurs arose at St. Petersburg, on the Baltic, in Holland, in all the French ports, and the discontent which dared not express itself took all the deeper root in the public mind that it might be long before it could find a voice.

The threats or reproaches which, as we were suddenly made aware, our government was addressing to its allies, were indications of the true state of things. We, in France, were in complete ignorance of all that was passing outside of us, without communications (at least of an intellectual kind) with other nations, incredulous of the truth of the articles written to order in our dull journals: but, nevertheless, we were led by the line taken in the *Moniteur* to the conclusion that the imperial will was balked by the necessities of the nation. The Emperor had bitterly reproached his brother Louis with a too feeble execution of his orders in Holland. He now sent him back to his kingdom with a positive injunction that his (Bonaparte's) will was to be scrupulously obeyed.

"Holland," said the *Moniteur*, "since the new measures taken there, will no longer correspond with England. English commerce must find the whole Continent closed to it, and these enemies of the nations must be outlawed. There are peoples who know not how to do anything but complain; they must learn to suffer with fortitude, to take every means of injuring the common enemy and obliging him to recognize the principles which actuate all the Continental nations. If Holland had taken her measures from the commencement of the blockade, perhaps England would have already made peace."

At another time every effort was made to stigmatize what was

called the invasion of Continental liberties. The English government was compared in its policy to Marat. "What did he ever do that was more atrocious?" was asked. "The spectacle of a perpetual war is presented to the world. The oligarchical ringleaders who direct English policy will end, as all exaggerated and infuriated men do end, by earning the opprobrium of their own country and the hatred of other nations."

The Emperor, when dictating this and similar tirades against oligarchical government, was using for his own purposes the democratic idea which he well knew existed in the nation. When he employed some of the revolutionary phrases he believed that he was carrying out the principles of the Revolution. "Equality"—nothing but "Equality"—was the rallying cry between the Revolution and him. He did not fear its consequences for himself; he knew that he had excited those desires which pervert the most generous dispositions; he turned liberty aside, as I have often said, he bewildered all parties, he falsified all meanings, he outraged reason. The power which his sword conferred upon him he sustained by sophistry, and proved that it was from motives of sound wisdom that he deviated from the path of progress and set aside the spirit of the time. He called the power of speech to his aid, and perverted language to lead us astray.

That which makes Bonaparte one of the most remarkable of human beings, which places him apart, and at the head of all those powerful men who have been called to rule over their fellows, is that he perfectly knew and always contended with his epoch. Of his own free will he chose a course which was at once difficult and contrary to the spirit of his time. He did not disguise this from himself; he frequently said that he alone had checked the Revolution, and that after him it would resume its course. He allied himself with the Revolution to oppress it, but he presumed too far upon his strength, and in the end the Revolution recovered its advantage, conquered and repulsed him.

The English government, alarmed by the fervor with which the czar, who was rather fascinated than convinced, had embraced the policy of the Emperor, closely attentive to the troubles which were beginning to manifest themselves in Sweden, uneasy at the sentiments which Denmark manifested towards us, and which must lead to the closing of the Sound against themselves, increased their armament, and assembled their forces for the blockade of Copenhagen. They succeeded in taking that city; but the Prince Royal, fortified by the love of his people, defended himself bravely, and fought even after he had lost his capital, so that the English found themselves obliged to evacuate Copenhagen,

and to content themselves, there as elsewhere, with the general blockade. The opposition declared against the expedition, and the Emperor, in his ignorance of the British constitution, flattered himself that the parliamentary debates on this point would be useful to him. Little accustomed to opposition, he estimated that of a political party in England by the effect which would have been produced in France, had the same violence of opinion which he remarked in the London journals been manifested here, and he believed the English government was lost on the evidence of the diatribes of the *Morning Chronicle*. These articles were a welcome aliment to his own impatience, but his hopes always proved vain. The opposition declaimed, but its remonstrances came to nothing, and the government always found means to carry on the necessary struggle.

Nothing could exceed the Emperor's anger when he read the debates in the English parliament, and the violent attacks upon himself in which the free English press indulged. He took advantage, on his own part, of the liberty of the press in England to hire writers in London who might print what he wanted with impunity. These duels of the pen served no purpose. The abuse which he dictated was answered by abuse of him which reached Paris. All these articles had to be translated and shown to him. Those whose duty it was to bring them under his notice trembled as they did so, so terrible was his anger, whether silent or displayed in violent passion; and ill indeed was the fortune of any one whose position in the household brought him in contact with the Emperor immediately after he had read the English newspapers. We were always made aware of the state of his temper on those occasions. The officials whose business it was to provide for his amusements were much to be pitied. At this time, what I must really call the "torture" of M. de Rémusat commenced. I shall have more to say on this subject when I have to describe our court life at Fontainebleau.

All those persons who were to accompany their majesties were assembled, and informed of the rules which they would have to observe. The different evenings of the week were to be passed in the respective apartments of the great personages. On one evening the Emperor would receive; there would be music, and afterwards cards. On two other evenings there would be a play; followed, on one, by a ball in the apartment of the Grandduchess of Berg, and on the other, by a ball in the apartment of the Princess Borghese; on the fifth, there would be a reception and cards in the apartment of the Empress. The princes and ministers were to give dinners, and to invite all the members of the court in turn. The grand marshal was to do the same;

twenty-five covers were to be laid at his table every day. The lady of honor was likewise to entertain; and lastly, there was to be a table for all those who had not received a special invitation elsewhere. Princes and kings were to dine with the Emperor only when invited. He reserved to himself the liberty of his *tête-à-tête* dinner with his wife, and chose whom he pleased when he thought fit to depart from that rule.

Hunting took place on fixed days, and the guests were invited to accompany the hunt, either on horseback or in elegant *calèches*.

The Emperor took it into his head that the ladies should have a hunting costume, and to that the Empress agreed very willingly. The famous costumier Leroy was consulted, and a very brilliant uniform was arranged. Each princess selected a different color for herself and her household. The costume of the Empress was amaranth velvet, embroidered with gold, with a *toque* also embroidered in gold, and a plume of white feathers. All the ladies-in-waiting wore amaranth. Queen Hortense chose blue and silver; Madame Murat, pink and silver; Princess Borghese, lilac and silver. The dress was a sort of tunic, or shore *redingote*, in velvet, worn over a gown of embroidered white satin; velvet boots to match the dress, and a *toque* with a white plume. The Emperor and all the gentlemen wore green coats, with gold or silver lace. These brilliant costumes, worn either on horseback or in carriages, and by a numerous assemblage, had a charming effect in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau.

The Emperor liked hunting rather for the exercise which it forced him to take than for the pleasure of the chase itself. He did not follow the deer very carefully, but, setting off at a gallop, would take the first road that lay before him. Sometimes he forgot the object of the hunt altogether, and followed the winding paths of the forest, or seemed to abandon himself to the fancy of his horse, being plunged the while in deep reverie. He rode well, but ungracefully. He preferred Arab horses, because they are so trained that they stop on the instant. Horses of this kind were very carefully broken for him, as, from his habit of starting at full gallop with a loose rein, he would have been in danger of falling, had not every precaution been taken. He would go down steep hills at full speed, to the great risk of those who had to follow him at the same pace. He had a few severe falls, but they were never alluded to. He would not have liked any mention of them.

He took up for a while a fancy for driving a *calèche* or a buggy, and he was a very unsafe coachman, for he took no precaution in turning corners or avoiding difficult roads. He was determined always to con-

quer every obstacle, and would retreat before none. One day, at Saint Cloud, he undertook to drive four-in-hand, and turned the horses, which he could not manage, so awkwardly, through a gateway, that the carriage was upset. The Empress and some other persons were in the vehicle, and were all thrown out, but fortunately no serious accident occurred, and Bonaparte escaped with a sprained wrist. After that he gave up driving, remarking, with a laugh, that "in even the smallest things, every man should stick to his own business."

Although he took no great interest in the success of a hunt, he would scold violently if the deer were not taken, and be very angry if it were represented to him that he had, by changing the course, misled the dogs. He was surprised and impatient at the slightest non-success.

He worked very hard at Fontainebleau, as indeed he did everywhere. He rose at seven, held his *lever*, breakfasted alone, and on the days when there was no hunt, remained in his cabinet, or held councils until five or six o'clock. The ministers and councilors of state came from Paris as if we had been at Saint Cloud. He never considered distances, and carried this to such an extent, that having expressed an intention to "receive" on Sunday, after mass, as he did at Saint Cloud, people had to leave Paris in the night, in order to reach Fontainebleau at the prescribed hour. The persons who made this journey would be placed in one of the galleries of the château, through which he would walk, sometimes without taking the trouble of rewarding them by a word or a look for the fatigue and inconvenience they had undergone.

While he remained all the morning in his cabinet, the Empress, elegantly dressed, breakfasted with her daughter and her ladies, and afterwards went into her drawing-room and received visits from persons living in the château. Such of us as cared to do so might occupy ourselves with needlework, and this was a great relief to the fatigue of idle and trifling conversation. Madame Bonaparte did not like to be alone, but she had no taste for any kind of occupation. At four o'clock we left her; she then gave herself up to the business of her toilette, we to the business of ours, and this was a momentous affair. A number of Parisians shopkeepers had brought their very best merchandise to Fontainebleau, and they easily disposed of it by presenting themselves at our rooms.

Between five and six o'clock the Emperor would go down to his wife's apartment, and then drive out alone with her, before dinner. At six o'clock we dined, and afterwards we met in the theater, or at the apartment of the person who was charged with providing the especial amusement of the particular evening.

The princes, marshals, or chamberlains who had the *entrée* might present themselves at the Empress's apartment. They knocked at the door, the chamberlain on duty announced them, and the Emperor said, "Let them come in." Ladies would sit down in silence; gentlemen would remain standing against the wall in the order in which they entered the room. The Emperor would generally be walking backwards and forwards, sometimes silently and deep in thought, without taking any notice of those around; at other times, he would make an opportunity of talking, but almost without interruption, for it was always difficult to reply to him, and had become more so than ever. He neither knew how to put people at their ease or cared to do so, for he avoided the slightest appearance of familiarity, and he inspired all who were in his presence with the apprehension that some disparaging or unkind word would be said to him or her before witnesses.

The receptions did not differ much from those more private and privileged occasions. All who were about the Emperor suffered from *ennui;* he did so himself, and frequently complained of the fact, resenting the dull and constrained silence which was in reality imposed by him. I have heard him say, "It is a singular thing; I have brought together a lot of people at Fontainebleau; I wanted them to amuse themselves. I arranged every sort of pleasure for them, and here they are with long faces, all looking dull and tired."

"That," replied M. de Talleyrand, "is because pleasure cannot be summoned by beat of drum, and here, just as when you are with the army, you always seem to be saying, 'Come, ladies and gentlemen! Forward! March!'" The Emperor was not annoyed by this speech; he was in a very good humor at this time. M. de Talleyrand passed long hours alone with him, and was then free to say anything he chose, but in a great room and among forty other persons, M. de Talleyrand was just as silent as the rest.

Of the whole court the person who was, beyond all comparison, most oppressed by the care of the Emperor's pleasures was M. de Rémusat. The fêtes and the plays were in the department of the grand chamberlain, and M. de Rémusat, in his capacity as first chamberlain, had all the responsibility and labor. The latter word is perfectly appropriate, for the imperious and harassing will of Bonaparte rendered this sort of business exceedingly troublesome. It always was, as M. de Talleyrand said, a case of "amusing the Unamusable."

The Emperor chose to have two plays in the week, and that they should always be different. The actors of the Comédie Française per-

formed in these plays, which alternated with representations of Italian operas. Nothing but tragedy was played—Corneille frequently, a few of Racine's pieces, and Voltaire, whose dramatic works Bonaparte did not like, very rarely.

The Emperor approved the entire repertory for Fontainebleau, positively insisted that the best actors of the company must perform there, and commanded that the representations in Paris should undergo no interruption; all the arrangements were made accordingly; then he would abruptly upset the whole arrangement, demand another play or another actor, on the very morning of the day on which the piece, as previously set down, was to be acted. He would not listen to any observation on the subject, and sometimes would be quite angry about it. The best that was to be hoped for was that he would say, with a smile, "Bah! take a little trouble and you will succeed. I wish it to be so; it is your business to find the means."

When the Emperor uttered that irrevocable "Je le veux," the words echoed through the whole palace. Duroc and Savary pronounced them in the same tone as himself, and M. de Rémusat was obliged to repeat them to the unfortunate actors, who were bewildered and overtaxed by the sudden efforts of memory, or the entire disarrangement of their studies, to which they were subjected. Then messengers would be dispatched at full speed to seek the necessary persons and "properties." The day passed in a whirl of petty agitation—in the fear that an accident, or an illness, or some unforeseen circumstance might prevent the execution of the order; and my husband, who occasionally came to my room for a moment's rest, would sigh at the thought that a reasonable man should be forced to exhaust his patience and all the efforts of his intellect in such trifles, which, however, were of real importance because of the consequences to which they might lead.

One would need to have lived in courts to realize how small things can become grave matters, and how hard to bear is the displeasure of the master, even when its cause is utterly insignificant. Kings are in the habit of displaying their displeasure before everybody, and it is unbearable to receive a complaint or a rebuff in the presence of a number of people who look on as if they were at a play. Bonaparte, the most arbitrary of sovereigns, never hesitated to "scold" in the harshest way, frequently without the slightest reason, and would humiliate or threaten anybody at the prompting of a whim. The fear which he excited was infectious, and his harsh words resounded long and far.

When one had succeeded in satisfying him, with very great trouble, it is not to be supposed that he would testify that satisfaction. Silence was the best one had to expect. He would go to the play with his mind preoccupied, perhaps irritated by reading some English journal, or he would be fatigued with the day's hunting, and he would either fall into reverie or go to sleep. No applause was permitted in his presence, and the silent representation was exceedingly dull and cold. The court grew intolerably weary of these eternal tragedies. The younger ladies simply slept through them; every one went away depressed and dissatisfied. The Emperor perceived this, was irritated by it, attacked his first chamberlain, blamed the actors, insisted on others being found, although he had the best, and would command different pieces for the ensuing days, which were received in precisely the same manner. It rarely happened otherwise, and our theatrical experiences were, it must be confessed, eminently unpleasant. Those days at Fontainebleau were a constantly recurring source of misery to me; the frivolity of the thing in itself, and the importance of its consequences, rendered it a great trial.

The Emperor admired Talma's acting; he persuaded himself that he liked it very much, but I think he rather knew than felt that Talma was a great actor. He had not in himself that which enables one to take pleasure in the representation of a fiction on the stage; he was deficient in education, and his mind was too rarely disengaged, he was too entirely occupied by his own actual circumstances, to be able to give his attention to the development of a feigned passion. He occasionally appeared moved by a scene, or even by a word pronounced with great effect; but that emotion detracted from his pleasure as a whole, because he wanted it to be prolonged in all its strength, and he never took into account those lesser impressions produced by the beauty of the verse or the harmony which a great actor lends to his entire *rôle*. In general he thought our French drama cold, our actors too measured, and he resented to others his own insensibility to that which diverted the multitude.

It was the same with regard to music. He had little feeling for the arts, but he had an intellectual appreciation of them, and, demanding from them more than they could give him, he complained of not having felt what it was not in his nature to feel.

The first singers in Italy were attracted to the Emperor's court. He paid them largely; his vanity was gratified by the power of taking them away from other sovereigns; but he listened to their strains moodily, and seldom with any interest. M. de Rémusat bethought

himself of enlivening the concerts by a sort of representation of the pieces of music that were executed in the Emperor's presence. These concerts were sometimes given on the stage, and they included the finest scenes from the Italian operas. The singers wore the appropriate costumes, and really acted; the decorations represented the scene in which the action of the song was supposed to pass. All this was arranged and mounted with the greatest care, but, like everything else, it failed of its effect. And yet, not completely; for although all this was labor lost so far as his pleasure was concerned, the pomp of these various spectacles and entertainments pleased Bonaparte. It consorted with his policy, and he liked to display superiority which extended to everything before the crowd of foreigners who surrounded him.

This same moody and discontented temper, which was inseparable from him, cast a cloud over the balls and receptions at Fontainebleau. At eight o'clock in the evening, the court, all in splendid attire, would assemble in the apartment of the princess whose turn it was to receive company. We placed ourselves in a circle, and looked at each other without speaking. Thus we awaited the arrival of their majesties. The Empress came in first, made the tour of the reception-room with her unfailing grace, and then took her place and kept silence like the rest, until the Emperor appeared. He would seat himself by her side, and look on at the dancing with a countenance so little encouraging to gayety that enjoyment was out of the question on these occasions. Sometimes, during a pause, he would walk about the room, addressing trifling remarks to the ladies. These observations were, for the most part, jests about their attire, of anything but a delicate kind. He withdrew early, and shortly afterwards the party would break up.

During the sojourn of the court at Fontainebleau, a very pretty woman made her appearance, and attracted the attention of the Emperor. She was an Italian. M. de Talleyrand had seen her in Italy, and persuaded the Emperor to appoint her reader to the Empress. Her husband was made receiver-general. The Empress was at first indignant at the appearance of this fair lady on the scene, but she promptly made up her mind to lend herself to what she was powerless to oppose, and this time she shut her eyes to the true state of affairs. The lady was a quiet person, acquiescent rather than elated; she yielded to her master from a sort of conviction that she ought not to resist him; but she made no display, she gave herself no airs in consequence of her success, and she contrived to combine a real attachment to Madame Bonaparte with submission to Bonaparte's fancy for her. The

result was that the affair was conducted without any scandal or disturbance. This lady was certainly the handsomest woman at the court, which boasted a number of beauties. I have never seen more beautiful eyes, finer features, or a more exquisitely harmonious face. She was tall, and had an elegant figure, but she was a little too slight. The Emperor never cared very much for her; he soon told his wife all about the affair, and made her mind quite easy by his unreserved confidence respecting this brief and unsentimental *liaison*. The lady was lodged in the palace at Fontainebleau in such a manner as to be within call whenever he desired her presence. It was whispered about that she came down in the evening to his apartment, or he went to hers; but in the ordinary circle he did not talk to her more than to any other lady, and the court paid no attention to the affair, because it was plainly unlikely to lead to any change. M. de Talleyrand, who had in the first instance persuaded Bonaparte to select this Italian as a mistress, received his confidences concerning her, and that was all.

If I were asked whether the idleness of our court life at Fontainebleau led to the formation of *liaisons* of a similar kind on the part of the courtiers, I should hardly know how to answer the question. The Emperor's service demanded such entire subjection, and involved such close though trifling occupation, that the men had not time for gallantry, and the women were too much afraid of what Bonaparte might say of them to yield without very great precaution. In so cold, constrained, and conventional a society, in which no one would venture on a word or a movement more than the others, no coquetry was ever displayed, and every arrangement was made in silence, and with a promptitude which eluded observation. Another peculiarity of the time acted as a safeguard to women; this was that men took no pains to please; they merely asserted the pretensions of victory without wasting time in the preliminaries of love. Thus, among the Emperor's surroundings, only passing intrigues, whose *dénouement* both parties seemed anxious to hasten as much as possible, took place. Besides, Bonaparte desired that his court should be grave, and he would not have permitted women to assume the slightest ascendency in it. To himself alone he reserved the right to every kind of liberty; he tolerated the misconduct of certain members of his own family, because he knew that he was powerless to restrain them, and that the attempt to do so only gave the facts additional publicity. For the same reason, he would have dissembled the anger he might have felt had his wife allowed herself any "distractions;" but at this period she no longer seemed disposed to do so. I am absolutely unacquainted with the

secrets of her private life, and I always saw her exclusively occupied with the difficulties of her own position, and tremblingly apprehensive of displeasing her husband. She was entirely devoid of coquetry; her manner was perfectly modest and reserved; she never spoke to men, except to find out what was going on; and her grand subject of thought and dread was the divorce always hanging over her head. Lastly, the women of that court had great need to be on their guard and to take care what they did, for whenever the Emperor was informed of anything—and he always was informed—he would invariably make the husband acquainted with the facts of the case. It is true that he interdicted any complaint or action in consequence. Thus, we all know that he had made S—— aware of certain adventures of his wife's, but so imperiously ordered him to display no anger that S——, who was always entirely submissive to him, consented to allow himself to be deceived, and ended, partly through this weak compliance, and partly through his desire to think his wife innocent, by not believing facts which were of public notoriety.

Madame de X—— was at Fontainebleau, but the Emperor never paid her any attention, and if the rumor that the former *liaison* between them was temporarily renewed had any truth at all in it, the revived intimacy must have been very transitory, and it did not restore her former importance to the lady.

We had, however, the spectacle of one really ardent love affair during our stay at Fontainebleau. Jerome had, as I have already said, recently married the Princess Catherine, and his young wife became deeply attached to him, but shortly after their marriage he gave her cause for jealousy. The young Princess of Baden was at this time a very fascinating person, and on bad terms with her husband. She was coquettish, frivolous, gay, and clever, and she had a great success in society. Jerome fell in love with her, and his passion seemed to afford her considerable amusement. She danced with him at all the balls. The Princess Catherine, who was even then too fat, did not dance, and she would remain seated, sadly contemplating the gayety of the two young people, who passed and repassed before her, quite indifferent to the pain they were inflicting on her. At length, one evening, in the midst of a fête, when the understanding between them was too plain to be mistaken, the young Queen of Westphalia was observed to turn deadly pale, and burst into tears; the next minute she slid from her chair, and swooned completely away. The ball was interrupted; she was carried into another room, the Empress and some of the ladies hastened to her aid, and we heard the Emperor address a severe rebuke

to his brother, after which he retired. Jerome, greatly frightened, went at once to his wife, took her upon his knee, and endeavored to restore her to consciousness by his caresses. The princess, on coming to herself, wept bitterly, and seemed to be unaware that a number of persons surrounded her. I looked on at this scene in silence, deeply impressed by its strangeness, by the sight of this Jerome—whom a succession of circumstances, all independent of any merit of his own, had raised to a throne—figuring as the object of the passionate attachment of a real princess, with the right to her love, and also a right to neglect her. I cannot describe what I felt at seeing her sitting upon his knees, her head upon his shoulder, and receiving his kisses, while he called her by her name, "Catherine," over and over again, entreating her to calm herself, and using the familiar *tutoiement*. The young couple retired to their own apartment a few minutes later.

On the following day, Bonaparte ordered his wife to speak strongly to her young niece, and I also was instructed to make her listen to reason. She received me very well, and listened to me with attention. I represented to her that she was compromising her future, and urged upon her that her duty and her interest alike bound her to live on proper terms with the Prince of Baden; that she was not destined to live permanently in France; that levity which might be tolerated in Paris would probably be resented to her in Germany, and that she ought most carefully to avoid giving any excuse for the spread of calumny against her. She acknowledged that she had more than once reproached herself for the imprudence of her behavior, but that there really was nothing in it except the desire to amuse herself; and she added that she was quite aware that all her present importance was due to her being Princess of Baden, for she was no longer treated at the French court as she had been in times past. This was, in fact, quite true; for the Emperor, who had outlived his fancy for her, had changed the whole ceremonial with respect to her, and, paying no attention to the rules which he had himself laid down at the time of her marriage, no longer treated her as his adopted daughter, but accorded her merely the precedence of a princess of the Confederation of the Rhine, which came very far after that of the queens and princesses of the imperial family. Lastly, she knew that she was a cause of disturbance, and the young prince, who did not venture to express his displeasure, manifested it only by his extreme dejection. Our conversation lasted for a long time, and she was much impressed by it and by her own reflections. When she dismissed me, it was with an embrace, and saying, "You shall see that you will be pleased with me."

That same evening there was a ball, and the princess approached her husband, and spoke to him in an affectionate manner, while towards all others she adopted a reserved demeanor, which everybody observed. During the evening she came to me, and asked me, in the sweetest and most graceful way, whether I was pleased with her; and from that moment, until the end of the sojourn of the court at Fontainebleau, not a single disparaging observation could possibly be made respecting her. She showed no reluctance to return to Baden; when there she conducted herself well. She has since had children by the Prince and lived happily with him; she also won the affection of his subjects. She is now a widow, and has only two daughters left; but she is held in high consideration by her brother-in-law, the Emperor of Russia, who has on several occasions evinced a great interest in her.

As for Jerome, he went shortly afterwards to take possession of his kingdom of Westphalia, where his conduct must more than once have given the Princess Catherine cause to shed tears; this, however, did not cure her of her love for him, for since the revolution of 1814 she has never ceased to share his exile.

While pleasure, and especially etiquette, reigned at Fontainebleau, the poor Queen of Holland lived in the château, as much apart as she could from all; suffering much from her condition, grieving incessantly for her son, spitting blood on the least exertion, quite disconsolate, and unable even to wish for anything except rest. At this time she often said to me, with tears in her eyes, "I hold by life for my brother's sake only. When I think of him, I take pleasure in our greatness, but to me, myself, it is a torment." The Emperor displayed invariable esteem and affection for his stepdaughter; it was always to her that he intrusted the task of conveying to her mother such hints as he thought necessary. Madame Bonaparte and her daughter were good friends, but they were too dissimiliar to understand each other, and the former was conscious of a certain inferiority, which affected her to some extent. And then, Hortense had experienced such great trials that she could not deeply compassionate cares which seemed to her so light in comparison with the burden that she herself had to carry. When the Empress would tell her of a quarrel with Bonaparte about some foolish expense, or some passing fit of jealousy, or would talk of her fear of divorce, her daughter would say, with a melancholy smile, "Are these things misfortunes?" The two undoubtedly loved, but I do not think they ever understood, each other.

The Emperor, who had, I believe, a much greater regard for Mad-

ame Louis than for his brother, but who was, nevertheless, swayed to a certain extent by family feeling, interfered in their domestic affairs with reluctance and caution. He had consented to keep his step-daughter with him until after her confinement, but he always spoke in the sense of wishing that she should ultimately return to Holland. She told him repeatedly that she would not go back to a country in which her child had died and where misery awaited her. "My reputation is blasted," said she; "my health is destroyed; I expect no more happiness in this life. Banish me from your court, if you will; place me in a convent; I want neither throne nor fortune. Give my mother peace and Eugene the *éclat* which he deserves, but let me live quietly and in solitude." When she spoke thus, she succeeded in touching the Emperor's feelings; he consoled and encouraged her, promising her his aid and support, and advising her to trust to time, but he utterly scouted the idea of a divorce between her and Louis. He was, no doubt, thinking of his own, and felt that a repetition of the same incident in the family would bring them into ridicule. Madame Louis submitted, and let time pass by, but she was privately quite resolved that nothing should induce her to renew a union at the thought of which she shuddered. It did not seem that the king wished for her return; on the contrary, he was embittered against his wife, loved her no better than she loved him, and, in Holland, where he wanted to pass for a victim, openly accused her. Many people believed his story: kings easily find credulous ears. One thing is certain: the husband and wife were most unhappy, but my belief is that, with his disposition, Louis would have made troubles for himself anywhere under any circumstances; whereas Hortense was eminently calculated for a calm and happy domestic life. She did not seem to know the meaning of passion; her mind and feelings were disposed towards profound quiet.

The Grandduchess of Berg applied herself to being extremely agreeable to us all at Fontainebleau. She could be very gay and pleasant when she was in the humor, and she could even assume an air of *bonhomie*. She lived in the château at her own expense, very luxuriously, and kept a sumptuous table. She always used gilt plate, in this outdoing the Emperor, whose silver-gilt services were used on state occasions only. She invited all the dwellers in the palace by turns, receiving them most graciously, even those whom she did not like, and appeared to be thinking of nothing but pleasure; but, nevertheless, she was not wasting her time. She frequently saw Count Metternich, the Austrian ambassador. He was young and handsome, and he appeared to admire the sister of the Emperor. From that time

forth, whether from a spirit of coquetry or from a far-sighted ambition which prompted such a measure of precaution, she readily accepted the homage of the minister. He was said to be held in high consideration and to have great influence at his court, and he might be placed, by the course of events, in a position to serve her. Whether she had this idea beforehand or not, events justified it, and Metternich never failed her.

In addition to this, she took the influence of M. de Talleyrand into consideration, and did her best to cultivate him while keeping up as secretly as possible her relations with Fouché, who visited her with extreme precaution, in consequence of the displeasure with which the Emperor regarded any intimacy of the kind. We observed her making up to M. de Talleyrand in the drawing-room at Fontainebleau, talking to him, laughing at his *bon mots*, looking at him when she said anything remarkable, and even addressing observations to him. M. de Talleyrand showed no reluctance, but met her advances, and then their interviews became more serious. Madame Murat did not conceal from him that the spectacle of her brothers seated on thrones inspired her with envy, as she felt herself quite capable of wielding a scepter, and she reproached him with opposing this. M. de Talleyrand objected that Murat's abilities were not brilliant, and made some jokes at his expense, which were not resented very strongly. The princess delivered up her husband to M. de Talleyrand's sarcasms readily enough, but she urged that she would not leave the whole charge of ruling in Murat's hands, and she gradually, by certain seductive methods, led M. de Talleyrand to be less opposed to her wishes. At the same time she also flattered and cultivated M. Maret, who, in his heavy way, repeatedly praised to her all-powerful brother the intelligence and ability of the Emperor's sister.

Bonaparte himself had a great opinion of her, and he found it supported by a variety of testimony which he knew was not concerted. He began to treat his sister with greater consideration, whereat Murat, who lost something by what she gained, thought proper to take offense. Thence ensued conjugal "scenes," in which the husband insisted on resuming his right and his rank. He bullied the princess, and she was a good deal frightened; but, partly by adroitness, partly by threats—by being now caressing, and again haughty and distant, by acting on some occasions the submissive wife, and on others the sister of the master of all—she bewildered her husband, resumed her ascendency, and proved to him that she was serving his interests in all she was doing. It seems that quarrels of the same kind occurred when she was at Naples, that

Murat's vanity took umbrage, and that he was deeply hurt; but everyone agrees that if he made mistakes it was always when he ceased to follow his wife's advice.

I have said that the sojourn of the court at Fontainebleau was marked by a brilliant succession of foreign visitors. With the prince primate we had very agreeable conversations; he was witty, had fine manners, and delighted in recalling the days of his youth, when he had been acquainted in Paris with all the men of letters of the epoch. The Grand Duke of Wartzburg, who remained all the time at Fontainebleau, was very good natured, and put every one at ease with him. He was passionately fond of music, while he had a voice like that of a precentor; he enjoyed himself so much when he was allowed to take a part in a piece of concerted music that no one had the heart to spoil his pleasure by smiling at his performance.

Next to the two whom I have just mentioned, the princes of Mecklenburg were objects of special attention. They were both young, and very polite—indeed, even obliging—to everybody. They were in some awe of the Emperor; the magnificence of his court dazzled them, and so impressed were they by his power, and the splendor amid which it was wielded, that they were in a state of perpetual admiration, and paid court even to the chamberlains.

The Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brother to the Queen of Prussia, was rather deaf, and found it difficult to communicate his ideas; but the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was also young and very good looking, was extremely affable. His object in coming to France was to obtain the removal of the French garrisons from his states. The Emperor kept him amused by fair promises; he explained his wishes to the Empress, and she listened to him with gracious patience. The unfailing kindness that distinguished Josephine, her sweet face, her lovely figure, the suave elegance of her person, were not without their effect on the prince. We saw, or believed we saw, that he was captivated; she laughed, and was amused. Bonaparte also laughed, but he afterwards took the matter ill. This change of humor occurred on his return from a journey to Italy, which he made at the end of the autumn. The two princes were treated with less cordiality towards the close of their stay in Paris.

I do not think Bonaparte felt real annoyance, but he did not choose to be the subject of any kind of jest. The prince, no doubt, retained some sort of feeling for the Empress, for she told me that on the occasion of the divorce the Emperor suggested to her that, if she wished to marry again, she should select the Prince of Mecklenburg as her hus-

band, and she declined. I am not quite sure whether she did not tell me that the prince had written to ask for her hand.

Such of the princes as were not invited to the Emperor's table dined with the queens, the ministers, the grand marshal, or the lady of honor. Madame de la Rochefoucauld had a fine suite of rooms, where the foreigners were accustomed to assemble. She received them with much grace and cordiality, and time passed there pleasantly.

How curious a spectacle is a court! There we see the most illustrious personages of the time, men of the highest social rank; each one of them is supposed to be occupied with important interests; but the silence enforced by prudence and custom reduces all conversation to complete insignificance, and it frequently happens that princes and other great people, not daring to act like men, assume the behavior of children. This reflection was forced upon my mind even more strongly at Fontainebleau than elsewhere. All these foreigners were aware that they were drawn thither by force. All were more or less vanquished or dispossessed; they had come to entreat either favor or justice; they knew that in a corner of the château their fate was being decided; and yet, assuming a similar appearance of good spirits and entire freedom of mind, they went out hunting and acquiesced in all that was required of them. These requirements included dancing, playing at blind-man's-buff and other games, so that while thus employed no one need either listen or reply to them. How often have I sat at Madame de la Rochefoucauld's piano, playing, at her request, those Italian dances which our lovely Italian inmate had brought into fashion! Princes, electors, marshals, and chamberlains, conquerors and conquered, nobles and plebeians passed before me, dancing indiscriminately together; all the quarterings of Germany contrasting with the Revolutionary swords, or the decorated uniforms of our "illustration"—an "illustration" much more real and weighty, at that period, than that of the ancient title-deeds and patents, which the smoke of our guns had nearly obliterated. I often reflected very seriously on the events then taking place before my eyes, but I took good care not to confide my thoughts to any of my companions, and I would not have ventured to smile at either them or myself. "Herein is the wisdom of courtiers," says Sully. "It is agreed that, though they all wear grotesque masks, none shall ever be held to be ridiculous by the others."

In another place he says, "A truly great man knows how to be everything by turns and according to circumstances—a master or an equal, a king or a citizen. He loses nothing by thus unbending in private, provided that on other occasions he shows himself equally able

in political and military affairs; the courtier will never forget that he is in the presence of his master."

But the Emperor was by no means disposed to adopt these axioms, and, from design as well as from inclination, he never relaxed his kingly state. An usurper could perhaps hardly do so with impunity.

When the hour struck for us to leave our childish games in order to present ourselves before him, the expression of every face became constrained. Each of us wore a serious countenance, as we proceeded slowly and ceremoniously to the great apartments. Hand in hand, we entered the Empress's anteroom. A chamberlain announced the names. Then, sooner or later, we were received—sometimes only those who had the *entrée,* at other times everybody. We silently fell into our places, as I have said before, and listened to the few and vague phrases the Emperor addressed to each. Wearied like us, he soon called for the card-tables, to which we would sit down for form's sake, and shortly after the Emperor would retire. Nearly every evening he sent for M. de Talleyrand, with whom he sat up far into the night.

The state of Europe at this time was doubtless the ordinary subject of their conversations. The expedition of the English into Denmark had greatly angered the Emperor. He found himself totally unable to assist his ally, and this, added to the destruction of the Danish fleet and the blockade established everywhere by English ships, made him eagerly seek every opportunity of harming England. He was more urgent than ever that his allies should devote themselves to carrying out his vengeance. The Emperor of Russia, who had taken steps towards a general peace, having been repulsed by the English government, threw himself heartily into the alliance with Bonaparte. On the 26th of October he made a declaration, by which he announced that he had broken off all communication with England up to the time when she should enter into a treaty of peace with us. His ambassador, Count Tolstoi, arrived at Fontainebleau shortly afterwards; he was received with great honor, and included among the members of "the Journey," as it was called.

At the beginning of the month a rupture took place between ourselves and Portugal. The prince regent of that kingdom * gave no support to those Continental prohibitions which so harassed the people. Bonaparte grew angry; violent paragraphs against the house of Braganza appeared in the newspapers, the ambassadors were recalled, and our army entered Spain in order to march on Lisbon. Junot was in command. In November, the prince regent, seeing he could offer no

* The queen, his mother, was still living, but she was insane.

resistance to such an invasion, resolved to emigrate from Europe, and to go and reign in Brazil. He embarked on the 29th of November.

The Spanish government had not attempted to oppose the passage of the French troops through its territories. A great deal of scheming was going on at that time between the court of Madrid and that of France. For a long time past there had been a close correspondence between the Prince de la Paix and Murat. The prince, absolute master of his king's mind, and the implacable enemy of the Infante Don Ferdinand, heir to the throne, had devoted himself to Bonaparte and served him zealously. He repeatedly promised Murat to satisfy him on every point, and the latter, in return, was instructed to promise him a crown (the "Kingdom of the Algarves") and efficient support from us. A crowd of schemers, both French and Spanish, were mixed up in all this. They deceived Bonaparte and Murat as to the true spirit of Spain, and they most carefully concealed that the Prince de la Paix was hated throughout the kingdom. Having gained over this minister, we fancied ourselves masters of the country, and we fell willfully into many errors, for which we have since had to pay very dearly.

M. de Talleyrand was not always consulted or believed on these points. Better informed than Murat, he often spoke to the Emperor of the true state of the case, but he was suspected of being jealous of Murat. The latter asserted that it was to injure him Talleyrand threw a doubt upon the success for which the Prince de la Paix made himself answerable, and Bonaparte allowed himself to be deceived. It has been said that the Prince de la Paix made enormous presents to Murat, who flattered himself that, after betraying the Spanish minister, and by his means causing a rupture between the King of Spain and his son, and finally by bringing about the wished-for revolution, he would have the throne of Spain as his reward. Dazzled by this prospect, he would not permit himself to doubt the truth of all the flattery that was lavished upon him.

It happened that a conspiracy was suddenly formed at Madrid against the king; Prince Ferdinand was accused in the reports that were made to King Charles, and whether there was truth in the matter, or it was only a wretched intrigue against the life of the young prince, the charge was published widely. The King of Spain, having caused his son to be put on his trial before a tribunal, suffered himself to be disarmed by the letters which fear dictated to the infante—letters in which he acknowledged his crime, real or pretended—and the court was in a deplorable state of turmoil. The king's weakness was extreme;

he was infatuated with his minister, who ruled the queen with all the authority of a master and a former lover. The queen detested her son, to whom the Spanish nation attached itself in consequence of the hatred inspired by the Prince de la Paix. There was in this situation sufficient to foster the Emperor's hopes. If we add the state of Spain itself, the political incapacity of the effete nobility, the ignorance of the people, the influence of the clergy, the prevalence of superstition, the miserable state of the finances, the influence which the English government was trying to gain, and the occupation of Portugal by the French, it is plain that such a condition of things threatened revolution.

I had often heard M. de Talleyrand talking to M. de Rémusat of the situation of Spain. Once, when he was conversing with us about the establishment of Bonaparte's dynasty, he said, " A prince of the house of Bourbon is but a bad neighbor for him, and I do not think he will be able to retain him." But at this date, in 1807, M. de Talleyrand, thoroughly well informed as to the real disposition of Spain, was of opinion that, far from intriguing by means of a man of so little capacity as the Prince de la Paix, and so ill-esteemed, the way to propitiate the nation was by procuring his dismissal; and if the king refused this, by declaring war, taking part with the people against him, and, according to events, either dethroning all the Bourbon family, or making a compromise in Bonaparte's interest, by marrying Prince Ferdinand to a lady of the imperial house. It was towards this latter plan that M. de Talleyrand most inclined, and he predicted to the Emperor even then that any other line of conduct would involve him in difficulties.

One of Bonaparte's great mistakes—I do not know whether I have already mentioned it—was to class all men together on one level, that of his own views, ignoring the differences which manners and customs produce in character. He looked upon the Spaniards as he looked upon any other nation. He knew that in France the progress of skepticism had led to indifference towards the priests, and he persuaded himself that by holding forth on the other side of the Pyrenees in the philosophic language which had preceded the French Revolution, he could induce the inhabitants of Spain to join the movement which had carried away the French. " When I come," said he, " with the words *liberty, deliverance from superstition, destruction of the nobility,* inscribed upon my banner, I shall be received as I was in Italy, and all truly national classes will be with me. I shall rouse a once generous people from their inertia; I shall develop them in industry which will increase their wealth, and you will see that I shall be looked upon as the liberator of Spain."

Murat carried some of this talk to the Prince de la Paix, who did not fail to assure him that such results were highly probable. M. de Talleyrand's warnings were vain; they would not listen to him. This was the first check to his influence, and it shook it imperceptibly at first, but his enemies took advantage of it. M. Maret adopted the tone of Murat, finding that it pleased the Emperor. The minister for foreign affairs, humiliated at being reduced to functions of which M. de Talleyrand took the best part from him, thought proper to adopt and hold a different opinion from his. The Emperor, thus circumvented, allowed himself to be deceived, and a few months later embarked in this perfidious and deplorable enterprise.

While we were at Fontainebleau, I saw a great deal of M. de Talleyrand. He often came to my apartment, and seemed to be amused by my observations about our court; he also gave me his own opinions, which were entertaining. Occasionally, indeed, our conversations would take a serious turn. He would come in, wearied or even displeased with the Emperor, and would then dwell upon the more or less hidden vices of his character, and, while enlightening me with truly funereal gleams, he fixed my as yet unsettled opinions, and caused me sincere concern.

One evening, when more communicative than usual, he told me some of the anecdotes which I have related in these pages, and as he was insisting strongly on what he called the "knavery" of our master, representing him as incapable of a single generous sentiment, he was astonished to observe that, as I listened, I was weeping silently. "What is it?" he exclaimed. "What is the matter with you?" "The matter is," I replied, "that you make me really wretched. You politicians do not want to feel any affection for those you serve. As for me, a poor woman, how do you suppose I can endure the disgust your stories inspire, and what will become of me if I must remain where I am without being able to retain a single illusion?"

"Child that you are," replied M. de Talleyrand, "must you always want to put your heart into all you do? Take my advice, do not try to feel any affection for this man, but rest assured that, with all his faults, he is at present necessary to France. He knows how to uphold the country, and each of us ought to do his best to aid him. However," added he, "if he listens to the sage advice he is receiving at present, I will not answer for anything. He is now embarked in a pitiful intrigue. Murat wants to be King of Spain; they are cajoling the Prince de la Paix, and want to gain him over, as if he had any importance in Spain! It is fine policy for the Emperor to arrive in a country with the reputa-

tion of a close alliance with a detested minister! I know well enough that he deceives that minister, and will throw him over when he perceives that he counts for nothing, but he might have spared himself this despicable perfidy.

"The Emperor will not see that he was called by his destiny to be everywhere and always *the man of the nations*, the founder of useful and possible innovations. To restore religion, morality, and order to France; to applaud the civilization of England while restraining her policy; to strengthen his frontiers by the Confederation of the Rhine; to make Italy a kingdom, independent both of Austria and himself; to keep the czar shut up at home, by creating the natural barrier which Poland offers—these are what ought to have been the Emperor's designs, and it was to these that each of my treaties was leading him. But ambition, anger, pride, and the fools to whom he listens, often mislead him; he suspects me whenever I speak to him of 'moderation,' and if ever he ceases to trust me, you will see he will compromise both himself and us by imprudence and folly. Nevertheless I shall watch over him to the end. I have associated myself with the creation of his empire; I should like it to hold together as my last work, and so long as I can see my way to the success of my plan, I will not renounce it."

The confidence which M. de Talleyrand reposed in me pleased me very much. He soon saw how well founded it was, and that, both from taste and habit, I brought perfect trustworthiness to our friendly intercourse. With me he enjoyed the rare pleasure of being able to speak freely, to give vent to his feelings without any misgiving, and this just when he felt inclined; for I never sought his confidences, and I always stopped where he pleased. As he was endowed with great tact, he quickly discerned my reserve and discretion, and they formed a new link between us. When his business or our duties gave us a little leisure, he would come to my rooms, where we three passed a good deal of time together. In proportion as M. de Talleyrand grew more friendly towards me, I felt more at my ease with him. I resumed the manners natural to my disposition, the little prejudice of which I have spoken melted away, and I gave myself up to a pleasure all the greater to me that I enjoyed it within the walls of a palace, where solicitude, fear, and mediocrity hindered all real companionship between the inmates.

This intimacy became very useful to us. M. de Talleyrand, as I have said, talked to the Emperor about us, and convinced him that we were well qualified to keep a great house, and to entertain the foreign-

ers, who would undoubtedly frequent Paris in great numbers thenceforth. Upon this the Emperor determined to give us the means of establishing ourselves in Paris in handsome style. He increased M. de Rémusat's salary on the condition that, on his return to Paris, he should set up a house; and he appointed him supervisor of the imperial theaters. M. de Talleyrand was commissioned to announce these favors to us, and I was very happy to owe them to him. This moment was the culminating point of our position, for it opened to us an agreeable prospect of ease and many opportunities of amusement. We received several congratulations, and we experienced the greatest, the only pleasure of a life passed at court—I mean that of becoming important.

In the midst of these events the Emperor worked incessantly, and issued decrees almost daily. Some of these were of great utility; for example, he improved the public offices in the departments, increased the salaries of the curés, and re-established the Sisters of Charity. He caused a *senatus consultum* to declare the judges irremovable at the end of five years. He also took care to encourage talent, especially when his own glory was the aim of its efforts. The "Triomphe de Trajan" was given at the Paris Opera. The poem was by Esménard, and both he and the composer received presents. The work admitted of significant applications; Trajan was represented burning papers that contained the secret of a conspiracy with his own hand. This recalled what Bonaparte had done at Berlin. The Triumph of Trajan was represented with magnificent pomp. The decorations were superb; the conqueror appeared in a chariot drawn by four white horses. All Paris flocked to the spectacle; the applause was unstinted, and charmed the Emperor. Soon afterwards "La Vestale," the libretto by Madame Jouy, the music by Spontini, was performed. This work, which is good as a poem and remarkable as a musical composition, also included a "triumph," which was much applauded, and the authors received a liberal recompense.

About this time the Emperor appointed M. de Caulaincourt ambassador to St. Petersburg. He had great trouble in inducing him to accept this mission; M. de Caulaincourt was very reluctant to part from a person whom he loved, and he refused; but Bonaparte, by dint of flattering and affectionate persuasions, brought him at length to consent, promising that his brilliant exile should not be prolonged beyond two years. An immense sum was granted to the ambassador for the expenses of his establishment, and his salary was fixed at from seven to eight hundred thousand francs. The Emperor

charged him to eclipse all the other ambassadors in splendor. On his arrival at St. Petersburg, M. de Caulaincourt found himself at first in an embarrassing position. The crime of the death of the Duc d'Enghien had left a stain upon him. The empress-mother would not see him; a great number of ladies refused to receive him. The czar received him graciously, and soon conceived a liking for him which grew into friendship; and then the great world, following the sovereign's example, treated him with less severity. When the Emperor learned that a mere memory of this kind had affected the position of his ambassador, he was astonished. "What!" said he, "do they remember that old story?" He made use of the same expression every time he found that the circumstance was not forgotten—which indeed was frequently—and he would add, "What childishness! What is done, is done."

Prince Eugene was archchancellor of state. M. de Talleyrand had to replace the prince in the discharge of the functions attached to that post: so that the former united a number of dignities in his own person. The Emperor also began to settle great revenues on his marshals and generals, and to found those fortunes which seemed immense, but which were destined to disappear with himself. A man would find himself endowed with a considerable revenue, perhaps declared proprietor of a vast number of leagues of territory in Poland, Hanover, or Westphalia. But there were great difficulties about realizing the revenues; the conquered countries gave them up reluctantly, and the agents sent to collect them found themselves in an embarrassing position. Transactions and concessions became inevitable; a portion of the promised sums only could be had. Nevertheless, the desire of pleasing the Emperor, the taste for luxury, an imprudent confidence in the future, induced these men to place their expenditure on the footing of the presumed income which they expected to receive. Debts accumulated, embarrassments cropped up, in the midst of this seeming opulence; the public, beholding extreme luxury, took immense fortunes for granted; and yet nothing real, nothing secure, was at the bottom of all this.

We have seen most of the marshals coming to the Emperor, when pressed by their creditors, to solicit aid, which he granted according to his fancy, or the interests to be served by binding certain persons to himself. These demands became excessive, and perhaps the necessity for satisfying them counted for much among the motives of the subsequent wars. Marshal Ney bought a house; its purchase and the sums expended upon it cost him more than a million, and he has since complained bitterly of the difficulties into which this purchase threw him.

Marshal Davoust was in the same case. The Emperor prescribed to each of his marshals the purchase of a house, which involved a great establishment and large expenditure in furniture. Rich stuffs and precious objects of all kinds adorned these dwellings; splendid services of plate glittered on the marshals' tables. Their wives wore valuable jewels; their equipages and dress cost great sums. This display pleased Bonaparte, satisfied the shopkeepers, dazzled everybody, and, by removing individuals from their proper sphere, augumented their dependence on the Emperor; in fact, carried out his intentions.

During this time the old nobility of France lived simply, collecting its ruins together, finding itself under no particular obligations, boasting rather than complaining of its poverty, but in reality recovering its estates by degrees, and re-amassing those fortunes which at the present day it enjoys. The confiscations of the National Convention were not always a misfortune for the French nobility, especially in cases where the lands were not sold. Before the Revolution that class was heavily in debt, for extravagance was one of the luxuries of our former *grands seigneurs*. The emigration and the laws of 1793, by depriving them of their estates, set them free from their creditors, and from a certain portion of the charges that weighed upon great houses, and when they recovered their property they profited by that liberation, which, in truth, they had bought at a high price. I remember that Monsieur Gaudin, minister of finance, related once before me how the Emperor had asked him which was the most heavily taxed class in France, and he had answered that it was still that of the old nobility. Bonaparte seemed uneasy at this reply, and remarked, "But we must take order with that."

Under the empire a certain number of tolerably large fortunes were made; several persons, military men especially, who had nothing formerly, found themselves in possession of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand livres per annum, because, in proportion as they were remote from the observation of the Emperor, they could live according to their own fancy, and expend their incomes with order and economy. Of those immense fortunes with which the grandees of Bonaparte's court were so gratuitously accredited but little remains, and the party who, on the return of the king, thought that the state might be enriched by seizing upon the treasures supposed to be amassed under the empire, advised an arbitrary and vexatious measure which led to no result.

At this period my family shared the gifts of the Emperor. My brother-in-law, General Nansouty, was given the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. He had been first chamberlain to the Empress, and

was made first equerry, replacing Monsieur de Caulaincourt in his absence. He received a grant of thirty thousand francs in Hanover, and one hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a house, which might, if he chose, be of greater value, but which became inalienable by the fact of this grant. The amount went towards its price.

I think it well to devote some little space to the events which were taking place at Fontainebleau at this time, in connection with the Emperor's divorce. Although Bonaparte had not spoken to his wife on the subject for years except on occasions when he had some quarrel with her, and those occasions had become exceedingly rare, thanks to the amiability and self-control of the Empress, it is probable that he never entirely lost sight of the idea. The death of the eldest son of Louis had deeply impressed him. His victories, while increasing his power, had also expanded his ideas of greatness, and his policy, as well as his vanity, was concerned in an alliance with a European sovereign. The rumor was at first spread that Napoleon had cast his eyes on the daughter of the King of Saxony, but an alliance with that princess would not have procured him any valuable support for his Continental authority. The King of Saxony reigned only because France authorized him to reign. Besides this, his daughter was now at least thirty years of age, and by no means handsome. Bonaparte spoke of her to his wife on his return from Tilsit in a manner which set Josephine's mind completely at ease.

The conferences at Tilsit very naturally inflated Napoleon's pride. The admiration which the young czar felt for him, the assent which he yielded to certain of his projects, especially to the dismemberment of Spain, the compliance of his new ally with his wishes, all combined to lead Napoleon to form designs of a closer alliance. No doubt he spoke openly of these to M. de Talleyrand, but I do not think that anything was said about them to the czar; the whole matter was referred to a future, more or less near, according to circumstances.

The Emperor returned to France. On rejoining his wife, he once more yielded to that sort of affection with which she always inspired him, and which was sometimes a trouble to him because it rendered him uncomfortable when he had deeply grieved her.

On one occasion, when he was talking with her about the quarrels of the King of Holland and his wife, the death of the young Napoleon, and the delicate health of the only child remaining to the ill-assorted pair, he spoke of the obligation which might one day be imposed upon himself of taking a wife who should give him children. He approached the subject with some emotion, and added, "If such a thing should happen,

Josephine, it will be for you to help me to make the sacrifice. I shall count upon your love to save me from all the odium of a forced rupture. You would take the initiative, would you not? You would enter into my position, and you would have the courage to withdraw?" The Empress knew her husband's character too well to facilitate beforehand, by one imprudent word, the step which she repelled as much as she could; so that during this conversation, far from leading him to hope that she would contribute to soften the effect of such a proceeding by her conduct, she assured him that she would obey his orders, but that she would never anticipate them. She made this reply in that calm and dignified tone which she always did well to assume towards Bonaparte, and it was not without effect. "Sire," said she (it should be remarked that from the beginning of his reign she always addressed him, even when they were alone, with the forms of ceremonious respect), "you are the master, and you shall decide my fate. If you should order me to quit the Tuileries, I will obey on the instant, but the least you can do is to give me that order in a positive manner. I am your wife; I have been crowned by you in the presence of the pope. Such honors at least demand that they should not be voluntarily renounced. If you divorce me, all France shall know that it is you who send me away, and shall be ignorant neither of my obedience nor of my profound grief." This manner of replying, which was always the same, did not annoy the Emperor, and even seemed occasionally to touch him; for when, on subsequent occasions, he recurred to the subject, he wept and was genuinely agitated by contending feelings.

Madame Bonaparte, who retained her self-control so admirably while in his presence, gave way to excessive emotion on relating to me all that had passed. Sometimes she wept bitterly; at other moments she would dwell on the ingratitude of such conduct. She recalled to mind that when she married Bonaparte he had considered himself highly honored by her alliance, and she asserted that it was an odious deed to repudiate her in his greatness, after she had consented to share his low fortunes. Sometimes she became so excited that she even yielded to apprehensions concerning her personal safety. "I will never give in to him. I will demean myself entirely as his victim; but if I stand too resolutely in his way, who can tell of what he would be capable, or whether he would resist the necessity of getting rid of me." When she spoke thus, I made every effort to calm her excited imagination, which led her too far. Whatever I might think of the facility with which Bonaparte yielded to political necessity, I did not believe for a moment that he would be capable of conceiving and executing the

black designs of which she then suspected him. But he had acted in such a way on several occasions, and he had used such language, that it was not surprising her misery should inspire her with suspicions of this terrible kind. And although I solemnly declare that in my conscience I did not believe he had ever contemplated such a means of getting out of his difficulty, I was unable to make any other reply to the Empress than, "Madame, be quite sure that he is not capable of going so far."

For my own part, I was astonished that a woman so completely disenchanted concerning her husband, tortured by a dreadful suspicion, detached from every affection, and indifferent to fame, should hold so strongly to the enjoyment of such a precarious royalty; but, seeing that nothing availed to disgust her with it, I contented myself, by entreating her, as I had always done, to keep silence, and to maintain her calm, sorrowful, but determined attitude in the presence of the Emperor, for I knew well that by these means only could she turn aside or delay the storm. He knew that his wife was generally beloved. Day by day, public opinion was becoming alienated from him, and he was afraid of incensing it.

When the Empress confided her sorrows to her daughter she did not, as I have already said, find her very capable of understanding her. Since the death of her child, the sorrows of vanity had appeared more than ever inexplicable to Queen Hortense, and her sole answer to her mother always was, "How can any one regret a throne?"

Madame de la Rochefoucauld, to whom Madame Bonaparte also spoke, was, as I have said, somewhat frivolous, and passed over everything as lightly as she could. The burden of the Empress's confidence fell therefore upon me. The Emperor was aware of the fact, but did not at that time resent it to me. I know he even said to M. de Talleyrand, "It must be acknowledged that the Empress is well advised." When his passions gave his intellect a chance, he could estimate conduct which embarrassed him fairly and wisely enough, provided it only embarrassed him a little, because he always knew that when he chose he could surmount the light obstacles that were opposed to him, and he allowed one to play one's own cards, because in the end he should none the less surely win the game.

Meanwhile we went to Fontainebleau, and the fêtes, the presence of the foreign princes, and above all the drama which Bonaparte was preparing for Spain, diverted his mind from the question of the divorce, and at first everything went smoothly enough.

My friendship with Talleyrand became confirmed, and the Empress

was rejoiced at this, because she hoped that when occasion arose it would be useful, or at least convenient, to herself. I have said that just then the sovereigns of the duchy of Berg, and Fouché, the minister of police, were scheming in concert. Madame Murat always contrived to quarrel with anybody who was about the Empress, and spared no pains for that end. Talleyrand and Fouché were jealous and distrustful of one another, and at this period the great importance of the former gave umbrage to all.

The minister of police arrived one morning about two or three weeks before the end of our sojourn at Fontainebleau. He remained a long time in the Emperor's cabinet, and was afterwards invited to dine with him, an honor rarely accorded to any one. During dinner Bonaparte was in high spirits. Some sort of amusement, I forget what, filled up the evening. Towards midnight, after every one had retired, one of the Empress's attendants knocked at my door. My maid told him I had gone to bed. The man replied that I need not rise, but that the Empress begged my husband would come to her at once.

M. de Rémusat, who had not yet left my room, immediately repaired to the Empress's apartment. He found her half undressed, pale, and in great agitation. She sent away her women, and, exclaiming that she was lost, placed in my husband's hands a long letter, written upon large paper, and signed by Fouché himself. The letter began by protesting that the writer's former devotion to her was quite unaltered, and assuring her that it was in consequence of that sentiment he ventured to ask her to consider her position and the Emperor's. He represented the Emperor as all-powerful, depicted him at the height of his glory, sovereign master of France, but accountable to that same France for the present, and for the future which were confided to him. "We must not disguise from ourselves, madame," said he, "that the political future of France is compromised by the want of an heir to the Emperor. As minister of police, I am placed in a position to know what the public think, and I know that the succession to such an empire gives rise to general uneasiness. Picture to yourself what would be the strength of his majesty's throne to-day if it were supported by the existence of a son." This advantage was dwelt upon skillfully and at length, as indeed it might well be. Fouché then spoke of the strife between conjugal affection and policy in the mind of the Emperor. He foresaw that he would never bring himself to prescribe so grievous a sacrifice, and he ventured to advise Madame Bonaparte to make a courageous effort on her own part, to resign herself, to im-

molate herself for France, drawing a very pathetic picture of the *éclat* with which such an action would surround her, now, and for all time. Lastly, the letter ended with a declaration that the Emperor was quite ignorant of its having been written, that the writer knew it would be displeasing to him, and earnestly entreated the Empress to keep it a profound secret.

We may easily imagine all the oratorical phrases that adorned this letter, which had every appearance of having been written with care and reflection. The first thought of M. de Rémusat was that Fouché had not attempted such a proceeding without an understanding with the Emperor; he, however, took good care not to indicate this conviction to the Empress, who was making visible efforts to repel the same suspicion on her own part, while her tears and agitation proved that she dared not count upon the Emperor on this occasion. "What shall I do?" asked she. "How shall I avert this storm?"—"Madame," said M. de Rémusat, "I strongly advise you to go this instant to the Emperor's room, if he has not yet retired, or, at all events, to go to him very early to-morrow. Remember that you must seem to have consulted nobody. Make him read that letter; watch him if you can, but at any rate, show him that you are indignant at this side-winded counsel, and declare to him anew that you will only obey positive orders pronounced by himself."

The Empress adopted this plan. She begged my husband to tell M. de Talleyrand all that had occurred, and to report to her what he said; then, as it was late, she put off her conversation with the Emperor until the next morning. When she showed Bonaparte the letter, he affected to be extremely angry, and declared that he was totally ignorant of this proceeding, that Fouché had exhibited quite uncalled-for zeal, and that if he had not set out for Paris he should have been severely reprimanded. The Emperor added that he would punish the minister of police, if the Empress wished it, and would even go so far as to remove him from the ministry, should she exact such a reparation. He accompanied this declaration with many caresses; but his manner did not convince the Empress, who told me the same day that she was aware he was greatly embarrassed during this explanation.

In the meantime the matter was discussed between my husband and myself: we saw very clearly that Fouché had been induced to take this step by a superior order, and we were both of opinion that, if the Emperor was seriously thinking of divorce, it was very unlikely Talleyrand would be opposed to that step. What was our surprise to find that just then he was opposed to it! Talleyrand listened to us attentively, and

like a man who was totally unaware of what had happened. He considered Fouché's letter improper and ridiculous, and added that the idea of the divorce appeared to him utterly mistaken. He took my view, and that vehemently; advised that the Empress should take a very high tone with the minister of police, and should tell him that he had no business to interfere in such a matter. He added that if the affair were ever arranged, it ought to be settled without any go-between. The Empress was delighted with this advice, and she and I together composed a cold and dignified reply to Fouché's letter. Talleyrand read and approved of this, and desired us to show it to the Emperor, who, he said, would not venture to find fault with it. He was right; and Bonaparte, who had not yet made up his mind, continued to play the same part, to exhibit increasing anger, to indulge in violent threats, and to declare with so much iteration that he would dismiss the minister of police if she wished it, that the Empress, tranquilized by degrees and deceived anew, ceased to feel any resentment towards Fouché, whom she no longer feared, and refused the offered reparation. She told her husband that she would not on any account have him deprive himself of the services of one who was so useful to him, and that it would be enough if he "scolded him well."

Fouché came back to Fontainebleau a few days afterwards. In Madame Bonaparte's presence her husband treated him with scrupulous coldness; but the minister did not seem to mind that in the least, which confirmed me in my belief that the whole thing had been arranged. He repeated to the Empress all that he had written. The Emperor told his wife that he went over precisely the same ground with him. "It is an excess of zeal," said he. "We must not be angry with him for it; it is quite enough that we are determined to reject his advice, and you know well that I could not live without you." Bonaparte repeated these same words to his wife day and night. He was much more with her than he had recently been, he was genuinely distressed, and would take her in his arms and protest the most passionate love. In these scenes, which were at first, as I believe, acted for a purpose, he involuntarily became quite carried away, and ended by experiencing sincere emotion.

All that he said was confided to me, and I repeated it to Talleyrand, who dictated the line of conduct to be observed. His advice steadily tended to avert the divorce, and he guided Madame Bonaparte very well. I could not refrain from letting him see that I was somewhat astonished he should oppose a project which had certainly a reasonable political aspect, and that he should take so much interest in the purely

domestic side of the affair. He replied that it was not altogether so domestic as I imagined. "There is nobody," he said, "in the palace who ought not to desire that this woman should remain with Bonaparte. She is gentle and good, she has the art of keeping him quiet, and she enters quite sufficiently into everybody's position. She is a refuge for us on a thousand occasions. If a princess were to come here, we should find the Emperor break with all the court, and we should be nowhere."

While reasoning thus, Talleyrand convinced me that he was speaking sincerely, but I felt he was not telling me all, for while he repeated that we must unite to avert the divorce, he frequently asked me what I would do if by chance the Emperor carried the design into effect? I replied that without hesitation I should share the fate of my Empress. "But," said he, "do you love her well enough to do that?" "Certainly," I replied, "I am attached to her; but, as I know her well, as I know her to be frivolous and hardly capable of a steady affection, it would not be the dictates of my heart that I should follow on this occasion, so much as those of propriety. I came to this court through Madame Bonaparte's influence; I have always passed in the eyes of the world as her intimate friend; I have had the burden and the confidence of that friendship, and although she has been too much taken up with her own position to care much about me, although she has thrown me aside and taken me up again, as it suited her convenience, the public, who cannot enter into the secrets of our mutual relations, and to whom I shall not confide them, would, I am sure, be astonished if I did not share her exile."—"But," said Talleyraud, "this would gratuitously put you into a position which might be very unpleasant for yourself and your husband, and would perhaps separate you. You would have to encounter many small difficulties, for which assuredly she would not pay you."—"I know that as well as you," said I. "She is changeable and even whimsical. I can foresee that in such a case she would be at first very grateful for my devotion, then she would get used to it, and finally she would think no more about it. But her character shall not prevent me from acting in accordance with my own, and I will do what seems to be my duty without expecting the smallest reward."

In fact, when speaking, about this time, of the possibility of a divorce, I promised the Empress that I would leave the court if ever she left it. She seemed deeply touched by that declaration, which I made with tears and sincere emotion. She ought to have been incapable of the suspicions which she afterwards conceived against me, and of which I shall give an account in due time. I placed only one restriction upon

the promise which I made: "I will not be lady-in-waiting to another Empress. If you retire into some country place, I will follow you, being always happy to share your solitude; and I will never leave you, except you should quit France."

No one could tell what was really passing in the Emperor's mind, and he had once said to his wife, "If you quit me, I would not have you lose state or rank by it; you shall reign somewhere, perhaps even at Rome." It is to be remarked that when he was thus speaking the pope was reigning in Rome, and that there was no reason to suppose he would have to leave the city. But the gravest events seemed perfectly simple to Napoleon; and from time to time, if one listened attentively, a word dropped here and there sufficed to indicate the succession of projects which he was forming.

M. de Rémusat thought with me respecting my proper line of conduct. He was perfectly alive to the inconvenience which might possibly result from it; but that consideration did not deter him, and he repeated to the Empress that she might count upon my fidelity in her misfortunes, should they ever fall upon her. We shall see that she was afterwards induced to doubt the truth of a promise which was made with perfect sincerity.

It was at this period, and upon the subject of the divorce, that we had certain conversations with Madame de la Rochefoucauld, which brought about the explanations to which I have previously referred, and that M. de Rémusat became acquainted with what had passed concerning him on his return from the Prussian campaign. These new lights added considerably to the painful impression of our successive discoveries relating to the Emperor's character.

I will now tell what I learned of the motives that induced Talleyrand and the minister of police to act in the manner which I have just recorded. I have said that Fouché, who was fascinated by Madame Murat, was forced in consequence to break with what was called "the party of the Beauharnais." I do not know whether he really wished to do so; but when a man mixes himself up in certain intrigues in which women play a part, he cannot tell at what point he may be able to stop, because there are so many little sayings, little denunciations, and little treacheries, that in the end he gets lost among them. Madame Murat, who detested her sister-in-law, and did all in her power to drive her off the throne, longed for an alliance with a European princess for her own pride's sake, and to that end she plied the Emperor with flattery. Fouché thought a direct heir would be useful to the new dynasty. He knew Bonaparte too well not to foresee that, sooner

or later, policy would take precedence of every other consideration with him. He was afraid that he himself might not be employed in this affair, which seemed to be entirely in Talleyrand's line, and he was anxious to deprive him of the honor and the advantages of such a negotiation. With that intention he broke the ice with the Emperor, and spoke to him on the important point. Finding him disposed to entertain it, he dwelt upon all the motives which were so easy to urge, and ultimately succeeded in extracting from Bonaparte an order, or at least a proposal, that in all negotiations on the point he should play the part of mediator between the Emperor and the Empress. He went farther; he made public opinion declare itself! With the assistance of the police he got speeches made on the subject of the divorce at several places of general assembly in Paris. The people began to discuss in the cafés the necessity of the Emperor's having an heir. These utterances, which were prompted by Fouché, were reported by him and the police, who gave an exact account of all that took place; and the Emperor believed that the public attention was far more occupied with this subject than it really was.

Fouché told the Emperor on his return from Fontainebleau that there was great excitement in Paris, and that the populace might possibly assemble under his windows and ask him to contract another marriage. The Emperor was at first taken with this idea, from which M. de Talleyrand adroitly contrived to turn him aside. Not that the latter really had any repugnance to the divorce, but he wanted it to be effected in his own way, at his own time, and with great utility and dignity. He was quick to perceive that the zeal of Fouché tended to deprive him of the palm, and he could not endure that any other scheme should take the place of his on his own ground.

France had formed a close alliance with Russia, but M. de Talleyrand, who made able use of his knowledge of the actual state of Europe, thought it necessary to keep a close watch on Austria, and had already come to the conclusion that a nearer tie between us and that power would be very useful to us. Besides, he knew that the empress-mother of Russia did not share the czar's admiration for Napoleon, and that she would refuse to give us one of her daughters for an empress. Again, it was possible that a hurried divorce might not be quickly followed by a marriage, and the Emperor would in that case be placed in a disagreeable position. The contest which might break out at any moment in Spain would rouse the attention of Europe, and the present was no time for us to engage in two enterprises, both of which needed grave deliberation.

These were, no doubt, the considerations which led M. de Talleyrand to thwart Fouché, and to espouse the interests of Madame Bonaparte for the time being. Neither she nor I were clever enough to see through his motives at the time, and it was not until afterwards that I became aware of them. M. de Rémusat had not so much confidence in M. de Talleyrand's apparent acquiescence in what we desired, but he was of opinion that we might turn it to account; so that, with different intentions, we were all pursuing the same course.

While the Emperor was in Paris, in the short interval between his journey to Italy and his journey to Bayonne, while Fouché was constantly plying him with what he stated to be popular opinions, M. de Talleyrand seized an opportunity of showing him that in this instance the minister of police was misleading him. "Fouché," he said to the Emperor, "is, and always will be, a revolutionist. Look well to it, and you will see that he would lead you, by factious means, to an act that should only be accomplished with the parade and pomp befitting a monarch. He wishes that a mob, collected by his orders, should come and vociferously demand of you an heir, just as they forced concessions from Louis XVI., who was never able to refuse them. When you have accustomed the people to meddle with your affairs after this fashion, how do you know that it will not occur to them to do so again, and how can you tell what they may subsequently demand of you? And, after all, no one will be duped by these gatherings, while you will be accused of having got them up." The Emperor was impressed by these observations, and imposed silence upon Fouché.

From that moment the question of the divorce was no longer discussed in the cafés, and the "national wish" remained unexpressed. The effect of this silence on the Emperor was favorable to his wife, and she felt somewhat reassured. He continued, however, to show great agitation at times; he was not at ease with her, and sometimes indulged in long fits of silence; after which he would return to the subject, dwelling upon the disadvantage of not having a direct heir to establish his dynasty, and saying that he did not know what to do. He suffered much from conflicting feelings at this time.

He was particularly confidential with M. de Talleyrand, who repeated to me a portion of their conversations. "In separating myself from my wife," Bonaparte said, "I renounce all the charm which her presence gives to my home life. I should have to study the tastes and habits of a young woman. Josephine accommodates herself to everything; she understands me perfectly, and I should be making her an ungrateful return for all she has done for me. The people care little

for me as it is, and then it would be much worse. She is a link between me and them, and especially between me and a certain party in Paris, which I should have to give up." After regrets of this kind, he would dwell upon the reasons that made it a state question; and M. de Talleyrand told my husband it was his conviction that this creditable hesitation would one day give way before political considerations—that the divorce might be delayed, but that it was vain to hope that it could be ultimately avoided. He concluded by saying that we might rely upon it he had no influence in the matter, and that the Empress would do well to adhere to the course which she had adopted.

M. de Rémusat and I agreed that we would say nothing to the Empress about the first part of this statement, which would have so much increased her apprehensions as perhaps to betray her into some false step; and we saw no use in inspiring her with distrust of M. de Talleyrand, who had at that time no interest in injuring her, but who might have had such an interest had she allowed an imprudent word to escape her. For my part, I resolved to await the future without trying to forecast it, and to be guided by the prudence and dignity which should always distinguish those who, holding a prominent position, are surrounded by watchful eyes, and mouths ready to repeat and exaggerate all they say. It was at this period that the Emperor said to M. de Talleyrand, "the Empress is well advised."

Shortly before his departure for Bayonne, another explanation on the subject of the divorce took place. This was the last at that time, and it showed that the Emperor, though self-willed, was uncertain in his moods, and sometimes carried away by genuine feeling.

M. de Talleyrand, coming out of the Emperor's cabinet one morning met M. de Rémusat, and said to him, as they walked towards his carriage, "I think your wife will have to meet the trial that she fears sooner than she anticipates. The Emperor is again most eager on the subject of a divorce; he has spoken to me of it as of a thing almost decided upon, and we shall all do well to take it as such and not vainly oppose it." My husband repeated these words to me; they caused me great pain. There was to be a reception at court that evening. I had just lost my mother and did not go into society. M. de Rémusat returned to the palace to superintend the play about to be performed. The apartments were crowded. Princes, ambassadors, and courtiers were all assembled, and at length the order was given to begin the play, without waiting for their majesties, who would not appear. The fête went off badly, and the guests withdrew as soon as they could.

M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat went to the private apartments

of the Emperor. There they were told that he had ordered the door to be closed, and had retired with his wife at eight o'clock, giving directions that he was not to be disturbed until the next day. M. de Talleyrand went away in dudgeon. "What a devil of a man!" said he. "How he yields to sudden impulses, as if he did not really know what he wanted! Why can he not come to some decision, and leave off treating us like puppets, not knowing what attitude we are to assume towards him?"

The Empress received my husband the next day, and told him that at six o'clock she had joined the Emperor at dinner; that he was then sad and silent; that afterwards she had left him, to dress for the evening, and, while she was preparing for the reception, an atttendant came to fetch her, saying that the Emperor was ill. She found him suffering from severe spasms, and in a highly nervous state. On seeing her, he burst into tears, and drawing her towards the bed, on which he had thrown himself, he folded her in his arms, without taking heed of her elegant attire, and repeated again and again, "My poor Josephine, I cannot leave you." She added that his state inspired her with more compassion than tenderness, and that she said to him, over and over again, "Sire, be calm; make up your mind what you really want to do, and let us have an end of these scenes." Her words seemed only to add to his agitation, which became so excessive that she advised him to give up the idea of appearing in public, and to go to bed. He consented to this, but only on condition that she would remain with him; and she was obliged to undress at once and to share that bed, which, she said, he literally bathed with his tears, repeating constantly, "They harass me, they torment me, they make me miserable!" The night was passed in alternate fits of tenderness and intervals of uneasy slumber. After this evening he gained command over himself, and never again gave way to such vehement emotion.

The Empress alternated between hope and fear. She placed no reliance on these pathetic scenes, and declared that Bonaparte passed too quickly from tender protestations to quarreling with her about flirtations of which he accused her, or to other subjects of complaint; that he wanted to break down her opposition, to make her ill, or perhaps even worse—for, as I have already said, her imagination pictured every extreme. Sometimes she would say that he was trying to disgust her with him by incessantly tormenting her. It is true that, either intentionally or because of his own agitation, he kept her in a constant state of unrest, which affected her health.

Fouché talked openly of the divorce, to the Empress, to me, and to

every one, saying that he might be dismissed but that he should not be prevented from offering good advice. M. de Talleyrand listened to him in disdainful silence, and consented to being held by the public to be opposed to the divorce. Bonaparte saw through all this, without blaming the conduct of the one or the other, or indeed that of any one.

The court observed even stricter silence than usual, for there was no positive indication as to which of these great personages it would be prudent to side with.

In the midst of these troubles the fateful event in Spain took place, and the divorce question was for a time laid aside.

At or about this time M. Molé was nominated prefect of the Côte-d'Or. The Emperor, who had remarked his abilities on many occasions, had to a certain extent adopted him, and decided in his own mind on his promotion. He was more and more pleased by his conversations with him, in which he brought out all that was most remarkable in Molé's mind, and Bonaparte knew how to attract the sympathies of youth. M. Molé showed some dislike to the idea of leaving Paris, where he was pleasantly settled with his family. "We must not hurt people's feelings," the Emperor said to him, "by sudden promotions. Besides, some experience in the affairs of administration will be very useful to you. I will only keep you one year at Dijon, and then you shall return, and you will have reason to be pleased with me." He kept his word to M. Molé.

The sojourn of the court at Fontainebleau came to an end towards the middle of November, at which there was general satisfaction; for every one was tired of the fêtes and the restraint they occasioned. Most of the foreign princes returned to their homes, dazzled by our magnificence, which had been "administered," if I may be permitted the expression, with the most perfect order; for the Emperor would not have allowed any other system in the management of his private affairs. He was very much pleased when M. de Rémusat asked him for only one hundred and fifty thousand francs for the expenses incurred in the fêtes and the plays; and certainly, when this sum is considered relatively to the results produced, it is evident that minute attention must have been paid to every detail of the expenditure. The Emperor, who wished to be informed of all these details, referred on this occasion to the sum formerly expended by the French court upon similar journeys, and noted the comparison with complacency justified by the facts. The household was strictly administered by the grand marshal, and accounts were kept and paid with the utmost regularity.

Duroc acquitted himself remarkably well of this charge, but with a

harshness of manner which was doubtless inspired by his master's severity. When the Emperor scolded, the consequences were felt by every servant in the palace in the rude treatment to which they were subjected. Discipline was strict, and punishments were severe; vigilance was never relaxed, so that each one was always to be found at his post, and everything was done with silent regularity. Every abuse was guarded against, and all wages were paid punctually and in advance. In the offices, and in the kitchens, a plate of soup or a glass of *eau sucrée* was not given out without the authorization of the marshal, who was invariably informed of all that happened in the palace. His discretion never failed, and he reported all that occurred to the Emperor only.

The Emperor left Fontainebleau to make a short tour in Italy. He wished to visit Milan again, and to show himself in Venice, to communicate with his brother Joseph, and I believe he especially wanted to arrive at a decision with regard to the kingdom of Italy—a decision by which he hoped to reassure Europe. He also intended to signify to the Queen of Etruria, the King of Spain's daughter, that she must quit her kingdom. As he was secretly preparing to invade Spain, he admitted that the idea of the union of the crowns of France and Italy had alarmed Europe. In naming Eugene as successor to the throne of Italy he wished it to be understood that this union was not to last forever, and believed that the concession, which did not dispossess himself, whould be well received, and the power of his successor be thus limited.

Murat, who had every interest in keeping up daily communication with his brother-in-law, obtained permission to accompany him in this little tour, to the great annoyance of M. de Talleyrand, who foresaw that advantage would be taken of his own absence to frustrate his plans.

The Emperor left Fontainebleau on the 10th of November, and the Empress returned to Paris. The prince primate remained there some time longer, as did the princes of Mecklenburg. They came to the Tuileries every evening, where they played or conversed, and listened to the music.

The Empress talked more with the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin than with the others; this was remarked upon, as I have already mentioned. Most people laughed, and attached so little importance to it as even to joke with the Empress herself about it. Others viewed the subject more seriously, and wrote to the Emperor, who rebuked her severely on his return. Although accustomed to gratify all his own fancies, he was very severe on those of others.

During this voyage, a vaudeville was represented with such success at one of the small theaters that every one wanted to see it, Madame Bonaparte as well as others. She requested M. de Rémusat to get her a box, and simply dressed, and in a carriage without arms, she went privately to the theater, accompanied by some ladies and the two princes of Mecklenburg. This was immediately reported at Milan, and the Emperor wrote a furious letter to his wife, and on his return reproached her for her want of dignity. I even remember that, in his annoyance, he reminded her that the last queen of France had done herself the greatest harm by forgetting what was due to her rank, and indulging in frivolities of a similar kind.

During his absence the imperial guard made a triumphal entry into Paris. The prefect received them with a speech, and many fêtes were given in their honor. As I have said elsewhere, the Sisters of Charity were re-established. They assembled, by order of the minister of the interior, in the apartments of Madame Mère, where he distributed medals to them. The Emperor wished his mother to be at the head of every charitable institution, but there was nothing in her manner to make her popular, and she acquitted herself of the task imposed on her without ability or taste.

The Emperor appeared to be satisfied with the administration of affairs in Italy, and traveled from one end of the country to the other. He went to Venice, where he was joined by his brother Joseph, and by the King and Queen of Bavaria. Madame Bacciochi went thither to beg an extension of her states.

During this time Russia broke completely with England. A part of our army, still in the north of Germany, held the King of Sweden in check. Bernadotte was at Hamburg in communication with the malcontent Swedes, and he acquired a personal reputation which he carefully maintained. He expended large sums in bribes. It is not likely that he could have had an idea at that time of what was afterwards to happen; but his ambition, as yet vague, led him to turn every happy chance that befell him to account, and at that period one might, in certain situations, undertake everything and hope for anything.

The Prince of Brazil left Lisbon on the 29th of November, and General Junot entered that city a few days afterwards with our army, declaring, according to custom, that we came to free the Portuguese from the yoke of the English.

Towards the end of the month, the Emperor, having assembled the corps législatif at Milan, declared that he solemnly adopted Eugene, who became heir to the crown of Italy, should the Emperor have no

male issue. At the same time he endowed him with the title of Prince of Venice, and he created the little princess, who was just born, Princess of Bologna. He then returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 1st of January, 1808.

I was engrossed just then by melancholy duties. On my return from Fontainebleau I had found my mother ill. She continued for some time in a languid state without actually causing me anxiety. Notwithstanding her suffering, she evinced great satisfaction at the improvement that had taken place in our position, and I began during the first days of her illness to put our establishment on the footing which the Emperor desired. Towards the end of December my mother's state became so alarming that we thought of nothing but the care she needed, and our house was closed to visitors. Three weeks afterwards we had the misfortune to lose her, and one of the most tender ties of my life, one of its dearest enjoyments, was lost to me forever. My mother was in every way a remarkable person. She was possessed of great talent and judgment, which were much appreciated in society. She was useful and agreeable to us at every moment of the day. She was universally regretted, and her loss overwhelmed us with grief. My husband wept for her like a son; we were pitied even at court, because even there her worth was appreciated. The Emperor expressed himself kindly on hearing of our calamity, and spoke of it in suitable terms to M. de Rémusat when he saw him; but, as I have already said, the life of retirement into which good taste, as well as my sorrow, caused us to withdraw, was opposed to his views, and two or three months afterwards he deprived us of that increase to our income which he had granted us that we might entertain in good style, on the pretext that it was now useless to us. Thus we were left encumbered with debts which he had obliged us to contract.

I passed that winter very sorrowfully. I wept bitterly for my mother; I was separated from my eldest son, whom we had placed at college, so that he might cultivate those talents for which he has since been remarkable, and which were even then noticeable; my health was bad, and my spirits were depressed. My society could not have been very amusing to M. de Talleyrand, yet he did not forsake me in my sadness. He was, on the contrary, one of the most assiduous and attentive of our visitors. He had formerly known my mother, and he liked to talk of her, and to listen to all my recollections of her. In the depth of my sorrow I lost all my little ambition to appear clever, and I did not endeavor to check my tears in his presence.

When alone with my husband and me, he showed no impatience

with my grief, nor with M. de Rémusat's tender efforts to console me. It seems to me now, on thinking of it, that he observed us with curiosity. His own life had been barren of natural affections, and ours was a novel spectacle to him, which touched him not a little. He then learned for the first time what mutual love, united with moral principle, can do to give comfort and courage amid the trials of life. His visits to us seemed to refresh him after what passed elsewhere, and colored even his recollections, for more than once at this time he spoke to me of himself with regret, and, I might almost say, with disgust. We responded to his affection with the most heart-felt gratitude. He came to see us more and more frequently, and he remained a long time at each visit. We no longer jested at or ridiculed others Restored to my better self, I let him see into the depths of a sensitive nature, which domestic happiness had rendered sympathetic. In my sorrow and deep melancholy, and in my ignorance of all that was taking place outside, I led him into regions until then unknown to him; their discovery seemed to give him pleasure; and I gradually came to say what I chose to him. He even allowed me to censure and judge him severely, which I occasionally did. He never grew angry at my sincerity; and from this time there existed between us a friendship very precious to both. When I succeeded in awakening any emotion in him, I was as much elated as if I had gained a victory; and he was gratefnl to me for having stirred his soul, which had fallen asleep from habit or through indifference.

On one occasion, impatient at his inconsistency, I went so far as to say, "Good heavens! what a pity it is that you have taken such pains to spoil yourself, for I cannot help believing that the real *you* is better than you are." He smiled and said, "Our entire life is influenced by the manner in which we pass the early years of it, and were I to tell you how my youth was spent you would cease to wonder at many things that now astonish you."

Then he told me that, being lame and the eldest of his family, and having by this accident disappointed the hopes and prevented the fulfillment of that custom which before the revolution destined the eldest son of every noble family to a military career, he had been discarded from his home, and sent to live with an old aunt in one of the provinces. Without returning to his parents' roof, he had then been placed in a seminary, and it was intimated to him that he was to become an ecclesiastic—a profession for which he had not the slightest taste. During the years which he passed at Saint Sulpice, he was almost always obliged to stay in his room, alone, his infirmity rarely permitting him to remain

standing for long, or to take part in the active amusements of the young. He then fell into a deep melancholy, formed a low opinion of social life; and, revolted against the priestly state, to which he had been condemned in spite of himself. He held that he was not bound to observe scrupulously duties which had been imposed upon him without his consent. He added that he felt a deep disgust with the world, and wrath against its prejudices, and that he only avoided falling into despair by encouraging in himself complete indifference towards all men and all things. When at length he returned to his parents, he was received by them with the greatest coldness, and as if he were displeasing in their sight, and he never had a word of consolation or kindness addressed to him.

"You see," he would say to me, "that I must either have died of grief, or become callous to all that could never be in my life. I chose the latter alternative, and I am now willing to admit to you that I was wrong. It would have been better to have resigned myself to suffer, and to have kept alive the faculty of feeling with acuteness; for the cold-heartedness with which you reproach me has often disgusted me with myself. I have not loved others enough, but I have loved myself no better. I have never taken sufficient interest in myself.

"On one occasion I was drawn out of this indifference by my love for the Princess Charlotte de Montmorency. She was much attached to me, and I rebelled more than ever against the obstacle which prevented my marrying her.

"I made several efforts to get a dispensation from vows that were odious to me. I think I should have succeeded if the Revolution, which then broke out, had not prevented the pope from granting me what I wished. You will easily understand that in the then disposition of my mind, I hailed that Revolution with eagerness. It attacked the principles and the customs of which I had been a victim; it seemed to me just what I wanted to break my chains, and so it was in every way pleasing to me. I espoused it readily, and, since then, events have disposed of me."

When M. de Talleyrand spoke to me in this manner, I pitied him with my whole heart, because I fully understood the sad influence which his unhappy youth had exercised over all his later life; but I felt persuaded, too, that a man of stronger will might have avoided such errors, and I frankly deplored to him that he should have so stained his life.

A fatal indifference to good or evil, right and wrong, formed the basis of M. de Talleyrand's nature; but we must do him the justice to

admit that he never sought to make a principle of what was immoral. He is aware of the worth of high principle in others; he praises it, holds it in esteem, and never seeks to corrupt it. It appears to me that he even dwells on it with pleasure. He has not, like Bonaparte, the fatal idea that virtue has no existence, and that the appearance of it is only a trick or an affectation the more. I have often heard him praise actions which were a severe criticism on his own. His conversation is never immoral or irreligious; he respects good priests, and applauds them; there is in his heart both goodness and justice; but he does not apply to himself the rule by which he judges others. He regards himself as a being apart; all things are different for him. He has long been *blasé* on every point, and he seeks for excitement as a fastidious palate seeks pungent food. All serious reflections applied to moral or natural sentiments are distasteful to him, because they lead him into a train of thought which he fears, and from which he tries to escape by a jest or a sarcasm. A combination of circumstances has surrounded him with persons of light or depraved character, who have encouraged him in a thousand follies. These people are congenial to him, because they draw him away from his own thoughts; but they cannot save him from profound weariness, and from that he seeks refuge in great affairs. These affairs do not fatigue him, because he rarely enters into them completely; indeed, he seldom enters heart and soul into anything. His intellect is lofty, and often just; he perceives correctly; but he has a certain carelessness and desultoriness about him, which makes him disappoint one's hopes. He pleases greatly, but satisfies never, and at last inspires one with a sort of pity, which leads, if one sees much of him, to real affection.

I believe that our intimacy did him good while it lasted. I succeeded in rousing in him feelings that had long slumbered, and in awakening him to more elevated thoughts; I interested him in many subjects that were new to him or which he had forgotten. To me he owed many fresh sympathies; he owned this, and was grateful for it. He often sought my society, and I appreciated his doing so, because I never flattered his weaknesses, but spoke to him in a style that he had not been accustomed to.

He was at that time strongly opposed to the plots that were being concocted against Spain. The truly diabolical artifices employed by the Emperor, if they did not offend his moral sense, were at least very displeasing to that good taste which M. de Talleyrand displayed in political as well as in social life. He foresaw the consequences, and prophesied to me what they would be. "This ill-advised man," he

said, "will call his whole position in question again." He was always anxious that war should be frankly declared against the King of Spain, if he would not accede to what was required of him; that advantageous conditions should be dictated to him; that the Prince de la Paix (Godoy) should be sent away, and an alliance by marriage effected with the Infante Ferdinand.

But the Emperor conceived that additional security would be guaranteed to him by the expulsion of the House of Bourbon, and was obstinate in his views, being once more the dupe of the schemers by whom he was surrounded. Murat and the Prince de la Paix flattered themselves with the hope of gaining two thrones, but the Emperor had no notion of giving them any such satisfaction. He deceived them, and believed too easily in their readiness to facilitate his plans, in the hope of securing their own. Thus every one in this affair overreached every one else, and was at the same time deceived.

The winter passed brilliantly. The theater in the Tuileries was finished; on reception days theatrical representations were given, most frequently in Italian, and sometimes in French. The court attended in full dress, and tickets for the upper galleries were distributed to the citizens. We, too, formed a spectacle to them. Everybody was eager to be present at these representations, where there was a great display of splendor.

Full-dress and masked balls were given. These were novelties to the Emperor, and he liked them. Some of his ministers, his sister, Murat and the Prince de Neufchâtel, received orders to invite a certain number of persons, belonging to the court or to the city. The men wore dominoes, the women elegant costumes, and the pleasure of being disguised was almost the only one to be enjoyed in these assemblies, where it was known that the Emperor was present, and where the fear of meeting him made the guests silent and circumspect.

He was closely masked, and yet easy to recognize by his peculiar air and gait which he could not disguise, as he walked through the rooms, generally leaning on the arm of Duroc. He accosted the ladies freely, and was often very unscrupulous in his remarks to them; and if he was answered, and unable at once to recognize who it was that spoke to him, he would pull off the speaker's mask, revealing himself by this rude act of power. He also took great pleasure in seeking out certain husbands, under cover of his disguise, and tormenting them with anecdotes, true or false, of their wives. If he afterwards learned that these revelations had been followed by unpleasant consequences, he became very angry; for he would not permit the displeasure which he had him-

self excited to be independent of him. It must be said, because it is the truth, there is in Bonaparte a natural badness, which makes him like to do evil in small as well as in great things.

In the midst of all these amusements he worked hard, and was much occupied by his personal strife with the English government. He devised various methods of sustaining his Continental policy. He flattered himself that, by articles in the newspapers, he could subdue the discontent caused by the increase in the price of sugar and coffee, and the scarcity of English merchandise. He encouraged every new invention, and believed that the sugar extracted from beet-root and other things would enable us to dispense with the help of foreigners in certain productions, such as the making of colors. He caused the minister of the interior to address a public report to him, stating that through the prefects he had obtained letters from the chambers of commerce in approbation of the system, which, although it might involve some temporary privations, must ultimately secure the freedom of the seas.

The English were molested everywhere. They were made prisoners at Verdun; their property was confiscated in Portugal; Prussia was forced into a league against them; and the King of Sweden was menaced, because he obstinately persisted in maintaining his alliance with them.

The cord was thus tightened at both ends and stretched to its utmost. It became impossible not to see that only the ruin of one or the other of the contending parties could terminate the quarrel, and wise people became profoundly anxious. As, however, we were constantly deceived, we regarded the journals with profound distrust. We read them, indeed, but without believing what they stated.

The Emperor exhausted himself in writing, but he did not convince us. He became deeply incensed at this want of confidence, and each day his aversion to the Parisians increased. It hurt his vanity to find that he was not believed, and the exercise of his power was incomplete when its influence could not be extended to the very thoughts of the people. In order to please him one had to be credulous. "You like Berthier," said M. de Talleyrand to Bonaparte, "because he believes in you."

Occasionally, as a change from political articles, the newspapers would relate the daily words and actions of the Emperor. For example, we were told how he had gone to see the picture of his coronation painted by David, and had much admired it, and how he had surprised the painter by his acute observations; also, that when he was leaving

the studio, he had taken off his hat and saluted David, in proof of "*the sentiments of benevolence which he entertained towards all artists.*"

This reminds me that he once found fault with M. de Luçay, one of the prefects of the palace, who had the supervision of the opera, for being too distant in his manner to the actors who went to him on business. "Are you aware," he said, "that talent of any kind is positive power, and that even I take off my hat when I receive Talma?" There was, no doubt, some exaggeration in this statement, but it is nevertheless true that he was very gracious to artists of any distinction, that he encouraged them by his liberality and his praise; provided, however, that they were always willing to dedicate their art to his praises, or to the furtherance of his projects; for any great reputation, acquired without his concurrence, seemed to offend him, and he had no no sympathy with glory that he had not bestowed. He persecuted Madame de Staël because she overstepped the line he had laid down for her, and he neglected the Abbé Delille, who lived in retirement far from him.

At this period two distinguished artists, Esménard and Spontini, produced the opera entitled "La Vestale," which had an immense success. The Emperor—I know not for what reason—was determined to prefer the French music of Lesueur, the author of "Les Bardes," and was greatly displeased with the Parisians for not thinking as he did in the matter. He thenceforth cherished a prejudice against all Italian music, and the influence of this was felt when the distribution of the decennial prizes took place.

On the 21st of January, 1808, the assembled senate granted a levy of eighty thousand men on the conscription of 1809. Regnault, the councilor of state, who was, as usual, the speaker on the occasion, argued that even as the preceding levies had served to secure the Continental peace, so this one would at length obtain for us the freedom of the seas; and no one opposed this reasoning. We knew that Senator Languenais and some others occasionally tried, during the Emperor's reign, to make certain representations to the senate on the subject of these severe and numerous levies; but their observations dispersed themselves in the air of the senatorial palace, and effected no change in decisions which had been arrived at beforehand. The senate was timid and submissive; it inspired no confidence in the national mind, and had even come by degrees to be regarded with a sort of contempt. Men are severe towards their fellows; they do not pardon each other's weaknesses, and they applaud virtues of which they themselves are seldom capable. In short, whatever tyranny

may be exercised, public opinion is more or less avenged, because it is invariably heard. No despot is ignorant of the feelings which he inspires and the condemnation which he excites. Bonaparte knew perfectly well how he stood in the estimation of the French nation, for good or evil, but he imagined that he could overrule everything.

In the report made to him by his minister of war, General Clarke, on the occasion of the fresh levies, we find these words: "A vulgar policy would be a calamity for France; it would hinder those great results which you have prepared." No one was duped by this formula. The question in the comedy, "*Qui est ce donc qu'on trompe ici?*" was appropriate to the occasion, but everybody kept silence, and that was enough for Napoleon. Shortly afterwards, the towns of Kehl, Cassel, Wesel, and Flushing, were united to the empire, being regarded as keys of which it was necessary we should hold possession. At Antwerp great works were carried on, and all was stir and activity.

When the English parliament opened, the Emperor evidently hoped for a disagreement between the English government and the nation. There was a great deal of sharp dissension, and the opposition declaimed in its usual style. The Emperor helped it with all his might. The tone of the notes in the *Moniteur* was very violent; certain English journalists were subsidized, and there is no doubt Bonaparte flattered himself that he would be able to bring about a revolt. But the English ministry was pursuing a course which, though difficult, was honorable to the country, and it had a majority at every vote. The Emperor was incensed, and declared that he "could not understand that form of liberal government in which the voice of the popular party never had any weight." Sometimes he would say, with a sort of paradoxical audacity, "In reality, there is more liberty in France than in England, because nothing can be worse for a nation than the power of expressing its will without being listened to. When all is said, that is the merest farce, a vain semblance of liberty. As for me, it is not the case that the true state of France is kept from me. I know everything, for I have exact reports, and I would not be so mad as to venture on doing anything in direct opposition to French interests or to the French character. Intelligence of all kinds comes to me as to a common center, and I act in accordance with it; whereas our neighbors never depart from their national system, maintaining the oligarchy at any price, and in this age men are more ready to accept the authority of one able and absolute man, than the humiliating power of an effete nobility."

When Bonaparte talked thus it was hard to know whether he was trying to deceive others or to deceive himself. Was it that his imagination, which was naturally lively, exerted its influence over his intellect, which was generally mathematical? Did the lassitude and inaction of the nation deceive him? Was he trying to persuade himself that what he desired was the case? We have often thought that he forced himself to do this, and that he sometimes succeeded.

Besides, as I have already said, Bonaparte always believed that he was acting in conformity with the spirit of the Revolution, by attacking what he called oligarchs. At every turn he would insist upon equality, which in his mouth meant leveling. Leveling is to equality exactly what depotism is to liberty, for it crushes those faculties and neutralizes those situations to which equality opens a career. The aristocracy of classes levels, in fact, all that exists outside those privileged classes, by reducing strength to the condition of weakness, and merit to the condition of mediocrity. True equality, on the contrary, by permitting each to be that which he is, and to rise as high as he can, utilizes every faculty and all legitimate influence. It also forms an aristocracy, not of class, but of individuals—an aristocracy which draws into it all who deserve to form a portion of it.

The Emperor felt this distinction, and, notwithstanding his nobles, his decorations, his senatorships, and all his fine talk, his system tended solely to base his absolute power upon a vast democracy, also of the leveling order; with political rights, which, although they had the appearance of being accorded to all, were in reality within the reach of none.

Towards the beginning of February the marriage of Mademoiselle de Tascher, Madame Bonaparte's cousin, was solemnized. She was raised to the rank of princess, and her husband's relatives were in the greatest delight, and remarkably obsequious on the occasion. They flattered themselves that they would be exalted to a great position; but the divorce undeceived the d'Arenberg family, and they quarreled with the young princess, who had not brought them quite so much as they expected.

At this time Count Romanzow, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, arrived in Paris. He was a man of knowledge and sense, and he came there full of admiration for the Emperor, and affected by the genuine enthusiasm that his own young sovereign felt for Napoleon. He was, however, sufficiently master of himself to observe the Emperor with close attention. He perceived the constraint of the Parisians, who looked on at all the glory of the army without appropriating it to them-

selves. He was struck with certain remarkable disparities, and he formed a modified judgment which, no doubt, had afterwards some influence on the czar. The Emperor said to him on one occasion, "How do you consider that I govern the French?"—"Sire," he replied, "a little too seriously."

Bonaparte, with the aid of a *senatus consultum*, created a new "grand dignity of the empire," under the title of "Governor-General beyond the Alps;" and he conferred this dignity on Prince Borghese, who was sent to Turin with his wife. The prince was obliged to sell the finest statues in the Villa Borghese to the Emperor, and they were placed in our museum. This collection of all the masterpieces that Europe had possessed was superb. They were grouped in the Louvre with the greatest care and elegance, and that was a conquest of a kind which appealed eloquently to French vanity and French taste.

Bonaparte had a report made to him, in a sitting of the council of state, upon the progress of science, letters, and art since 1789, by a deputation, at the head of which was M. de Bougainville. After the report had been read he replied in these terms: "I have heard you upon the progress of the human mind in these latter days, in order that what you say to me may be heard by all nations, and may silence the detractors of our age, who are endeavoring to force the human mind to retrograde, and who seem to aim at its extinction. I desired to know what remains for me to do for the encouragement of your labors, in order to console myself for being unable to contribute otherwise to their success. The welfare of my people and the glory of my throne are equally interested in the prosperity of the sciences. My minister of the interior shall make a report upon all your demands to me; you may confidently count upon my protection." Thus did the Emperor occupy himself with everything at the same time, and thus ably did he associate all that was illustrious with the *éclat* and the grandeur of his reign.

I have already said that he was desirous of founding families which should perpetuate the remembrance of the dignities that he had accorded to those whom he favored. He was greatly annoyed at the resistance he had met with from M. de Caulaincourt, who had gone away to Russia, declaring very positively that, as he could not marry Madame de ——, he would never marry.

The Emperor did his best to overcome the opposition which he also encountered from the man for whom he cared most—Marshal Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel. Berthier had been for many years deeply attached

to an Italian lady, who, although she was nearer fifty than forty, was still remarkably beautiful. She exercised supreme influence over him, even to the extent of making him pardon several acts of levity, which she did not hesitate to indulge in before his eyes. These she represented in any colors which she chose, and he forgave them.

Marshal Berthier, who was importuned on this point by the Emperor, would often entreat his master to spare him with respect to his cherished weakness, for the sake of his fidelity; and Bonaparte would laugh at him, get angry, return to the charge, but could never conquer his resistance. This went on for years; until at last, by dint of talking and urgency, he carried his point, and Berthier, although he shed bitter tears on the occasion, consented to marry a princess of the house of Bavaria. The Princess Marie was brought to Paris, and the marriage was solemnized in the presence of the Emperor and Empress. Berthier's bride was by no means handsome, or calculated to make her husband forget the sentiments which he had cherished for so long, and indeed his passion for the Italian lady ended only with his life. The princess was an excellent person, but in no way remarkable. She was liked at the French court, and she continued to think to the last that she had made "a good marriage." The Prince de Neufchâtel, who was largely endowed by the Emperor, possessed an immense revenue, and the household of three lived on the best possible terms.

After the restoration they lived in Paris. The marshal, who was ill with fever when Bonaparte returned from Elba on the 20th of March, 1815, was so terrified by that event that he lost his senses, and either fell or threw himself out of a window, and was killed. He left two sons. The princess remained in Paris, and the fair Italian keeps up her former relations with her.

At this time the Emperor showed more plainly than ever what a monarchical turn his ideas were taking by instituting "Majorats."

That institution was approved by many, blamed by others, envied by a certain class, and readily adopted by several families, who welcomed this opportunity of conferring importance on their eldest sons, and perpetuating their name. The archchancellor carried the decree to the senate, and represented in his speech that hereditary distinctions were of the essence of monarchy, that they kept alive what is in France called honor, and that our national character should lead us to approve them. He then proceeded to pacify the men of the Revolution by adding that the citizens would be none the less equal before the law, and that distinctions impartially accorded to all who merited them ought to stimulate zeal without exciting jealousy. The senate received

all this with its ordinary acquiescence, and voted an address of thanks and admiration to the Emperor.

M. de Talleyrand warmly praised this new institution. He could not understand a monarchy without a nobility. A council was created to superintend the administration of the laws by which the foundation of majorats was to be obtained. M. de Pasquier, chief master of requests, was named procurator general; titles were granted to those who held great offices in the state. This was at first ridiculed, because certain names allied themselves oddly enough to the title of count or baron; but the public soon got accustomed to it, and as all hoped to arrive at some distinction, they tolerated and even approved the new system.

The Emperor was ingenious in his method of demonstrating to all parties how entirely they ought to approve of these creations. "I am securing the Revolution," said he to one party: "this intermediate class which I am founding is eminently democratic, for everybody is called to it." "It will support the throne," said he to the *grands seigneurs*. Then he added, turning towards those who wanted a modified monarchy, "It will oppose itself to the encroachments of absolute authority, because it will be itself a power in the state." To genuine Jacobins he said, "You ought to rejoice, for here is the old *noblesse* finally annihilated;" and to that old *noblesse* he said, "By arraying yourselves in new dignities, you resuscitate yourselves and perpetuate your ancient rights." We listened to him; we wished to believe him; and, besides, he did not give us much time to reflect—he carried us away in the whirlwind of contradictions of every kind. He even conferred benefits by force, when it was necessary, and this was an adroitness the more, for there were people who wanted to be forced to accept.

Another institution which seemed really grand and imposing succeeded this one. I allude to the University. Public instruction was concentrated in a clear and comprehensive system, and it was admitted that the decree was very nobly conceived.

Ultimately, however, that which happened to everything else, happened to the University; Bonaparte's own despotic disposition took fright at the powers which he had accorded, because they might possibly become obstables to certain of his desires. The minister of the interior, the prefect, the general administration—that is to say, the absolute system—mixed itself up with the operations which the University corps were attempting, contradicted them, and overruled them when they indicated the very least symptom of independence. In this

respect also we presented the spectacle rather of a fine façade than of a solid building.

M. de Fontanes was nominated grand master of the University. This choice, which was also generally approved, suited the purpose of the master, who was so jealous of preserving his daily and hourly authority over men and things. M. de Fontanes, whose noble intellect and reputation for perfect taste had procured him a very distinguished position, injured these qualities by carelessness and inertness, which rendered him incapable of making a stand when it was necessary. I fear I must place him also among the fine façades.

Nevertheless, something was gained by this creation; order was restored to education, the scope of study was extended, and young people were occupied. It has been said that under the empire education at the Lycées was entirely military, but that was not the case. Letters were carefully cultivated, sound morals were inculcated, and strict supervision was practiced. The system of education was, however, neither sufficiently religious nor sufficiently national, and the time had come when it was necessary that it should be both one and the other. No effort was made to impart to young people the moral and political knowledge that trains citizens and prepares them to take their part in the labors of their government. They were obliged to attend the schools, but nobody spoke to them of their religion; they heard much more about the Emperor than they heard about the state, and they were egged on to a desire for military fame. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, and although the youth of the French nation are not all they ought to be, they have been developed to a remarkable extent, and a great difference exists between those who have availed themselves of the public education offered to all, and those who have held aloof from it. Mistrust, party spirit, and a sort of general misgiving induced the old French nobility and a portion of the wealthy class to keep their children with themselves, and to rear them in a number of prejudices, for which they are now suffering. The pupils of the Lycées acquired a superiority by their public education, which it would now be vain to dispute.

The decree which created the University, after having regulated the functions of those who were to compose it, fixed their salaries at high rates. The officials were given a handsome costume and an imposing organization. After the grand master (the Bishop of Bazas), came M. de Villaret, as chancellor. M. Delambre, permanent secretary of the first class of the Institute, who was held in high consideration, both for his learning and character, was treasurer. The council of the Univer-

sity was composed of distinguished men; the names of M. de Beausset, formerly Bishop of Alais, and now cardinal, of M. Cuvier, M. de Bonald, M. de Frayssinous, Royer-Collard, etc., were included in the number. The professors were chosen with great care. In short, this creation met with universal approbation; but ensuing events hindered its action in the first place, and afterwards disorganized it like all the rest.

On the 23d of March, 1808, the court went to Saint Cloud. The Emperor always left Paris as soon as he could: he disliked living at the Tuileries, because of the impossibility of walking about there freely; and then, the greater his power and splendor became, the more ill at ease he found himself in the presence of the Parisians. He could not endure any restraint, and he knew that in the city people were aware of the language which he was in the habit of using, and the violence to which he gave way. He excited curiosity, and that annoyed him; he was coldly received in public; a number of stories about him got into circulation; in short, he was obliged to put constraint upon himself. Thus his sojourns in Paris became more and more brief, and he began to talk of inhabiting Versailles. The restoration of the palace was decided upon, and Bonaparte observed more than once that in reality he had no occasion to be in Paris, except during the season of the corps législatif. When he rode or drove to any distance from the town, he used to say, as he approached it on his return, "Here we are again, in the great Babylon." He even formed plans for the transplantation of the capital to Lyons. It was only in imagination that he contemplated such a displacement, but he took pleasure in the idea, and it was one of his favorite dreams.

The Parisians were perfectly well aware that Bonaparte did not like them, and they avenged themselves by sarcastic jests and anecdotes, which were for the most part pure inventions. They were submissive to him, but cold and satirical. His courtiers adopted the antipathy of their master, and never spoke of Paris without some disparaging epithet. More than once I have heard the Emperor say, moodily "They have not yet pardoned me for pointing my guns upon them on the 13th Vendémiaire."

An authentic collection of the observations that Bonaparte made upon his own conduct would be a very useful book to many sovereigns, and to their advisers. When at the present time (I write in 1819), I hear people who seem to me to be mere novices in the art of governing men, affirm that nothing is so easy as to impose one's will by force, and that by trusting to the bayonet one may constrain a nation to

endure any *régime* which can be inflicted upon it, I recall what the Emperor used to say about the difficulties that arose from his first steps in his political career, and how complications produced by the employment of force against the citizens beset him from the very day after that on which he had been obliged to avail himself of so terrible a resource.

I have heard his ministers say that, when any violent measure was proposed in the council, he would put the question: "Can you answer for it that the people will not rise?" and that the smallest popular movement always appeared to him grave and ominous. I have seen him take pleasure in describing, or in listening to a description, of the various emotions experienced upon the field of battle, and I have seen him turn pale at a narrative of the excesses of a people in revolt. When he was riding through the streets of Paris on horseback, if a workman threw himself in his way, to implore some favor, Bonaparte's first movement was always to shudder and recoil.

The generals of the guard had strict orders to prevent contact between the people and the soldiery. "I could not," said Bonaparte, "take the part of the latter." If any quarrel took place between soldiers and citizens, the soldiers were invariably punished and sent away. It is true they afterwards received compensation money, which quieted them.

All this time the north of Europe was in a state of agitation. The King of Sweden sacrificed the interests of his subjects to the policy imposed upon him by the English government. He excited increasing discontent among the Swedes, and his conduct bore witness to the condition of his brain. The Emperor of Russia having declared war against him, and having at the same time commenced an expedition to Finland, M. d'Alopéus, the Russian ambassador at Stockholm, was placed under arrest in his own house, contrary to all the rights of nations.

On this occasion the notes in the *Moniteur* were eloquent indeed. One of them was as follows:—"Poor Swedish nation, into what hands have you fallen! Your Charles XII. was, no doubt, a little mad, yet he was brave; but your king who went to play the braggart in Pomerania while the armistice existed, was the first to run away when the same armistice, which he broke, had expired." Such language as this could only announce an impending storm.

At the beginning of the month of March, the King of Denmark, Christian VII., died, and his son, who had long been regent, ascended the throne under the title of Frederick V., in the fortieth year of his age.

It is remarkable that at a period when the troubled nations seemed to have need of sovereigns of more than ordinary intelligence and wisdom, several of the thrones of Europe were filled by princes who had but little use of reason, and in some instances had none at all. Among those unfortunate sovereigns were the kings of England, Sweden and Denmark, and the queen of Portugal.

Popular discontent manifested itself on the occasion of the arrest of the Russian ambassador at Stockholm. The king left that city and retired to the castle of Gripsholm, from whence he issued orders for war, either against the Russians or against the Danes.

All eyes were, however, soon turned away from what was passing in the north, to fix themselves upon the drama which was beginning in Spain. The Grandduke of Berg had been sent to take the command of our army on the banks of the Ebro. The King of Spain, who was feeble, timid, and ruled by his minister, made no opposition to the passage of the foreign troops through his country, towards Portugal, as it was represented. The national party of the Spaniards, at whose head was the Prince of the Asturias, was incensed at this invasion, for they discerned its consequences. They saw that they were sacrificed to the ambition of the Prince de la Paix. A revolt against that minister broke out; the king and queen were attacked, and prepared to quit Spain. This was what the Emperor wanted, for he was bent upon dethroning the Prince of the Asturias afterwards, and believed that he should easily succeed in doing so. I have already said that the Prince de la Paix, beguiled by the promises made to him, had devoted himself to the policy of the Emperor, who began by making the tremendous mistake of introducing the French influence into Spain under the auspices of a detested minister.

Meanwhile the people of Madrid flocked to Aranjuez, and sacked the palace of the minister, who was obliged to hide himself to escape the fury of the mob. The king and queen, greatly alarmed at the danger of their favorite, and almost equally grieved, were forced to demand that he should resign, and on the 16th of March, 1808, the king, yielding to pressure from all sides, abdicated in favor of his son, announcing that his health compelled him to seek a better climate. This act of weakness checked the revolt. The Prince of the Asturias took the name of Ferdinand VII., and his first act of authority was to confiscate the property of the Prince de la Paix, but he had not sufficient strength of character to profit fully by the new situation. He was frightened by his rupture with his father, and hesitated at the moment when he ought to have acted. On the other hand, the king and queen played

the game of the Emperor by calling the French army to their aid. The Grandduke of Berg joined them at Aranjuez, and promised them his dangerous assistance. The vacillation of the authorities, the fear inspired by our arms, the intrigues of the Prince de la Paix, the severe and imperious measures of Murat, all combined to produce trouble and disorder in Spain, and the unfortunate reigning family speedily perceived that this disorganization was about to turn to the advantage of the armed mediator, who assumed the position of a judge. The *Moniteur* gave an account of these events, deploring the misfortune of the king, Charles IV.; and a few days later the Emperor, accompanied by a brilliant court, left Saint Cloud, under the pretext of making a journey into the south of France.

We were in the dark about the details of all these events at the time of their occurrence. We asked ourselves, what was the Emperor going to do? Was this new journey an invasion? All these secret intrigues, to which we had no clew, excited our attention and curiosity, and the public disquiet increased daily.

M. de Talleyrand, whom I saw frequently, was exceedingly dissatisfied, and openly blamed all that was done and was about to be done. He denounced Murat, declaring that there was perfidy somewhere, but that he was not mixed up with it, and repeating that had he been minister of foreign affairs, he would never have lent his name to such devices. The Emperor was exceedingly angry at this freely expressed condemnation. He saw that M. de Talleyrand was acquiring popularity of a new kind; he listened to denunciations of his minister, and their friendship was interrupted. He has frequently asserted that M. de Talleyrand advised this Spanish affair, and only attempted to get out of it when he perceived that it was a failure. I can bear witness to the fact that M. de Talleyrand severely condemned it at the period of which I am writing, and expressed himself with so much vehemence against such a violation of all the rights of nations, that I had to entreat him to moderate his language. What he would have advised I cannot say, because he never explained himself on that point, and I have now stated all that I know. It is, however, certain that the public were with him at this time, and declared for him because he did not dissemble his dissatisfaction. "This," he said, "is a base intrigue. It is an attack upon a national aspiration; we declare ourselves thereby the enemy of the people; it is a blunder which will never be repaired." Events have proved that M. de Talleyrand was right, and that from that fatal event the moral decline of him who at that time made all Europe tremble, may be dated.

About this time the mild and gentle Queen of Naples set out to rejoin her husband in Spain, and to take her place upon a throne from which she was destined to descend before very long.

On the 2d of July, 1808, the Emperor set out on the pretext of visiting the southern provinces, but in reality to watch what was going on in Spain. I will give an idea of what that was as succinctly as possible.

The transactions of Charles IV. with the different governments of France were well known. After having vainly attempted (in 1793) to save the life of Louis XVI., the Spaniards had to submit to the dictation of the conqueror, at the close of a war nobly undertaken but unskillfully conducted, and the French government had always meddled more or less in their affairs since that time.

At the head of the administration was Emanuel Godoy—a man of ordinary capacity, who had risen to his present position, and was governing the Spains, because he had captivated the heart of the queen. On him had been heaped all the dignities, honors and treasures which any favorite could possibly obtain. He was born in 1768, of a noble family, and placed in the royal body-guard in 1787. The queen took him into favor, and he rose rapidly from rank to rank, became lieutenant-general, Duke of Alcudia, and minister of foreign affairs in 1792. In 1795 he was made Prince de la Paix. After the treaty, concluded by him with France in 1798, with so little honor to himself, he ceased to be minister; but he still directed affairs, and all his life he exercised complete empire over King Charles IV., who shared the infatuation of the queen his wife. The Prince de la Paix married a niece of the king.

The good understanding which existed between France and Spain appeared to be intact, until the opening of the Prussian campaign, when the Prince de la Paix, believing that the war would injure the fortunes of the Emperor, proposed to arm Spain, so that the country might be ready to profit by events which should enable it to shake off the French yoke. He issued a proclamation, inviting all Spaniards to enroll themselves. This proclamation reached the Emperor on the battlefield of Jena, and many persons have said that from that moment he was resolved on the destruction of the house of Bourbon in Spain. After his great victories he distributed the Spanish troops throughout Europe, and the Prince de la Paix obtained his protection only at the price of submitting to his policy.

Bonaparte often asserted, in 1808, that at Tilsit the czar had approved his designs upon Spain, and, in fact, the interview of the two emperors took place so amicably at Erfurt immediately after the over-

throw of Charles IV., that it is very likely they had mutually authorized each other to pursue their projects, the one towards the north and the other towards the south. But I cannot tell to what extent Bonaparte deceived the Emperor of Russia, nor whether he did not begin by hinting at the division of the states of King Charles IV., which he was pretending to organize, and the equivalent in Italy which he feigned to intend to give him. Perhaps he had not yet arranged his plan for entirely despoiling the king, and it is quite certain that M. de Talleyrand was not in the plot.

Murat, in his correspondence with the Prince de la Paix, bribed him with the government of a portion of Portugal, which, he said, should become the kingdom of the Algarves. Another portion of Portugal was to belong to the King of Etruria, and Etruria was thenceforth to become the empire of King Charles IV., who was to keep the American colonies, and to take at the general peace the title of Emperor of the Two Americas.

In 1807, a treaty on these bases was concluded at Fontainebleau, without the knowledge of M. de Talleyrand, and the passage of our troops through Spain, for the conquest of Portugal, was granted by the Prince de la Paix. The Emperor signified, at Milan, to the Queen of Etruria that she was to return to her father. Meanwhile, the Prince de la Paix was becoming more and more odious to the Spanish nation, and was especially hated by the Prince of the Asturias. The latter, urged by his own feelings and by the advice of those who surrounded him, distressed by the increasing alienation of his mother and the weakness of his father, alarmed at the entry of our troops, which made him suspect some fresh plot, and especially indignant that the Prince de la Paix should endeavor to make him contract a marriage with the sister of the princess, wrote to Bonaparte to apprise him of the grievances of the Spaniards against the favorite, and to request his support and the hand of a lady of the Bonaparte family. To this request, which was probably inspired by the ambassador of France, the prince made no immediate reply. Shortly afterwards, the Prince of the Asturias was denounced as a conspirator, and arrested, and his friends were exiled. Several notes denunciatory of the exactions of the Prince de la Paix were found among his papers, and on these a charge of conspiracy was founded. The queen pursued her son with determined enmity, and the Prince of the Asturias was about to be brought to trial, when letters from the Emperor, signifying that he would not permit a question of the project of marriage to be raised, reached Madrid. As it was upon this point that the accusa-

tion of conspiracy was to bear, the charge had to be abandoned. The Prince de la Paix wanted to take credit for indulgence, and pretended that he had solicited and obtained pardon for the Prince of the Asturias. King Charles IV. wrote to the Emperor, giving him an account of the affair and of his own conduct, and Bonaparte became adviser and arbitrator in all those difficulties which so far were favorable to his own designs. These events took place in October, 1807.

Meanwhile our troops were establishing themselves in Spain. The Spaniards, surprised by this invasion, complained bitterly of the weakness of their sovereign and the treason of the favorite. It was asked why the Spanish armies were sent to the frontiers of Portugal, far from the center of the kingdom, which was thus delivered over without defense. Murat was marching towards Madrid. The Prince de la Paix sent to Fontainebleau a creature of his own, one Izquierdo, for final instructions. This man had an interview with M. de Talleyrand, in which the latter informed him of the error into which the Prince de la Paix had fallen, and showed him that the treaty just signed at Fontainebleau involved the complete destruction of the power of Spain. Izquierdo, thunderstruck at all he heard, returned immediately to Madrid, and the Prince de la Paix began to perceive how he had been tricked. But it was too late. The troops were recalled, and a project of imitating the conduct of the Prince of Brazil by quitting the Continent of Europe was discussed. The court was at Aranjuez; its preparations could not, however, be so secretly conducted but that they transpired at Madrid. The excitement in the city was increased by intelligence of the approach of Murat and of the intended departure of the king, and soon broke out into a revolt; the people went in crowds to Aranjuez, the king was detained as a prisoner in the palace, and the house of Prince de la Paix was sacked, while he himself was thrown into prison, barely escaping from the fury of the populace. Charles IV. was forced to disgrace his favorite and banish him from Spain. On the following day the king, either feeling himself too weak to rule over a country about to become the scene of discord, or successfully coerced by the opposite party, abdicted in favor of Don Ferdinand.

All this took place at a few leagues' distance from Madrid, where Murat had established his headquarters. On the 19th of March, 1808, Charles IV. wrote to the Emperor that, on account of his health, he was unable to remain in Spain, and that he had just abdicated in favor of his son. This occurrence upset all Bonaparte's plans. The fruit of the device which he had been planning for six months was snatched from him; Spain was about to pass under the sway of a young prince,

who, judging by recent events, appeared capable of taking strong measures. The Spanish nation would, no doubt, eagerly embrace the cause of a sovereign whose aim would be the deliverance of his country. Our army was coldly received at Madrid. Murat had already been obliged to have recourse to severe measures for the maintenance of order; a new plan had become necessary, and it was essential to be nearer the theater of events, so as to estimate them aright.

For these reasons the Emperor resolved on going to Bayonne. He left St. Cloud on the 2d of April, parting coldly from M. de Talleyrand, and abstaining from any disclosure of his plans. The *Moniteur* announced that the Emperor was about to visit the southern departments, and not until the 8th of April, after meager accounts of what was taking place in Spain, did we learn that his presence at Madrid was not only desired, but expected.

The Empress, who was both fond of traveling and averse to being separated from her husband, obtained permission to make the journey after his departure, and she soon joined him at Bordeaux.

M. de Talleyrand was uneasy and displeased at the Emperor's movements. I am inclined to think that for a long time past, as much from his dislike to Murat as on account of other projects of which I am ignorant, he had favored the party by whom the Prince of the Asturias was guided. On this occasion he found himself put aside, and realized, for the first time, that Bonaparte was learning to do without him. In Paris we were all mystified at what was going on. The official articles in the *Moniteur* were extremely obscure; nothing that emanated from the Emperor could surprise us; but even curiosity was at last wearing out, and, moreover, no great interest was felt in the royal house of Spain. There was, therefore, very little excitement, and we waited for time to enlighten us. France was growing used to expect that Bonaparte would use her simply for his own personal ends.

Meanwhile Murat, who was acquainted with a part of the Emperor's projects, and who saw that a part of them must fail through the abdication of Charles IV., acted with skillful duplicity at Madrid. He contrived to avoid recognizing the Prince of the Asturias, and all the evidence leads to the conclusion that he contributed to excite the old king's desire to resume his crown. A dispatch from General Monthion, who had been sent as envoy to Charles IV. at Aranjuez, was published in the *Moniteur*, and Europe was informed that the king had made bitter complaints of his son, had declared that his abdication was forced, and had placed himself in the Emperor's hands, with a special request that the life of the Prince de la Paix should be spared.

The queen, in still more passionate terms, accused her son, and seemed entirely engrossed by anxiety for the fate of her favorite.

The Spaniards had accepted the abdication of their king, and were rejoiced to be rid of the yoke of the Prince de la Paix. They were impatient, especially at Madrid, of the presence of the French, and of their reserved behavior towards the young sovereign; and Murat could repress the growing excitement only by measures of severity, necessary under the circumstances, but which completed the detestation in which we were held.

On the Emperor's arrival at Bayonne he took up his abode at the Château de Marrac, about a mile from the town. He was uncertain as to what might come of his present undertaking, and as a last resource was prepared to go to Madrid; but he was fully determined not to let the fruit of his endeavors escape him. No one about him was in the secret: he controlled the actions of all without confiding in any one. In the Abbé de Pradt's "Histoire de la Révolution en Espagne," there are some interesting notes and comments on the force of character which enabled the Emperor to bear quite alone the secret of his vast conceptions. The Abbé de Pradt was at that time Bishop of Poitiers, and Bonaparte, on passing through the city, attached him to his suite, believing he should be able to make use of his well-known talent and inclination for intrigue.

Several persons who accompanied the Emperor on this journey told me that their sojourn at Marrac was dull, and that they all wished for a climax to the events then taking place, in order that they might return to Paris.

Savary was dispatched to Madrid, and in all probability received orders to bring back the Prince of the Asturias at any cost. He accomplished his mission with the exactitude for which he was remarkable, and which forbade him from criticising either the orders he received or the means necessary to their fulfillment. On the 7th of April, Savary presented himself to the Prince of the Asturias at Madrid. He announced the Emperor's journey into Spain as certain, assumed the character of an ambassador coming to congratulate a new king, and bound himself, in the name of his master, not to meddle with any Spanish affairs, if the sovereign's dispositions were friendly towards the Emperor. He next insinuated that negotiations would be greatly expedited by the prince's moving forward to meet the Emperor, who intended very shortly to repair to Madrid, and to the surprise of every one, to the surprise of posterity also, he contrived to persuade the Prince of the Asturias and his court to undertake the journey. We can

hardly doubt that advice was, on this occasion, backed by threats, and that the unfortunate young prince was caught in a multitude of snares, all spread for him at once. He was, no doubt, given to understand that this was the price at which his crown must be purchased, and that, as the Emperor wished him to take this step, no help would be afforded him unless he consented to it; the bait that the Emperor would meet him on the way was also held out, and nothing was at first said about his crossing the frontier.

The Prince of the Asturias found himself involved by circumstances in an enterprise beyond his strength; he was rather the puppet than the chief of the party who had placed him on the throne, and he could not quite reconcile himself to the position of a son in open rebellion against his father. Moreover, he was intimidated by the presence of our troops, and dared not answer to his people for the safety of their country, if he resisted us. His advisers were alarmed. Savary's counsels were mingled with threats, and the unhappy prince, influenced by the most generous sentiments, consented to a step which was the proximate cause of his ruin. I have heard Savary say he had received such positive orders that, when once he had him on the road to Bayonne, he would not have suffered him to turn back for any consideration in the world, and, some faithful adherents having conveyed a warning to the prince, he watched him so closely that he felt assured no human power could snatch him from his grasp.

To further this wicked and ably laid plot, the Emperor wrote the following letter, which was subsequently published. It was handed to the Prince of the Asturias at Vittoria, and I transcribe it here, as it throws a light on the events which followed:—

"BAYONNE, *April*, 1808.

"MY BROTHER:—I have received your royal highness's letter. In the papers of the king, your father, you must have seen proofs of the interest I have always felt in your royal highness. You will permit me, under present circumstances, to address you loyally and frankly.

"I hoped, on reaching Madrid, to have persuaded my illustrious friend to undertake some necessary reforms in his states, and to satisfy to some extent the public opinion of the country. The dismissal of the Prince de la Paix seemed to me to be necessary both for his own happiness and that of his subjects. Affairs in the north have delayed my journey. Certain events have taken place at Aranjuez. I pronounce no judgment on these, nor on the conduct of the Prince de la Paix, but I know this well, that it is dangerous for

kings to accustom their people to shed blood, and to administer justice to themselves. I pray God that your royal highness may not learn this one day by your own experience. It is not in the interest of Spain to injure a prince who is husband to a princess of the royal blood, and who has so long reigned over the kingdom. He has now no friends, nor will your highness have any should misfortune overtake you. Men are always ready to make us suffer for the honors they have paid us. Besides, how could proceedings be taken against the Prince de la Paix without implicating the queen and the king, your father? Such a prosecution will encourage dissensions and faction, and its consequences will be fatal to your crown. Your royal highness has no other claim to that crown than that conferred by your mother; if the trial reflects discredit on her, your royal highness's rights will be thereby destroyed. Close your ears, therefore, to weak and perfidious counsel; you have no right to sit in judgment on the Prince de la Paix. His crimes, if he is accused of any, are absorbed in the rights of the throne. I have often expressed a desire that the Prince de la Paix should be removed from the conduct of affairs. The friendship of King Charles has often induced me to keep silence, and to turn away my eyes from his weak partiality. Wretched creatures that we all are! our motto should be, 'Weakness and Error.' But all may be arranged. Let the Prince de la Paix be banished from Spain; I will offer him a refuge in France.

"As to the abdication of King Charles IV., he made it at a time when my army was occupying Spain, and in the eyes of Europe and posterity I should appear to have sent large numbers of troops thither merely in order to turn my ally and my friend off his throne. As a neighboring sovereign, I may be allowed to wait for full and entire information before recognizing this abdication. To your royal highness, to all Spaniards, and to the whole world, I say: if the abdication of King Charles IV. is spontaneous, if it has not been forced on him by the insurrection and the tumult at Aranjuez, I will make no difficulty about recognizing it, and will acknowledge your royal highness to be King of Spain, To this end I desire, therefore, to converse with you. The caution with which I have watched these things for the last month, should be a guarantee of the support I would afford you if, in your turn, a factious spirit, of whatever kind, should disturb you on your throne. When King Charles informed me of the events of last October, I was painfully impressed by them, and I may have contributed, by the suggestions I then made, to the happy ending of the Escurial affair. Your royal highness was greatly to blame; no other

proof of this is needed than the letter you addressed to me, which I have persistently ignored. When you, in your turn, are a king, you will know how sacred are the rights of a throne. Any advances made to a foreign sovereign are criminal. Your royal highness must be on your guard against outbursts of popular feeling. A few of my soldiers might be murdered in isolated situations, but the destruction of Spain would be the result. I already perceive, with regret, that letters from the captain-general of Catalonia have been distributed about Madrid, and that everything has been done to promote disturbance there.

"I have now fully explained myself to your royal highness; you perceive that I am hesitating between various ideas, which require confirmation. You may be assured that, in any case, I shall treat you as I would treat the king, your father. I beg you to believe in my desire for conciliation, and to grant me an opportunity of proving my good will and high esteem."

We see by this letter that the Emperor still reserved to himself the right of judging of the validity of the abdication of Charles IV. It appears, however, that Savary flattered the young king into the belief of more positive approbation than was actually contained in the letter, while Murat was secretly urging King Charles to retract. By thus writing to the Prince of the Asturias, the Emperor contrived a means of saving the Prince de la Paix, if necessary, of taking part with Charles IV., and, finally, of blaming the first symptom of rebellion against his father on the part of the Prince of the Asturias. It was known, however, at this period, that the ambassador of France had suggested to the prince to ask for the hand of a princess of the imperial family in marriage. It was this request which had most deeply offended the favorite.

The Prince of the Asturias left Madrid on the 10th of April. He received tokens of affection from his people on his way, and great anxiety was everywhere displayed at his approach to the frontier. Savary reiterated his assurances that by pushing on farther they must meet the Emperor, and kept the prince under strict guard. On reaching Burgos, the prince's council began to take alarm, but they continued their route to Vittoria, where the people unharnessed the horses from the carriage, the guard had to force a passage, and this was done almost against the will of the prince, whose own hopes were fading.

"At Vittoria," Savary told me afterwards, "I thought for an instant that my prisoner was about to escape, but I took care he should not. I frightened him."—"But," I answered, "do you mean that, if

he had resisted, you would have killed him?"—"Oh no," he said; "but I protest that I would never have let him go back."

The prince's councilors were reassured by the reflection that a marriage would conciliate all parties, and, being unable to understand the immensity of the imperial projects, they looked upon such an alliance, together with the sacrifice of a few men and of the liberty of trade, as the conclusion of a definitive treaty. They yielded, therefore, to the soldierly arguments of Savary, and finally crossed the frontier.

The royal party entered Bayonne on the 21st of April. Those persons of the household who were then in attendance on the Emperor discovered, by the change in his temper, how important to the success of his projects was the arrival of the infantes. Until then he had seemed full of care, confiding in no one, but dispatching courier after courier. He dared not reckon on the success of his plan. He had invited the former king—who, as well as the queen and the favorite, had just then nothing better to do—to come to him; but it seemed so likely that the new king would take advantage of the revolt about to break out in Spain, and would rouse the newborn enthusiasm of all classes for the deliverance of their country, that, until the actual moment when he was informed that the princes had crossed the Pyrenees, the Emperor must have looked on the event as wellnigh impossible. He has since said that, from the date of this blunder, he had no longer a doubt of the incapacity of King Ferdinand.

On the 20th of April the Queen of Holland gave birth to a son, who was named Louis.

At this time the painter Robert died. He was famous for his artistic talent, his taste in architecture, and was, besides, an excellent and very clever man.*

The Abbé de Pradt has narrated all the circumstances of the arrival of the princes, and as he witnessed it, I again refer to his work, without feeling bound to quote from it here. He says that the Emperor came from Marrac to Bayonne; that he treated the Prince of Asturia as an equal; that he invited him the same day to dinner, according him royal honors; and that it was not until the evening of that day, when the prince had returned to his dwelling, that Savary went to him, charged to inform him of Bonaparte's intentions. These intentions were to overthrow the reigning dynasty, in order to put his own in its place,

* This does not mean Léopold Robert, who is better known by this generation, but Hubert Robert, who was born in 1733, made a member of the Academy in 1766, and is known by his pictures of ruins, in which the classical taste begins to betray some modern, or, as they would have been called a little later, romantic tendencies.

and, consequently, the abdication of the whole family was demanded. The Abbé de Pradt is naturally astounded at the part which the Emperor played during the day, and one can hardly conceive why he gave himself the trouble to assume a character in the morning so contrary to that which he revealed in the evening.

Whatever were his motives, one can understand the amazement and distress of the Spanish princes when they found that they had delivered themselves into the hands of their inflexible enemy. They made repeated efforts, not to fly—for they quickly perceived that flight was impossible—but to inform the junta, sitting at Madrid, of their captivity and of the intentions which would cause the ruin of the last Bourbons. The most of their messengers were stopped, but some few got away safely; the news they carried excited indignation in Madrid, and thence throughout Spain. Some provinces protested; in several towns the people rose in revolt; in Madrid the safety of the French army was endangered. Murat redoubled his severity, and became an object of hatred, as well as terror, to all the inhabitants.

Every one knows now how greatly the Emperor deceived himself as to the condition of Spain and the character of the Spaniards. He was influenced in this odious undertaking by those same defects of character and judgment which had on other occasions led him into such grave errors: first, his determination to prevail by sheer force, and his thirst for instant submission, which made him neglect intermediaries, who are not always to be despised with impunity; and, secondly, an obstinate conviction that men are but slightly influenced by their mode of government, that the same policy will answer equally well in the north or in the south, with Germans, Frenchmen, or Spaniards, national differences being so unimportant. He has since admitted that he was greatly mistaken in this. When he learned that there existed in Spain a higher class, aware of the bad government under which it lived, and anxious for some changes in the constitution, he did not doubt that the people also would swallow the bait, if a revolution like that of France were offered to them. He believed that in Spain, as elsewhere, men would be easily roused against the temporal power of the priesthood. His keen perception appreciated the movement which had caused the revolt of Aranjuez, and placed the reins of power in the hands of a weak prince, too evidently lacking ability to make or control a revolution; and, overleaping time and the obstacles or circumstances which cause delay, he imagined that the first impulse of movement having been given to Spanish institutions, a complete change would ensue. He even believed himself to be rendering a service to the nation,

by thus forestalling events, by seizing on the Spanish revolution beforehand, and by guiding it at once to the goal which he believed it was destined to reach.

But even were it possible to persuade a whole nation, and to induce it to accept, as the outcome of a wise foresight, things which it can never understand except through the teaching of facts and often that of misfortune, the hatefulness of the means employed by the Emperor blasted him in the eyes of those he wished to win, and whom he believed he was serving. *"The heart of Jehu was not upright, nor his hands clean,"* that Spain should receive him as the reformer whom she needed. Moreover, a foreign yoke was offensive to Spanish pride; while secret machinations, the imprisonment of the sovereigns, unconcealed contempt for religious beliefs, the threats that were used, the executions that followed on them, and, later, the exactions and cruelties of war, all concurred to prevent any concord. The two contending parties, each incensed against the other, were soon filled with a furious longing for mutual destruction. The Emperor himself sacrificed everything rather than yield; he was lavish of men and money only that he might prove himself the stronger, for he could not endure the shame of defeat before the eyes of Europe. A bloody war, and terrible disasters, were the result of his wounded pride and his tyrannical will. All he did, therefore, was to throw Spain into a state of anarchy. The people, finding themselves without an army, believed that the defense of the soil devolved upon them; and Bonaparte, who took pride in being the elect of the people, and who also felt that therein lay his security—Bonaparte, who, to be consistent in his theories, should never have waged war except on kings—found himself, after a few years, cut adrift from that policy on which he had founded his power, while he revealed to the whole world that he used that power for his personal advantage only.

Although he was conscious of some of these future difficulties, he continued to tread the devious path on which he had entered. The Prince of the Asturias refused to sign an act of abdication, and this caused him great perplexity. Fearing that the prince might escape him, he caused him to be strictly watched; he tried him by every kind of persuasion and threat, and soon all who surrounded the Emperor became aware of the state of perturbation into which he had again fallen. Duroc, Savary, and the Abbé de Pradt were enjoined to bribe, to persuade, or to terrify the prince's councilors. But how is it possible to persuade people to consent to their own fall from power? If we abide by the Emperor's opinion, that every member of the reigning family was equally stupid and incapable, the wiser course would still

have been to have left them in possession of the throne; for the necessity of taking action in times that were becoming so difficult would have led them into many faults, of which their enemy might have taken advantage. But the outrageous insults put upon them, the violation of every human right in their regard, the inaction to which they were condemned, and which imposed upon them the simple and pathetic character of victims, all made their part so easy to play that they became objects of interest without having to take the smallest pains to excite that sentiment. With respect to the Spanish princes and the pope, the Emperor committed a similar blunder and incurred an identical penalty.

Meanwhile, he was determined to end this state of anxiety, and decided on sending for King Charles IV. to Bayonne, and openly espousing the cause of the dethroned monarch. He foresaw that this course of action must be followed by war, but he persuaded himself—his vivid imagination was always ready to flatter him when he had fully decided on any step—that this war would resemble all the others. "Yes," he said, "I feel that I am not doing right; but why do not they declare war on me?" And when it was pointed out to him that he could scarcely expect a declaration of war from persons removed from their own territory and deprived of their liberty, he exclaimed, "But why did they come, then? They are inexperienced young men, and have come here without passports. I consider this enterprise as very important, for my navy is defective, and it will cost me the six vessels I have now at Cadiz." On another occasion he said, "If this were to cost me eighty thousand men, I would not undertake it; but I shall not need twelve thousand. It is a mere trifle. The people here don't know what a French brigade means. The Prussians were just the same, and we know how they fared in consequence. Depend upon it, this will soon be over. I do not wish to harm any one, but when my big political car is started, it must go on its way. Woe to those who get under the wheels!"

Towards the end of April, the Prince de la Paix arrived at Bayonne. Murat had released him from the captivity in which he was held at Madrid. The junta, under the presidency of Don Antonio, brother to Charles IV., gave him up reluctantly, but the time for resistance was over. The favorite had lost all hope of future sovereignty, his life was in danger in Spain, and the Emperor's protection was his only resource; there was therefore little doubt but that he would agree to all that was required of him. He was instructed to guide King Charles in the path the Emperor wished him to follow, and he acquiesced without a word.

I cannot refrain from transcribing here some reflections of the Abbé de Pradt, which seem to me to be very sensible and appropriate.

"At this period," he says, "that part of the scheme which concerned the translation of Joseph to Madrid was not as yet made public. It may have been discerned, but Napoleon had not disclosed it. In the interviews with Napoleon which the negotiation with M. Escoiguiz procured for me he never made any allusion to it. He left to time the task of unfolding each feature of a plan which he revealed cautiously and by slow degrees, and after he had cherished it for a long succession of days in his own mind, without relieving himself of the burden by one indiscreet word. This was sad misuse of moral strength, but it proves how great is the self-mastery of a man who can thus control his words, especially when naturally inclined to indiscretion, as Napoleon was, when he was angry."

King Charles IV. reached Bayonne on the 1st of May, accompanied by his wife, their youngest son, the daughter of Prince de la Paix, and the Queen of Etruria and her son. Shortly afterwards, Don Antonio arrived also; he had been obliged to leave the junta and to join his relatives in France.

CONCLUSION.

THE "Memoirs" of my grandmother come to an end here, and general regret will, no doubt, be felt that she was prevented by death from continuing them, at any rate so far as the divorce from the Emperor, which, from the very beginning, hangs threateningly over the head of the fascinating, lovable, and yet somewhat uninteresting Josephine. No one can supply what is wanting here; even the correspondence of the author affords little political information respecting the succeeding period, and during the latter part of her life she seldom spoke of what she had witnessed or endured. My father entertained at times the idea of continuing her narrative, by putting together what he had heard from his parents, anecdotes, or expressions of their opinions in the last days of the empire, and what he himself knew concerning their lives. He did not carry out his plan in its entirety, nor did he leave anything on the subject complete. His notes, however, seem to me to be valuable, and record the end of the great drama which has been described in the foregoing pages. It will be interesting to read them as a continuation of the "Memoirs," which they complete, although he

has recorded in a more extensive work his own views of the latter days of the empire, and the period when he himself entered political life. His political opinions and his definition of the conduct of officials and citizens in times of difficulty deserve to be made known. I have added this chapter to the "Memoirs," and published the notes of which I speak in their original unstudied form, confining myself to the slight modifications which are necessary to make the narrative succinct and clear.

M. de Rémusat writes: "The Spanish sovereigns arrived at Bayonne in May, 1808. The Emperor dispatched them to Fontainebleau, and sent Ferdinand VII. to Valençay, an estate belonging to M. de Talleyrand. Then he himself returned, after having traveled through the southern and western departments, and made a political journey into La Vendée, where his presence produced a great effect. He reached Paris about the middle of August. My father, who was then first chamberlain, was appointed to receive the Spanish Bourbons at Fontainebleau. He accomplished his task with the attention and courtesy habitual to him. Although he gave us on his return an account which conveyed no exalted idea of the king, the queen, or the Prince de la Paix, who accompanied them, he had treated these dethroned princes with the respect due to rank and misfortune. It would seem that some of the other court officials had behaved in a different fashion, rather from ignorance than from ill-feeling. Charles IV. noticed this, and said, 'Rémusat, at any rate, knows that I am a Bourbon.'

"M. de Talleyrand happened to be actually staying at Valençay, when the Emperor sent him orders to proceed thither to receive the three infantes, with an evident intention of committing him to the Spanish affair. He was not altogether pleased with the task, nor on his return did he refrain from sarcastic remarks concerning these strange descendants of Louis XIV. He told us that they used to buy children's toys at the booths at the neighboring fairs, and that when a poor person begged an alms of them they would give him a doll. He afterwards accused them of dilapidations at Valençay; and cleverly mentioned the fact to Louis XVIII., when the king, wanting to dismiss him from court, while he had not the courage to order him to go, took occasion to praise the beauty and splendor of his seat at Valençay. 'Yes, it is pretty fair,' he said, 'but the Spanish princes entirely spoilt it with their fireworks on St. Napoleon's Day.'

"M. de Talleyrand, although aware that his position with the Emperor was altered, found Bonaparte, when he joined him, well disposed and inclined to trust him. There was no perceptible cloud between

them. The Emperor had need of him for the conference at Erfurt, to which they went together at the end of September. My father was in attendance on the Emperor. The letters which he wrote from thence to my mother have not been found; but their correspondence was so strictly watched, and must therefore have been so reserved, that its loss is, I fancy, of little importance. My father's general letters referred to the good understanding between the two emperors, their mutual finessing, and the fine manners of the Emperor Alexander.

"M. de Talleyrand composed a narrative of this Erfurt Conference, which he was in the habit of reading aloud. He used to boast, on his return, that as the two emperors entered their respective carriages, each about to journey in a different direction, he had said to Alexander, while attending him, 'If you could only get into the wrong carriage!' He had discerned some fine qualities in the czar, and had endeavored to win favor, by which he profited in 1814; but, at the time of which I am writing, he looked on a Russian alliance as a merely accidental necessity during a war with England, and he persistently held that friendship with Austria, which would eventually become a basis for an alliance with England, was the true system for France in Europe. His conduct of political affairs, whether at the time of Napoleon's marriage, or in 1814, in 1815, or, again, in the reign of Louis Philippe, was always consistent with this theory. He often spoke of it to my mother.

"In order to complete the history of the year 1808, my mother would have had to narrate first the Erfurt Conference, according to the narratives of M. de Talleyrand and of my father; and secondly, the reaction of the Spanish affair on the court of the Tuileries and on Parisian society. The royalist section of the court and society was deeply moved by the presence of the ancient Bourbons at Fontainebleau. Here, I think, she would have placed the disgrace and exile of Madame de Chévreuse.

"The Emperor came back from Erfurt in October, but he merely passed through Paris, and started immediately for Spain, whence he returned at the beginning of 1809, after an indecisive campaign.

"Public opinion was far from favorable to his policy. For the first time the possibility of his loss, especially of his sudden death in the course of a war in which a motive of patriotism might nerve an assassin's hand, had occurred to the minds of men. Various reports, partly loyal and partly malicious, had made the progress of disapprobation and discontent known to him. Talleyrand and Fouché had not hesitated to confirm those reports. The former, especially, was always

bold and even imprudent, as are all men who are proud of their powers of conversation and believe in them as in a force. Fouché, who was more reserved, or less often quoted, in society, probably went farther in reality. After his positive fashion, he had been practically considering the hypothesis of the opening up of the imperial succession, and this consideration had brought him nearer to M. de Talleyrand's opinions.

"The Emperor returned in an angry mood, and vented his irritation on the court, and especially at the ministerial council, in the celebrated scene in which he dismissed M. de Talleyrand* from his post of grand chamberlain and put M. de Montesquieu in his place.

"That important functionaries of the Empire, such as Talleyrand and Fouché, as well as other less prominent persons, should have behaved as they did on this occasion, has been severely commented on. Vanity and talkativeness may, I am ready to admit, have led Talleyrand and Fouché to say more than was prudent; but I maintain that, under an absolute government, it is necessary that men holding important offices should not, in the case of public danger, or on perceiving that affairs are being ill directed, be afraid to encourage, by a prudent opposition, the moral resistance which alone can arrest or divert the mistaken course of authority. Still more, if they foresee the possibility of disaster, against which no preparations have been made, they should take thought concerning what may yet be done. That the pride of absolute power should be mortified, that endeavors should be made to overcome and to suppress opposition when it is too isolated to avail, I understand. But it would be none the less a boon to the State and its ruler, if this opposition were sufficiently powerful to oblige the latter to modify his plans and to reform his life.

"With regard to the case in point, let us suppose that, instead of imputing the disapprobation of Talleyrand or Fouché to intrigue or treason, Napoleon had received reports of the universal discontent from Dubois, or others; that his prefect of police had pointed out to him that these sentiments (which he shared) were felt and expressed by Cambacérès, by Maret, by Caulaincourt, by Murat, lastly, by the Duc de Gaëta, whom Thiers quotes on this occasion—in short, by every important personage in the court and the government—would that have been an ill service rendered to the Emperor? Would not this unanimous opposition have been the only means likely to enlighten him, to arrest his steps, to turn him from the way of perdition before it was not yet too late?

* Thiers' "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," vol. x. p. 17.

"As for the reproach addressed to Talleyrand and others, that they censured the government after having approved and served it, that is a natural one in the mouth of Napoleon, who, moreover, did not hesitate to exaggerate it by falsehood. But in itself it is foolish; otherwise all honest men, because they have once belonged to a certain government, because they have formerly supported, cloaked, or even justified its faults, either in error or from weakness, must hold themselves forbidden to grow wiser as dangers thicken and circumstances are developed. Unless we were resolved on persistent opposition or on unlimited submission, a time must come when we no longer approve what we approved yesterday, when we feel bound to speak although we have hitherto been silent, and when, drawbacks striking us more forcibly than advantages, we recognize defects which we had endeavored or pretended to ignore, and faults which we have palliated. After all, this is what happened in France with regard to Napoleon, and the change took place in the mind of officials and citizens alike, except when the former were blinded by servility or corrupted by a base ambition.

"In our own modest sphere under the empire, we never had to decide except upon the direction of our own wishes and feelings; for we took no part in politics; yet we had to solve that question which continually recurs to me when I reperuse these "Memoirs," or the letters in which my mother has recorded her impressions and her thoughts.

"My mother would have had to allude, at any rate indirectly, to this grave subject when she came to record the disgrace of M. de Talleyrand. She saw him, at that time, as often as formerly; she heard his own statements. Every one knew how he had listened to the Emperor's philippic in cold silence (equally far removed from weakness and from insolence) leaning against a console, on account of his lameness. As is the custom under absolute monarchy, he swallowed the affront, and continued to present himself at court with a coolness which was not to be mistaken for humility, and I have no recollection that his attitude towards the empire was ever accused of vacillation from that day forth. It must, of course, be understood that the rules of the point of honor are not in this case what they are in a free country, nor are the philosophic laws of moral dignity understood as they are understood outside the world of courts and politics.

"After this, my mother would have had to relate our own little episode in the drama. I am not sure whether the Emperor felt or showed any displeasure towards my father on his arrival. I do not know whether it was not subsequent reports that caused our disgrace.

In any case my father did not become immediately aware of the truth, either because it was so far from his thoughts that he suspected nothing, or because the Emperor did not think of him at first. He was a friend of M. de Talleyrand's, and in his confidence up to a certain point: this in itself was a motive for suspicion and a cause of disfavor. We had written no letter and taken no step that could tell against us, and I remember that even our speech was very guarded, and that could the police spies have witnessed the interviews of M. de Talleyrand with my mother in her little drawing-room, where my parents habitually received him, they could have discovered nothing whereon to found police reports. Such reports were made, however; my father felt no doubt about that, although the Emperor never displayed his resentment by any outbreak, nor did he even enter into any serious explanation. But he acted towards him with a cold malevolence and harshness which made his service intolerable. Thenceforth my parents felt themselves in a painful position with the sovereign, which might, perhaps, lead to their quitting the court.

"There was no amelioration in this state of things when Napoleon, who had gone to Germany in April, 1809, came back to Fontainebleau on the 6th of October, the conqueror of Wagram, and proud of the peace just signed at Vienna. Victories, however dearly bought, did not make him more generous or kindly. He had once more done great things, and was justly proud of his strength, and that it had been put to severe tests was all the more reason for his desiring that it should be respected. In the meantime he found, on arriving, the recent remembrance of the descent of the English on Walcheren, a very unsatisfactory state of things in Spain, a quarrel with the holy see pushed to extremes, and the public mind more disturbed by his taste for war than gratified by his victories, gloomy, distrustful, even severe, and regarding with suspicion the man who had so long been seen through a halo of glory. This time it was with Fouché that he was angry. Fouché had acted after his usual fashion on the occasion of the descent of the English. He had taken upon himself to make an appeal to public sentiment; he had reorganized the national guard, and employed Bernadotte on our coasts. Everything in this line of action, its bearing and its details, displeased the Emperor excessively. He was completely turned against Fouché, and besides this, as he had come back decided upon the divorce, it was difficult for him to keep M. de Talleyrand apart from a deliberation in which his knowledge of the state of Europe must have considerable weight. In this conjuncture we find one of those proofs—which were, day by day, becoming less

frequent—of the correctness of his judgment. He would say, 'There is no one but Talleyrand with whom I can talk.' And at such times he consulted him, while at others he spoke of sending him to Vincennes. He did not fail to summon him when he was considering the question of his marriage. Talleyrand strongly urged that he should ally himself with an archduchess; he even believed that the Emperor consulted him in this matter solely because his intervention would contribute towards gaining the consent of Austria. One thing is certain, that he always quoted his conduct in this case as a proof of his fixed opinion respecting the alliances of France, and the maintenance of the independence of Europe.

"The memoirs of my mother would have been most instructive and interesting upon all these matters—on the state of opinion during the campaign of the Danube, the deliberations relative to the divorce, and those which preceded the Emperor's marriage with Maria Louisa. It is, unfortunately, impossible for me to supply what is wanting relative to the latter subject. I can recall only that she said the Empress had done her great wrong by doubting her fidelity on one occasion, probably the divorce, and that she would in time explain that. I cannot explain it for her, and I have no recollection that she ever spoke to me about the matter. When the divorce actually took place, her devotion was readily appreciated, and Queen Hortense went so far as to advise her to think twice before she attached herself irrevocably to the Empress. I have no wish to make a great merit of what she then did; the simplest good feeling dictated her conduct, and besides, with her failing health, her inability for any exertion, her former relations with Josephine, and our own attitude towards the Emperor, she would have been placed in a very awkward and unpleasant position in a new court, and in attendance on a new empress. It will easily be understood that there was nothing in the circumstances which I have just related to increase our credit at court. The Emperor nevertheless approved of my mother's remaining with the Empress Josephine, and even praised her for doing so; it suited him, and he thenceforth looked upon her as a superannuated person, with whom he was not bound to occupy himself. Having less to expect, and less to ask from her, he reproached us less in his own mind for our failure to please him. He left my father in the sphere of his official functions, to which his character and a certain blending of discontent and apprehension tended to restrict him. It was a settled thing in Napoleon's mind that he had nothing farther to do for us, and he thought no more about it.

"This change in the situation would have occasioned the memoirs of my mother to lose a great deal of their interest after 1810. She only attended the court once again, to be presented to the Empress Maria Louisa, and at a later date she had an audience of the Emperor, for which he had directed her to ask. She would therefore have had nothing more to relate as an eye-witness in the imperial palace. She was no longer obliged to maintain any relations with the great personages of the state, and, yielding, perhaps too readily, to her tastes and her indisposition, she isolated herself more and more from all connection with the court and the government.

"As, however, my father did not cease to frequent the palace until the empire came to an end, as M. de Talleyrand's confidence in him did not abate, and, lastly, as the downhill course of the Emperor's affairs affected public opinion more and more, and soon began to excite extreme uneasiness in the nation, my mother had much to learn and much to observe, and she might have given a certain historical value to the portraiture of the five last years of the empire.

"The reader may, if he pleases, accept some reflections upon certain events of those five years, as a remembrance of what I formerly witnessed in my parental home.

"Among the events of that year, 1809, one of the most important and most vehemently discussed was the action of the Emperor with regard to the pope. The facts were very imperfectly known when they took place, and it must honestly be confessed that, among the nation whom Louis XIII. placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, no one cared about them. The Emperor had begun by occupying the Roman States; then he dismembered them; then he required the pope to make war on England; then he shut him up in the city of Rome, deprived him of all temporal power, and, finally he had him arrested and placed in captivity. This was assuredly a strange act, and nevertheless it does not appear that any Catholic European government seriously interfered on behalf of the Father of the Faithful. The pope, when deliberating in 1804, as to whether he should or should not crown Napoleon, did not object that the latter had shot the Duc d'Enghien in that same year. The Emperor of Austria, deliberating in 1809 whether or not he should give his daughter to Napoleon, did not object that the latter had put the pope in prison in that same year. It is true that all the sovereigns of Europe had very different ideas, in regard to the pontifical authority, from those which were imputed to them at that time, or which are attributed to them at present. The house of Austria, in particular, took as its traditional rule the 'testament politique,'

in which the Duc de Lorraine, Charles V., recommends that the pope should be reduced to the possession of the court of Rome only, and laughs at 'the illusion of excommunication, when it is a question of the temporalities which Jesus Christ never intended for the Church, and which the Church cannot possess without departing from His example, and denying His Gospel.'

"I find, by a letter from my mother, that in the autumn of 1809, she advised my father not to appear at the Italian court, at a moment when the affair of the pope might lead to certain allusions in that strife of a queen and a priest, and before a king so pious as the King of Saxony, who had come on a visit to the Emperor. This was the maximum of her concern in a tyrannical act which would be so loudly talked about in our time, and public opinion was no more occupied with it than she was. I have never heard that a single functionary of our immense empire separated himself from a government whose chief was excommunicated, if not by name, at least implicitly, by the Papal Bull against the authors or co-operators in the attempts against the pontifical authority. I cannot refrain from quoting the Duc de Cadore. He was not devoid of intelligence or honesty, but he accepted the will of the Emperor as an indisputable rule, and, after having lent his aid to the spoliation of the Spanish dynasty, he co-operated with equal docility in the spoliation of the sovereign pontiff. Being excommunicated himself, as 'a mandatory, a ringleader, and a counselor,' he maintained with perfect coolness that Napoleon might take back what Charlemagne had given, and that France should now intrench herself within the rights of the Catholic Church. The position of the empire at the end of 1809 is summed up by the great historian of the empire as follows:—'The Emperor had become, at Vincennes, the accomplice of the regicides; at Bayonne, the fellow of those who declared war against Europe, in order to establish the Universal Republic; at the Quirinal, the equal of those who had deposed Pius VI. to create the Roman republic.'

"I am not one of those who would add by declamation to the odiousness of these acts; I do not regard them as unheard-of monstrosities perpetrated only in our age. I know that history abounds in similar examples, that they are only reproductions, and that similar deeds may be found in the life of sovereigns for whom posterity entertains some respect. We need not look very deeply into the history of the severities of the reign of Louis XIV. to discover executions which may be compared with the death of the Duc d'Enghien. The affair of the 'Man in the Iron Mask,' especially if that man was a brother of the

king, is not so much better than the murder at Vincennes, and force and cunning were displayed in no less unworthy a manner in the act by which Louis XIV. laid hold upon Lorraine in 1662, than in the fraudulent seizure of Spain in 1808. I do not see anything, except the abdication of the pope, which had not its equivalent, even later than the Middle Ages. I may add that, after these deeds, which are forever to be condemned, it would still have been possible, with a little wisdom, to secure the repose, the prosperity, and the greatness of France, so that no name in history could have been placed above that of Napoleon. But when we remember that he did not do this, that all the wars undertaken afterwards were mad marches towards the ruin of the country, and that the character of the man already charged with such misdeeds developed itself into pride and harshness, such as even his most faithful servants could not endure, it is plain that, even at the court, all who were not misled by the servile complaisance of a degraded intellect or a debased heart, must thenceforth have served him without any trust in him, and wept for France when he fell, rather than for him.

"The years 1810 and 1811 are the two tranquil years of the empire. The marriage which took place in the first, and the birth of the King of Rome, which took place in the second, seemed to be pledges of peace and stability. Hope would have been unclouded, and security complete, if the veil through which the country beheld the Emperor had not been torn asunder, revealing his passions and his errors, and the everliving germ of insensate actions. The headstrong passion which had developed itself in him might lead him to any extreme; and, besides, the interminable duration of a war with England, without the possibility of a glorious conquest of that country, or of our doing it any harm which should do us any good, and the continuation of a difficult and disastrous struggle in Spain, were two trials which the pride of the Emperor could not bear for long. He must make up for this at any price, and he must obliterate these permanent checks to his good fortune by some brilliant success. Common sense indicated that it was the Spanish question which ought to be brought to an end—I do not say by a return to justice and generosity (the Bonapartes are not men to whom such a course commends itself), but by force. It is likely that, if the Emperor had concentrated all the resources of his genius and his empire on the reduction of the Peninsula, he would have achieved it. Unjust causes are not in this world always destined to succumb, and the Emperor ought to have seen that in the subjugation of Spain he had found the opportunity of striking England which he had so long sought, since the latter had rendered herself vulnerable by disembarking her armies

upon the Continent. Such an opportunity was well worth some risk, even should Napoleon be obliged to enter in person into the lists with Arthur Wellesley. What glory and what good fortune were reserved for the latter, as well as for his nation, by constanly adjourning the struggle, and confronting the great enemy at last only upon the field of Waterloo! The Emperor, however, did not care for the Spanish matter. It annoyed him; it had never given him a thoroughly satisfactory or glorious moment. He perceived that he had begun this business ill, conducted it with weakness, and singularly underestimated its difficulty and importance. He tried hard to shirk it, that he might not be humiliated by it; he tried hard to neglect it, in order to escape from it. He had a repugnance, which was puerile, if indeed it was not something worse, to risk the chances of a war which did not appeal to his imagination. I venture to think that he was not perfectly sure of succeeding in that war, and that the risks of a reverse, and perhaps the personal dangers to which he might be exposed, combined to disgust him with an enterprise which, even if he had resolved upon it, would have been too slow and too difficult for him. Always and above all things an *improvisatore,* it was more to his taste, and according to his customary method of action, to throw all that displeased him into the background, and to trust his fame and fortune to fresh innovations. He could not resist the attractions of the unforeseen. These causes, combined with the logical devolepments of an absurd system, the natural development of an unbridled instinct, canceled all the promise of prudence and safety offered by the events of 1810 and 1811. By turning back from Spain to attack Russia, he brought about the campaign of 1812, which led to his ruin.

"Two years during which hope outweighed fear, and three years during which fear left little room for hope, made up the last five years of Napoleon's reign.

"In treating of 1810 and 1811, my mother would have had to show how the two events that ought to have aroused the Emperor to watchful care and prudence—his marriage and the birth of his son—served only to increase his pride; and how, meanwhile, every obstacle that could oppose his will was removed. For a long time he had cherished enmity against Fouché for daring to possess an individuality. Fouché has shown that he wishes for peace; and now a violent scene occurs, and the Duc de Rovigo becomes minister of police—a choice contrary, no doubt, to the hopes of the Emperor and the fears of the public, but which seems to render the way of absolutism still more smooth. Holland, with her intractable king, is still an obstacle, or, at least, a bar:

the king is forced to abdicate, and Holland is declared to be French. Even Rome becomes a mere capital of a department, and the see of St. Peter is annexed, as Dauphiné formerly was, to provide a title for the imperial heir. The clergy are ruled with a high hand, and the customs and traditions of the Church trampled underfoot. A sham ecclesiastical council tries and condemns, and the fear of prison or exile enforces silence on the Church. An adviser, submissive but modest, carries out the wishes of his master, but does not trumpet them abroad; he lacks enthusiasm in the service. And so Champagny is replaced by Maret, and the lion is let loose upon Europe, henceforth to hearken to no voice but that which fans the flame of his wrath. And as, meanwhile, the success of the conqueror and the freedom of the world have found, the former its limit, the latter its bulwark, in the famous lines of Torres-Vedras, it is destined that this insatiate and insane power shall fling itself upon Moscow, and there be shattered to pieces.

"This last period, abounding in terrible pictures for the historian, offers little to the mere observer of the inner workings of the government. The dark clouds grew denser about the central power, and never did France know less of what was being done in her affairs than at that time when she was lost by a few throws of the dice.

"An instructive picture might have been drawn of the popular mind at this crisis, ignorant and restless, roused and submissive, hopeless, confident, deluded, reckless, disheartened, all by turns and sometimes simultaneously; for the despotism which makes a constant show of prosperity gives people little fortitude to meet adversity.

"I believe my mother would have devoted the latter part of her 'Memoirs' to describing the sentiments of the people, for she saw what anybody might have perceived. M. Pasquier, whom she met constantly, always preserved a discreet silence concerning official matters: from the circle he ruled over he had for a long time strictly excluded politics, even when everybody else felt free to discuss them. The Duc de Rovigo was less discreet, but was more given to airing his own opinions than weighing current facts; and the utterances of M. de Talleyrand, although frank and confiding, were hardly more than the expression of his own theories and prognostications."

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, QUEEN HORTENSE, AND CAROLINE BONAPARTE.

CAGLIOSTRO shuffled the cards and spread them out on a dark table —large cards, and of vast cabalistic pretensions, like himself. He, "the Seer," shuffled the cards again, and looked up from where he sat, in the midst of a large and lofty room, splendidly furnished, artificially lighted, and with a conservatory full of exotic plants in the background. Before him stood a beautiful creole woman; her hair was black, her form was flexible, and her eyes—of deep violet hue—were fixed with intense anxiety upon his own swarthy face and dark orbs, which, nevertheless, did not seem to look straight into her own. He kept her in suspense for a moment, whilst seeming to consider something in reference to her, but beyond her; and, with the minuteness of observation peculiar to moments of terrible anxiety, she observed that his dress, of black velvet, was cut according to the fashion of the *noblesse* of France before the Revolution, and that his hands were beautiful.

Again he consulted the cards before him, and then, in rich and melodious tones, he slowly said to her—

"Thou shalt be more than queen, but yet thou wilt die on a dunghill."

The lady started back appalled; for the first part of the prediction had already been made to her in a distant land, in a manner impossible for Cagliostro by ordinary means to know, but the latter portion of the prophecy was so far off from any chances of her life, even at that time, that she might well be inclined to laugh at it.

For it was to Josephine, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, that Cagliostro uttered those words, soon after, or about the time, of her return to Paris from her native Martinique, in 1790.

She was the daughter of a French gentleman, formerly lieutenant of marine artillery, named Joseph Tascher de la Pagerie, who had settled at Martinique, and there married (in 1761) a lady named Rose

Claire de Vergers de Sannois, also of French extraction. Until ten years of age, Josephine, the firstborn child of this marriage, lived with her parents upon their Martinique estate, and then she was sent for her education to the convent of Fort Royal, where most young creole ladies of her social position were presumed to receive a suitable instruction.

In what this instruction consisted may be inferred from a letter of her father to M. le Marquis de Beauharnais at the time when, she being not yet seventeen years of age, an overture of marriage was made by that French nobleman, then resident at Paris, to M. de la Pagerie at Martinique—a marriage (originally mooted by mutual friends of the two families) between the young Josephine and Alexandre (the brave Vicomte) de Beauharnais, who was himself but a youth, and who had never seen the bride thus selected for him.

"She has a fine skin," wrote M. de la Pagerie, "beautiful eyes, handsome arms and a remarkable talent for music. I have taken care to have this talent cultivated by providing her with a guitar master during the time she was in the convent; she has profited by his lessons, and has a very pretty voice."

Some delays occurred with regard to this projected marriage between two young persons who were quite unknown to each other, but at last, in the course of the year 1779, M. de la Pagerie conducted his daughter, Josephine, to France, and she soon afterwards became the wife of Alexandre de Beauharnais.

But before her departure from Martinique, an old negress, who was regarded as a witch or "wise woman" amongst her tribe, had met Josephine, and, having carefully scrutinized the lines within her small hand, "told her fortune" thus:

"Thou wilt soon be married, but not happily married. A widow thou wilt become, and—afterwards—more than queen."

When, therefore, Cagliostro repeated part of this prediction in Paris, years afterwards—as here already told—the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais was naturally startled at the coincidence; and all the more so because her marriage had not, in the meantime, prove a happy one. So far, indeed, was it from such during its earlier years that, although the mother of a son and daughter, she had sought a separation from her husband, and found a refuge in the home of her childhood at Martinique. Thence, however, she returned to Paris at the earnest entreaties of her husband and his family, during the year 1790; and she was the more induced to do so because her two children, Eugene and Hortense, were already at an age to need their father's and her own united care.

Eugene had been placed at school in France by his father, but Hortense had accompanied her to Martinique.

Josephine desired that this brother and sister should know and love each other; and their father repented of the errors of his youth which had parted him from his wife, for but youthful errors they doubtless had been. For example: At the time when Josephine became his bride, "society" in Paris was at its highest (or lowest?) pitch of artificial extravagance; the Vicomte de Beauharnais was one of the *Jeunesse dorée* of that period; welcome was he at the brilliant court of Marie Antoinette, at Versailles; welcome in the midst of the witty circle at the Palais Royal; welcome in the celebrated salons of Madame de Montesson, where modes and morals, unknown to the world at large, were decreed; welcome in the camp, where Lafayette, the Marquis de Ségur, and other juvenile nobles of the day, were promulgating novel ideas of liberty. The Vicomte de Beauharnais found himself married according to the family conventions then in vogue amongst the *Ancien régime* of France; but what could his Creole-wife do in the midst of the fastidious company to which this marriage introduced her? What was her colonial and convent-taught playing on the guitar to the playing on the harp of Madame de Genlis? In Paris the guitar was already out of fashion, and her sweet, though untutored, voice could have but little chance of being heard to advantage in assemblies where operatic discussions as to the respective merits of "Gluckistes" or "Piccinistes" were rife. In her sunny Martinique, under blue skies, with waving palm-trees in the background, and with enthusiastic beholders, black and white, tenants and slaves of her parents' estate, in the foreground, she had danced with ease and grace; but what was such dancing as this to the contortions then emulated by Parisians who delighted in the "great Vestris" as their master, and to whom the several merits of the corps de ballet introduced by him on the stage were of tip-toe importance? How could she judge of the satire of Beaumarchais ("Figaro"), or comprehend the political rivalries betwixt Versailles and the Palais Royal?

In person she was already lovely, but not so as afterwards in the tropical splendor of her full womanhood. By disposition she was loving, but by her yet undisciplined nature she was jealous. The popular Vicomte de Beauharhais grew discontented with his wife; he tried, or pretended to try, to "finish her education," but she craved for love rather than for a preceptor, who soon evinced impatience at his self-imposed task, and was incapable by his own wordly pursuits of appreciating the as yet only half-developed treasures of the

mind desirous of responding to his own. His wife presented him with a son, but, as yet, he was himself too young to comprehend the duties of a father. He told his own father that he was "eager for glory" (an epidemic eagerness amongst youthful French nobles since the date of the American War of Independence) and in the year 1782 he embarked, by a strange coincidence, for Martinique, under the orders of the brave M. de Rouillé. Here he found himself a welcome guest in the midst of his wife's family, but her relatives were soon scandalized by reports—whether true or untrue—which floated about them as to his infidelity to her.

The echo of these scandals reached her in France just when, some few months after his departure, she had given birth to a daughter (April 10th, 1783), and then it was that she sued for a separation from him. This was obtained; she caused her newborn child to be baptized by the names of Hortense Eugénie, and, when her husband was on the eve of returning to France, she set sail for Martinique.

But "time brings wisdom," quoth the old French proverb, and by the year 1789, the Vicomte de Beauharnais so much regretted his alienation from his wife that he implored her to return to him. Josephine did so, bringing with her his little daughter, who was yet a stranger to him.

Upon the eve of Josephine's departure from Martinique a shocking but sudden revolution amongst the slaves of the colony against their white masters broke out there. The home of her earliest years was burnt down to the ground, and it was only by extreme courage and the force of maternal love, which instigated her to protect her child Hortense, that she reached the port. Exhausted, scarcely clothed, but with her daughter still clasped to her breast, Madame de Beauharnais was found more dead than alive by some people about to embark on board a French merchantship lying near. She was conveyed to one of its cabins, and not until she had fairly set sail for France did she realize the temporary destitution of her position.

She reached France; her husband received her with delight; the years since she had been parted from him had ripened the charms of her person and matured those of her mind. She was rejoiced at finding herself re-united to him, and with tender thankfulness embraced her son, Eugene. The Vicomte de Beauharnais clasped his hitherto unknown daughter, Hortense, to his heart; and henceforth there seemed nothing but happiness in store for the home of Josephine.

But, alas! the Revolution only too soon compelled her husband's departure from her. He had acted as president of the national assembly, but his sword was at the service of his country.

He displayed much courage, and was made general of the Army of the Rhine, but being suspected by the then ascendant revolutionary party as an *aristocrat*, he was arrested and conveyed to the Luxembourg, which palace was, for the time, converted into a prison.

The news of his captivity quickly reached his wife, and she sought by every means, and at the risk of every danger to herself, to gain access to him.

At that time the gardens of the Luxembourg presented terrible scenes of daily distress; for wives, daughters, lovers, friends, and mothers were wont to assemble there; hoping, almost against all hope, to catch a glimpse of the beloved one incarcerated within the walls. Sometimes this glimpse would be afforded by the tumbril which conveyed the prisoners to the guillotine, for amongst them would be beheld the being most dear—whether husband, lover, brother, son, or friend—of some one of the weary watchers without, and in this case the watcher would perhaps swoon away upon the ground, or be found crushed there in the agony of despair.

Ladies of the highest rank, disguised as beggars, would stand there —unconscious of hail, rain, storm, or wind—waiting, waiting mostly in vain, for some signal of sympathy from the prison windows; and Josephine was one of them. She staked her own existence on the chance of gaining a look from, a word with, the father of her children; and in her desire to impart consolation to the husband, from whose recent reunion with her had sprung a mutual love, she was unconscious of all fear for herself. But, alas! no opportunity was accorded to her of ministering to him in the time of need, for she, also, was arrested—merely because of the fact that she was recognized as his devoted wife —and cast into the prison of Ste. Pélagie.

There she found many *aristocrates* like herself, but she was in a constant agony of doubt, not only as to the fate of her husband, but concerning that of her children. Of the latter it may at once here be said that by the arrest of their parents, and the consequent confiscation of their property, they were literally without either a home to shelter them or food to eat, but they soon owed both to the courageous charity of Madame Holstein, a beneficent friend of their mother.

This excellent lady, however, could not avert from them their individual share of suffering under the Reign of Terror. Eugene de Beauharnais was apprenticed to a carpenter, and his sister, Hortense, had to take her part in republican processions, or in honor of "the Goddess of Reason."

Of the fate of their parents these children could know nothing; and

it was more of her husband—the man whom she had learned to love only too late—that their mother thought than of them or of herself.

She was conveyed from the prison of Ste. Pélagie to that of the former convent of the Carmelites. It was there that only too certain tidings of the Vicomte de Beauharnais reached her, though, by some strange and prophetic instinct—or rather, by the simple force of love, for there is no love without fear for the object of it—she had felt from the first moment of his being called away from her side on military duty that they would meet no more on earth. And yet, when the intelligence came that her husband was dead upon the scaffold, such anguish overwhelmed her that she fell down as though life had departed from her also. Blood streamed from her lips, and, when eventually recovered from imminent danger, she seemed to hope rather than to fear that it would soon be her fate to submit to the guillotine, although she still felt anxiety as to what, in such a case, would become of her orphan children.

One morning, Josephine sat at the barred and narrow window of her prison cell, not knowing whether ever again she might behold another sunrise. She was still weak from recent illness, and so benumbed by depression that, although able to look upon an open space below her cell and outside the prison, it was difficult to attract her attention to any external object. Presently, however, she was roused to observation by the sight of a woman performing, as it seemed, some wild antics within her view; and, so persistent was this unknown and coarsely-clad individual in her movements, that, at last, the captive Josephine regarded her with curiosity.

The woman looked up to the prison window; then she took a stone (*pierre*) from the ground, and, after having held it up to view, rolled it in her gown (*robe*); then displayed them both together, so as to give the idea of the name of *Robespierre;* after which she made a rapid motion with her hand across her throat, and gave other signs to make it understood that the tyrant himself was dead.

It was true. Robespierre had ceased to exist; the Reign of Terror was therefore over. Prisoners under sentence of death were released; and, first amongst them, Josephine, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

She hastened to find, and then to rejoin, her fatherless children. Penetrated with gratitude towards their benefactress, she resolved at once to undertake the care of them herself, and to work with them for a livelihood. She did so, and the extreme indigence of Madame de Beauharnais during a prolonged time is the best answer that can be made to aspersions which anti-imperialist biographers have dared to

cast upon her virtue as the widow of the father of the two children who shared her penury and her scanty gains.

But Madame Tallien, formerly known to Josephine as Madame de Fontenay, became, under the sobriquet of *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, the goddess of the French Republic in the time of Barras. The Luxembourg was re-converted from a prison into a palace, and there Madame Tallien, Madame de Staël, and Madame Récamier attempted to reconstitute French society. Madame Tallien, the beautiful and notorious wife of the celebrated republican chief, gave a splendor to the festivals inaugurated at the Luxembourg by the taste with which she presided over them, for she strove to revive in Paris all that was glorious and poetic in antique Athens or Rome; she desired to be herself regarded as a modern Aspasia; but although her feet were clad in golden sandals, and the style of her head with its partially unbound raven tresses would have made a worthy study for a Greek sculptor, the magnificence of her costume and customs generally more resembled that of imperial Rome.

She had many faults, but she was heroic and kind of heart. She sought her former fellow-captive, Josephine de Beauharnais. She insisted on her taking part in the entertainments at the Luxembourg; and thither the widowed Vicomtesse, who only possessed a few lines of farewell written on the eve of his execution, and a lock of his hair, as tokens of her husband's last thoughts of her, went—not without sad memories of the time when he was a prisoner within the very walls where she was now invited as a guest. It was her duty to accept such invitation, for the future interests of her children would probably depend upon her doing so.

Madame Tallien was delighted to receive her, for low as were now the fortunes of the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, the republican goddess did not forget how, under the régime of French royalty, she had regarded her acquaintance as an honor. She interceded with the potent Barras for restitution of the Beauharnais property; and this being in some sort effected, according to various elastic clauses of newly-made laws, Josephine was delivered from the bonds of poverty, and rejoiced at being thus at length enabled socially to reinstate her children, Eugene and Hortense. This she was the better enabled to accomplish because her claims upon certain property in Martinique were at that time adjusted; and one of her first duties fulfilled was to provide for the education of her daughter Hortense—an education too long retarded by the Revolution, which had deprived Mademoiselle de Beauharnais of her father, and which at one time, during her

mother's imprisonment, had caused her fair young hands to assist as a *blanchisseuse.*

Hortense was confided to the care of Madame Campan, formerly lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Marie Antoinette, who, since the martyrdom of her royal mistress, had established a school at St. Germain for the education of the daughters of the *noblesse* of France. The titles of that grand old nobility were still in abeyance, but the chief wish of those who severally had an hereditary right to them was to behold their children grow up, not according to revolutionary misrule, but subject to the conventional social traditions which in France had formerly produced great heroes and great ladies.

During the brief but happy reunion with her husband, Madame de Beauharnais had resided with him, when in Paris, at his splendid residence in the Rue de l'Université, and it was there that the Vicomte learned to appreciate the finished elegance of that wife who, in former years, had somewhat shocked his fastidious tastes by her naïve simplicity. Society had, therefore, become habitual to Josephine before the period of her widowhood; it was no longer necessary, now that she was again rich, to labor with her hands for the bread of her children, and she bought the Maison Talma, Rue de Chantereine in Paris, where a society formed of all persons elegant, excellent, artistic and distinguished, still to be found in the revolutionized capital of France, quickly formed itself about her.

In February of the year 1796, Bonaparte had been named general-in-chief to the armies of Italy; but dispite this appointment he was still but a struggling soldier of fortune, already celebrated for deeds of valor, but with a very uncertain future before him. The sections of Paris were disarmed after the 13th Vendémiaire, 1795, and then it was that he first became acquainted with the woman who was destined to exercise the most extraordinary influence, not only over his own life, but over the dynasty of the future founded in his name. But here let him speak for himself: "A youth one day presented himself to me and entreated that the sword of his father (who had been a general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene de Beauharnais.

"On seeing the sword he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards the mother came and returned me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit.*" . . . .

So speaks Bonaparte upon this much disputed subject of his first

introduction to Josephine de Beauharnais.* From the time of that introduction he became a frequent guest at the Rue de Chantereine, and no evenings were so agreeable to him as those he spent there. The seductive grace of Josephine had a special charm for him. In society he was still shy himself; in the camp he was brave, but he had never been trained to courtly manners as she had been—(here let it be said that the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais had been a welcome guest within the circle of Queen Marie Antoinette)—and whilst the natural *abandon* of her manners, the splendor of her raven tresses, reminded him of his own Southern countrywomen, the refinement of her conversation was something new to him, the traces of sorrow, visible in her expressive, though not strictly handsome face, evoked his chivalrous sympathy, and the exquisite flexibility of her creole movements appealed to his heart as man.

Bonaparte loved Josephine de Beauharnais. Previously, he had entertained the idea of a marriage between himself and Mademoiselle Clary, sister-in-law of his brother Joseph; but that idea had ceased to be, and henceforth his one desire was to unite himself to the widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais. She was then at least thirty-three years of age, and he was considerably younger; but she did not look as old as he did, for his prematurely grave though handsome face was impassive, and hers was full of vivacity. He was a brave man, but it required some courage on his part to ask her to wed him.

At first she hesitated, but he was not easily daunted; and upon the 9th day of March, 1796, Bonaparte and Josephine were married, her son and daughter being present upon the occasion, as also Barras, Tallien, and other political celebrities of the time, who signed the civil contract, then the only legal code of matrimony in France.

In dictating this contract Bonaparte had purposely taken at least four years from the age of Josephine and added more than one to his own—believing perhaps in the French proverb that "One is always of the age one seems to be." Josephine was touched by this polite, if not "pious fraud," and quietly walked home with her husband, who, as her solicitor had warned her, possessed nothing but "his cloak and his sword to offer her."

Never did Josephine seem further removed from the realization of the double prediction made of her (first by the negress fortune-teller, and since by Cagliostro) that she would be "more than queen," than on this, her second wedding-day. The future of Bonaparte was quite uncertain, but his love for her was so ardent that when he had to part

* "Napoleon in Exile," by Barry O'Meara, his surgeon at St. Helena. Vol. I., p. 180.

with her, twelve days after their marriage, to take the command in Italy, it was with a regret which not even his hopes of glory—his desire to place his laurels at her feet, could subdue.

He longed for her to join him in Italy, as soon as he himself was established there; but by that time his wife had reason to expect that, ere long, he would become, through her, the father of a child, and she feared to risk this hope by traveling. The hope was delusive; but, whilst it held her separate from him, he wrote constantly to her, and the style of his correspondence may be judged by the following quotation from one of his letters:

"Thou art ill! Thou lovest me! . . . . And I see thee not! This idea prostrates me. I accused thee of remaining in Paris, and thou wert suffering there! Pardon me, my dear love. The passion with which thou hast inspired me robs me of my reason. I shall never regain it, for the malady from which I suffer is incurable."

At the end of the month of June, however, Josephine rejoined her husband at Milan, and some of the happiest days of both their lives were there passed at the Palazzo Serbellone. But the fortunes of war soon again obliged these wedded lovers to separate for a time. The whole story of their rapturous meetings and sorrowful partings at that period would involve the history of Bonaparte's campaigns during the latter years of the last century.

About the middle of September, 1797, Josephine followed Bonaparte southward. Upon the 17th of October, the Treaty of Campo Formio having been signed, she flew to Rome, there to congratulate and embrace her son Eugene, who was entrusted with some diplomatic mission in the holy city; and then she returned to Paris, just a week after her husband had arrived there. She sped towards her abode in the Rue Chantereine, where he awaited her, but she found the name of that street changed, as though by magic, to that of the *Rue de la Victoire*, in honor of her husband's conquests. Her *salon* henceforth became the center of reunion for all persons most distinguished in arms, or arts, in France.

In the month of May, 1798, Bonaparte started for the campaign of Egypt. Eugene de Beauharnais accompanied him, and Josephine followed him as far as Toulon, whence she wrote to Hortense:

"My dear Daughter—Bonaparte will not allow me to embark with him, as he is anxious (on account of my health) that I avail myself of 'the waters' ere my departure for Egypt. In two months he will send for me."

Here again is an indication of Bonaparte's hope (ever to be frustrated in the case of his beloved Josephine, his "guiding star," as he called her), that he would some day be the father of a son who would follow out his own heroic career.

She went to Plombières, there to "drink the waters," and it was during this period of suspense that she purchased the Chateau of Malmaison of a M. Leconteux for the sum of one hundred thousand francs. She returned to Paris, for the arms of her husband, hitherto universally successful, having been reversed upon the Nile, there was no longer any question of her following him into Egypt. She occupied herself in preparing Malmaison as a delicious retreat for them both; a place where, away from Paris, though within easy reach of that capital, her husband might find rest from the tumult of war. But, meantime, she did not neglect her active duties towards him at the seat of government, for she still continued to hold her receptions in Paris, until just before the time named for his return thither.

And yet, when he arrived, she was absent. According to the statement of her son Eugene she had gone forth to meet Bonaparte; but, having taken one route, whilst he was pursuing another, she had failed to encounter him, though it was not more than forty-eight hours after his arrival in Paris that she rejoined him there. For the first time in his life Bonaparte then manifested symptoms of irritation against her. She succeeded in soothing him and restoring his entire confidence in her, although flatterers of his, who were envious of her power over him, and therefore inimical to her, had tortured the simple fact of her absence at the time of his arrival, and even her efforts to increase her social popularity—efforts made for his sake before that event—into crimes against her.

Soon, however, Bonaparte had reason to be thankful regarding those efforts; for when, after a brief residence at the Luxembourg, he went (February 9th, 1800) to reside as First Consul with his wife at the Tuileries, many of the old nobility of France, long opposed to him, flocked thither to pay their respects to her.

Not much happiness did Josephine derive from this ovation, for she affectionately remembered the "last queen of France," who had been kind to her in the days of her first marriage, and, from the fact of that fair queen's martyrdom, she had lost confidence in the durability of human greatness.

As wife of the "First Consul," Josephine nevertheless performed her part to perfection, and with the inimitable grace peculiar to her.

When Talleyrand, as minister of foreign affairs, introduced her to

the various illustrious strangers present at the first diplomatic reception under the consulate at the Tuileries, she charmed all hearts by the modesty of her demeanor, the dignified affability of her kindly greeting. Talleyrand, with his "limping gait," his abundant white hair, his livid face, and inscrutably experienced air, afforded upon that day a strange contrast to Josephine Bonaparte, with her earnest violet eyes, her flexible form clad in a simple white robe; her black hair, restrained in its luxuriant flow by a few cameos; her beautiful hands and arms, the action of which seemed to aid the expression of her vivid sympathy and rapid thoughts.

She went the round of the diplomatic circle, and then a door opened and displayed her husband, Bonaparte, arrayed in his well known simple uniform of First Consul, with military boots, black neck-tie, tri-colored scarf twisted round his waist, buttoned coat, white *pantalon*, and cocked hat, which being under his arm and not on his head allowed the latter to be exposed to view with its (then) dark lank hair overshadowing a face of almost perfect beauty in feature, but concealing rather than revealing the workings of the mighty soul within.

By the aid, or rather chiefly by the agency of Josephine, the etiquette of a court was soon established at the Tuileries and other palaces of France, inhabited by Bonaparte as Consul. But no child was born to him, and the greater his successes, the more unbounded his ambition, the more anxious he became for an heir to his glory.

Hortense de Beauharnais was by this time withdrawn from the educational care of Madame Campan. Caroline Bonaparte, the third sister of "the Conqueror," had been her schoolfellow. They both appeared at the side of Josephine at the Tuileries.

In point of matrimonial date, precedence must here be given to Caroline Bonaparte, afterwards Queen of Naples. Born at Ajaccio, in 1782, she was scarcely eleven years of age when she first found herself in France, over which her brother Napoleon was destined to reign. In the year 1800 she emerged from her school-girl life, and appeared before the world as a beautiful woman, for in her face and form were combined the classic and imperial dignity of her mother Lætitia (Madame Mère) with the Hebe-like graces of youth. A few years later Talleyrand declared that in Caroline Bonaparte he beheld the head of a diplomatist on the pretty shoulders of a sensible though sensitive female, for her intellect was not inferior to her beauty, and by love she had been taught to exercise her fine intelligence concerning affairs of state.

The head of a true woman is always subservient to her heart,

and by the latter was the former guided in the case of Caroline Bonaparte as politician; for she early learned to love, and the object of her love became subsequently her husband—Joachim Murat.

It was just after the Egyptian expedition that Joachim Murat accompanied Napoleon to Paris. His father was but the son of a country innkeeper, who was also a sort of steward to the Talleyrand family. Originally, Joachim was destined for the church; but his individuality early displayed itself rather in amorous adventures, skill in horsemanship, and a combative faculty for fighting duels, than in aught that could eventually lead to ecclesiastical preferment.

General Bonaparte was his salvation; under him Murat bravely fought as a soldier of fortune in various campaigns, and this with such prowess that he soon became a distinguished member of his personal staff. After this he quickly won his way to the rank of general of brigade, and in that capacity arrived with his heroic patron in Paris.

There he beheld Caroline Bonaparte, and from the first time of their meeting she acknowledged to herself that in this man she had encountered her destiny. For not only was Joachim Murat extremely handsome—of that classically-antique, yet modern *mobile* type of beauty which well accorded with her own—but he was brave—he was courteous; and where is the woman who does not adore courage, and is not subdued by a brave man's courtesy, reminding her of chivalrous deeds and days when woman was the guiding star to all that was good and great in man?

Caroline Bonaparte and Joachim Murat were worthy of each other, and at the dawn of the new year, 1800, they were married.

When the first empire was established, Murat was made marshal of France; in 1806, the grandduchy of Berg and Cleves was given unto him, and afterwards, by the then omnipotent will of his brother-in-law, he was declared King of Naples.

But this is anticipating. Let the reader here go back for a short space, and behold Josephine installed, in earlier days, at the Tuileries, as First Consul's wife, with Caroline Murat (Bonaparte) and her own daughter, Hortense, near her.

Hortense was lovely, but resembling neither her mother (conspicuous for her dark hair, her sweet eyes, her seductive grace, and the fascination resulting from the union of genuine kindness of heart with high cultivation of manners), nor Caroline Bonaparte, whose sculpturesque beauty was at that time animated by all the vivid hopes of life, and softened by the most voluptuous dreams of love—albeit a righteous and consecrated love.

Hortense de Beauharnais was then a fair, poetic vision, more at home in her own apartment, playing upon the harp soft music, and singing sweet songs, both of her own composition, than amidst the brilliant and military court which began to assemble around her mother and step-father.

But, nevertheless, that court had for her its own especial attraction, for ere she had been long at the Tuileries she loved General Duroc, Bonaparte's first aid-de-camp, and to please him, doubtless, were first developed in her that ineffable charm of manner, that exquisite taste in dress, that perfection of all feminine mental accomplishments, which are inseparably associated with the name of this illustrious woman, *artiste*, queen, poetess, and musician.

She loved Duroc, and that at an age when to doubt his sworn love for her would have been a dishonor to herself. Napoleon was aware of this mutual affection, but it scarcely suited his increasing ambition to authorize the marriage of his step-daughter with Duroc, for already he had other views concerning her. He therefore sent the lover of Hortense on a mission to St. Petersburg, there to congratulate the new czar, Alexander I., on his accession to the throne; but a diligent correspondence was nevertheless secretly maintained between them, Bourrienne, private secretary of Napoleon (and afterwards his chief chronicler), being its medium. Josephine and Napoleon had then been married many years. Time had done nothing to abate affection on either side, but it had brought no child to them, and Bonaparte, knowing that an imperial diadem was about to rest on his brow, felt already anxious that an heir should be born to the destiny awaiting him—to the dynasty of which, through all generations, he would be regarded as the founder.

He therefore conceived the idea that, by marrying Josephine's daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais, to his own third brother, Louis Bonaparte, the united blood of the being most beloved by him and of himself would flow into futurity, and he resolved that this union should take place, if possible. With him, indeed, at that time nothing seemed impossible, and Josephine was the more readily persuaded to yield her consent because she already foresaw the necessity of an heir to the throne of France, which was about to be reconstructed, and because she had always found in her brother-in-law, Louis, a kind friend (and there were not many for her) in her husband's family.

She did not believe that there was anything really serious in the affection of her own daughter for Duroc; but, whether or not, Napoleon resolved to test it, which he did in the following manner, as related by De Bourrienne:—

Duroc returned to Paris from his embassy to Russia, and Bonaparte said to De Bourrienne concerning that young general, "Tell him that if he wed my step-daughter he will only have with her a dowry of some five or six hundred thousand francs, that I shall at once give him an appointment which will necessitate his residence at Toulon, whither he must take his wife, and that, henceforth, he and I are personally strangers to each other."

Josephine had meantime spoken to Hortense of the difficulties impeding her union with Duroc; but Hortense, joyful as she at that moment was as to the return of her lover from St. Petersburg to Paris, believed that nothing in this world could ever again separate them. Had such a glorious belief in man's fidelity only rested on a fidelity worthy of it, how happy might not Hortense and the object of her choice have been! But Duroc, brave man in battle though he was, had not strength enough to stand the test of the ordeal to which he was subjected, and he resigned all claims to the hand of his lately betrothed, Hortense de Beauharnais. Wherefore, it became Josephine's terrible duty to inform her daughter that such was the case. And here let it be said, that if (as some historians assert) she was the prime agent in this cruel affair, she must have suffered at that moment more deeply than words can tell, for none can deny that Josephine was of most tender heart, and a mother who, in the time of adversity, had performed heroic acts of self-sacrifice in behalf of her children.

Hortense listened to the decree; she uttered no complaint, but her heart was none the less broken; the spell of all her sweetest illusions as to love and life was broken forever, when she heard that Duroc had deserted her.

Henceforth, she cared not what became of her, and pride alone sustained her. It was therefore not too difficult a task to induce her to wed Louis Bonaparte, for anything was better than to play the part of a forsaken maiden, not only in the eyes of Paris, but in full view of the man for whom she would willingly have sacrificed her life; and upon the 7th day of January, 1802, she married Louis Bonaparte.

They were almost strangers to each other, his disposition was amiable, his habits studious, but he was allowed no time before marriage, either to soothe the wounded heart or to ascertain the various accomplishments and merits of the wife forced, against her will, upon him.

They regarded each other more as enemies than friends, though each in his and her especial way was excellent.

Splendid were the festivities by which their union was inaugurated,

but amidst all the gay guests who flocked to the Tuileries in honor of this alliance, the bride and bridegroom were mournful. The Cardinal Caprera had solemnized their union, and this, by many of the old *noblesse*, then lately returned from exile, was regarded as a happy omen, considering how long all religious ceremonial had been abolished in France.

Many points of intellectual sympathy there were between Louis Bonaparte and his young wife, Hortense; but it was not until they were about to become parents that any sign of reciprocity was evoked between them. A male child was born to them, all sorts of calumnies having been meantime set afloat.

Had that child lived the future life of Hortense might have been happier than it was; but the child died, and henceforth she sought to amuse herself in art, in literature, in society, in all that can impart brilliance to the outer life of a woman, young, beautiful, accomplished, as she was; but a life apart from all for which she had yearned —the real life of heart and home.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned Emperor, and Josephine Empress, the latter derived no happiness from the dignity which had accrued to her, neither did her daughter Hortense feel pleasure in being henceforth styled a princess of France, and addressed as "imperial highness."

The double prediction was fulfilled respecting Josephine — that prophecy which, first uttered by the negress of Martinique, had since been repeated by Cagliostro, that she would be "more than a queen."

In the month of December, 1804, Napoleon and Josephine were crowned at Notre Dame. The presence of the pope in Paris at that time was welcome to the Empress for other reasons than those appertaining to any thought of worldly ambition or earthly pomp; for— although still extremely lovely in person, and much loved by the imperial husband whom she had wedded when he had only, as a soldier of fortune, his "cloak and his sword" to offer her, and although her marriage with that husband (originally performed according to civil contract only) was renewed, or rather solemnized, in the chapel of the Tuileries, on the eve of her cornation as his Empress, she was haunted by vague presentiments, and felt in much need of consolation beyond the power of this world to give.

Louis Bonaparte was first made *Connétable* of France, and subsequently King of Holland. Other brothers of Napoleon gladly accepted the various crowns of Europe offered by him to them, but it was not without extreme reluctance that Louis permitted that of Holland to be

placed upon his brow, and in this reluctance his wife, Hortense, sympathized with him; for by their elevation to power they were necessarily removed from Paris, and therefore thrown more than hitherto into the society of each other.

Another son had been born to Hortense about the time of the coronation of her mother as Empress. In this child the Emperor took great delight, and it was generally believed that he would succeed to the throne of France; but just as the boy (Napoleon Charles he was called) began to be an object of interest to all around him, he died of croup; and by this event King Louis and Queen Hortense at the Hague, the Emperor Napoleon with the Empress Josephine in France, were enshrouded in gloom.

The malady of which the child had died was not then a subject of professional study such as it has since become, and it seemed to the imperial and royal family of France and Holland that destiny, as to the mater of succession to the two thrones, was against it.

Yet none the less did Queen Hortense and King Louis well perform their duties to the people over whom they had been commanded to reign. King Louis had taken a solemn oath to respect the liberties and defend the just rights of the nation which had voluntarily accepted him as sovereign, and none better than his accomplished consort, Hortense, could infuse into the mind of that nation how to blend grace of form with utility of fabric; how to combine sturdiness of character with elegance of manner; nor, whilst thus unconsciously imparting new life to Dutch manufactures and society, did she forget the poorest of her subjects, for, even after two other sons were born to her, she seemed to find consolation where she sought it—in the homes of her grateful subjects.

During this time the royal abode at the Hague was often desolate, for, when not chained there by the duties he owed to his people, King Louis traveled about Europe, sometimes resting in some sheltered nook of the Pyrenees, sometimes taking up his temporary abode at the Château de St. Leu (which he had purchased, and whence he derived his title of Comte de St. Leu), whilst his wife and her two surviving children found a refuge in Paris. The youngest of those children (since known to the world as Napoleon III.) was born at the Tuileries upon the 20th day of April, 1808, but gloomy at that date were the forebodings of Hortense regarding her beloved mother Josephine, for it was already rumored that the Emperor Napoleon was so far misled by the erratic star of ambition beyond the guiding star of love (for he had never ceased to love Josephine), that he intended to divorce her and to

enthrone in her place another, who might give unto him a legitimate heir to the empire which he had founded.

Josephine felt, rather than knew, that such was her husband's intention, but she tried to disbelieve the possibility of it. In October, 1809, she was at St. Cloud when he returned to France after the only too celebrated negotiations of Schönbrunn: he went straight to Fontainebleau, but she hastened thither to greet him.

She found him much engaged with his generals and secretaries; he tried to find fault with her because of the lateness of her arrival; she soothed and fascinated him by endearing words; that day she was even more than usually elegant in her attire, so much so that it drew flattering words from the Emperor, ere conducting her from his study, where she had rejoined him, to the dining-room. There she sought to keep up an animated conversation, though her heart was sorely ill at ease; and during her evening reception she was most singularly conspicuous for the grace of her demeanor and the affability by which, without derogating from her dignity, she habitually charmed everybody who approached her.

But she knew that the decree was already pronounced against her; she felt that she was no longer the wife of Napoleon save in name and by law. By love also on his side and on hers, but he strove to shun all evidence of that love, and her pride was roused by his avoidance of her.

To Queen Hortense, then in France, the Emperor made a request that she would calmly speak to Josephine of the divorce rendered necessary by political circumstances, but Hortense declared herself incapable of "plunging a dagger" into her mother's breast. Prince Eugene, her son, was likewise unequal to the occasion. It therefore fell to the lot of Fouché, the crafty minister, whom (speaking years afterwards at St. Helena) Napoleon declared to have been worse than Robespierre—Fouché, with his faithless heart and pallid face—it fell to his lot to inform Josephine, during her last stay at Fontainebleau, of the destiny awaiting her. After her interview with him, she sent for her kinsman, Count Lavallette (he had married one of the Beauharnais family), who happened to arrive just then at Fontainebleau, and in broken accents repeated the substance of her recent interview with Fouché thus:—

"He told me that I must offer to France and the Emperor a great proof of devotion; . . . that my husband must leave behind him children who may perpetuate his name, and give to France a family that may deprive the Bourbons of all hope of return. . . . 'Madam,' added he, 'you are in this respect the only obstacle to the enduring happiness of France. . . . Your noble mind will easily learn resignation for the

sake of a man who is wholly devoted to you. . . . Be greater than even the Emperor is great, and give this last token of devotion to your husband, your country, and your sovereign.'"

Much more did Fouché say upon this point; but already was the Empress Josephine resolved on self-sacrifice ere she sent for Count Lavallette to come to her at Fontainebleau in her own private apartments, where lately she had passed days and nights of agony. It was sympathy that she sought in her kind kinsman, rather than advice from him. Wherefore it matters little what Lavallette said to her; she believed herself prepared to endure the coming stroke; she armed herself with all a woman's pride; she took her place at table, as usual, at the evening dinner-hour, and, to all outward appearance, seemed much more gay there than either the Emperor or her daughter Hortense.

Josephine played a brave part, but the tension of nerves enabling her so to do was too intense in its agony; for, presently, when the various members of her court and Queen Hortense having retired, she found herself alone, *tête-à-tête*, with her husband, she could scarcely endure the pain of his presence. There was no longer any concealment between them upon the subject uppermost in both their minds. His hand—that hand which had so bravely borne the sword in battle, trembled to such a degree that he found himself incapable even of holding a cup of coffee which had been handed to him. He advanced towards her; he took her hand and placed it on his heart, so that she might feel its terrible pulsations; but Josephine felt outraged by this act, and she quickly receded from the being whom she most adored in this world, although at that moment so great was the anguish of separation from him that she fainted and fell at his feet like one dead.

Many hours elapsed ere she was restored to consciousness. She found herself in her own apartment, whither she had been conveyed, with her daughter Hortense and Napoleon near her. Dr. Corvisart, her medical attendant, felt that he had done a cruelty in helping to restore her to life; but she turned to the husband, who in fact was hers no longer, and said, with a forced smile even worse than his tears to behold, "Oh, if you had not made me wear a crown!"

In the feverish dreams that followed did she think of her careless and happy childhood at Martinique, when the negress predicted that she should be more than queen? Did she again behold Cagliostro shuffling his gigantic cards, and spreading them out before him, as he repeated that same prediction?

Who can tell? The facts of the case alone remain, and these are only too easily told; for very soon afterwards, that is to say, upon the

15th of December, in that same fast expiring year, at nine o'clock in the evening, the divorce of Napoleon from Josephine was formally pronounced at the Tuileries.

"Madame Mère," the sybil-looking mother of the Emperor, was there. The King and Queen of Holland (Louis and Hortense, who seldom met elsewhere) stood there also; Caroline Bonaparte (newly created Queen of Naples) and her husband, Murat, King of Naples, were there. Other members also of Napoleon's family, and Prince Eugene, his brave stepson, to whom the Emperor, when only a soldier of fortune, originally owed (as in these pages already told) his introduction to the woman he was now about to put away from him. The chief officers of state and civil law were likewise present, prepared to do their part; but when Napoleon, in presence of Josephine, read, with a tolerably firm voice, the deed by which his marriage with her was dissolved, it was sad for those who heard him to behold the misery that contracted his features. Every word uttered by him did all justice to her virtues, and to the great happiness which had accrued to him from his union with her; but the greater the justice he thus rendered to Josephine, the more he seemed to stab her broken heart; for, when it came to her turn to read the document prepared for her, her voice was unable to sustain itself; sobs impeded her usually sweet and clear utterance, and she handed the paper to M. Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, with a motion of the hand which authorized his conclusion of its perusal aloud. This mournful ceremonial finished, Napoleon turned to Josephine; all ties were severed forever between them in this world—ties of law, civil and ecclesiastical—but those of love were not to be so easily sundered. He kissed her; in a voice of intense emotion he tried to thank her; but, for her, utterance was impossible; and, supported by her two children, Hortense and Eugene, she quitted his presence, leaving many mournful hearts behind her.

A few hours afterwards she started for Malmaison, that château upon which, at the time of Napoleon's expedition into Egypt, she had lavished all that woman's love, and artistic taste, and newly-acquired wealth could suggest to her, so that it might be a haven of repose for the one being most dear to her in this world.

She entered it now without him; she beheld the study where he had written—the maps still lying on that study-table, marked out for his various campaigns; the pen he had used; the arm-chair in which he had rested, and chatted to her in happy leisure hours. She looked at the walls, and beheld a fine portrait of herself in gleaming diadem and imperial robes. She looked again, and saw a case containing the hair

of her once husband-hero, cut off from his head in the long past happy time of their marriage, when he was only "dear Bonaparte," and which she had caused to be arranged in fantastic form most flattering to him.

All this, and much more, she saw;* and seeing, she felt that nothing had changed but her own sad self. Yet, not in heart! for she forthwith resolved that no hand but her own should ever arrange that special chamber sacred to the past; and thus it came to be that though, in time, a miniature court was formed about her at Malmaison, and though the conventions of that court compelled her to smile and act in society as formerly, yet all things personally connected with the husband who had separated himself from her remained exactly as he had left them in the sanctuary—for so she deemed it—consecrated to mutual memories.

She heard of the arrival of her successor, the Austrian Maria Louisa, in Paris, and she helped to prevail on her daughter, Hortense, to comply with the urgent wish, or rather command, of Napoleon that she should repair to the Tuileries so as to render all honor to the new Empress about to reign there. For a time Josephine repaired to her Château of Navarre, the other home assigned to her by imperial will; but she soon returned to that of Malmaison, which, being within easy reach of Paris, allowed her to enjoy the frequent society of her daughter Hortense, and that queen's sons.

Josephine was no longer happy herself, but she succeeded in making those around her so; and yet, fearful lest the younger members of her court should believe too much in the stability of earthly things, which to her had been but illusions, she sometimes tried to teach them a lesson in her gentle and unpretending way—as the following anecdote, recorded by one of her hearers, may show.

"One day we, with the cruel indiscretion of crude youth, asked the Empress to let us look at her diamonds. These which the Emperor had refused to receive back from her hands, when she offered them to him, formed—with other gems in her possession—one of the most, or rather *the* most, superb collection in Europe—for many of them had been offered to Napoleon by various cities in the various countries of Europe which he had conquered. They were usually kept in a *caveau secret*, of which two personages in the service of the Empress were con-

* Lest the writer of the text above should be suspected of exaggeration regarding the much-disputed (according to political party-feeling) character of Josephine, it is as well here to state that the facts recorded are originally due to the statement of more than one English visitor at Malmaison in the time of the ex-Empress, from whose memory time has even yet not obliterated the objects, etc., conspicuous there.

stituted guardians. But always willing to comply with the requests of those about her, she ordered that these wondrous gems should be brought forth and displayed on a large table prepared to receive them. They were wonderful, magnificent; diamonds, oval-shaped pearls, opals gleaming like rainbows, rubies, emeralds; the celebrated *brignolettes* (each one a priceless pear-shaped diamond), which once had belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette.

"We were almost speechless with astonishment, just as though some fairy tale were enacted before us. The Empress Josephine looked at us with her tender eyes and smiled a sweet smile, whilst we eagerly touched and examined the wonders before us. Then she said—

"'It is true that these baubles have given me pleasure in my time, but not an enduring pleasure, as these may bear testimony' (and, so saying, she took up the *brignolettes* of Marie Antoinette, mournfully). 'Yea, more,' she added, 'for I declare to you, young ladies, that not one of these ornaments ever gave such happiness to me as did once the unexpected possession of an old pair of shoes.'

"'An old pair of shoes!' we cried· 'but what can your Majesty mean?'

"'I mean,' said she, 'that when I was forced to quit Martinique with my daughter Hortense, before my perfect reconciliation with her father, I was so poor that the kindness of those on board who supplied many of my wants can never be effaced from my heart.*

"'Whilst I was resting in my cabin below, the child, who had been taught strange, fantastic, yet graceful dances by the natives of Martinique, used to go on deck, and, for the sake of exercise, perform some of these—much to the delight of the passengers in general, but especially so to that of an honest old sailor, who called her his "little love." One day the child entered my small miserable cabin with bleeding feet. She could not conceal the fact from me, for every footstep she took stained the floor.

"'"Hortense," said I, "what is the matter?" She tried to soothe my alarm; but, upon examination, I found that the shoes which she had worn on leaving Martinique (the only ones she still possessed) were in tatters, and that one of her feet had been wounded by an iron nail so badly that perhaps the flow of blood was the best remedy for the evil.

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* It will here be remembered how, as recounted in a previous page of this present narrative, Josephine—when about to rejoin her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, in France—was compelled to quit her native Martinique suddenly (and without adequate preparation for the voyage) by the negro insurrection which threatened her life and that of her daughter.

"'She was brave, but I began to cry, and presently we were both in tears, for I saw no way by which I could possibly allow her to continue her healthy exercise on deck. Just then down came the old sailor to look after his "little love."

"'We told him the cause of our distress. "Is that all?" cried he; "why, I have an old pair of shoes in my sea-chest." He then continued, turning to me, apologetically, "You see, madame, we must not be too dainty aboard ship; we must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, and, provided we have what is necessary, why—*c'est le plus principal!*"

"'Away he went, without giving me time to answer, and back he soon came triumphantly, bringing with him a coarse old pair of shoes, the sight of which was hailed by Hortense with joy, and upon them I, assisted by our friend, at once set to work successfully. My daughter was thus enabled to resume her dances, and as for me, I only regret that in the midst of all my subsequent splendor I have never been able to testify my gratitude to that honest old sailor; for all I know about him, more than I have told you, is that his name was Jacques.'

"Some of the young ladies in waiting who had listened to this little anecdote from the lips of their gentle, though imperial mistress, were impressed by it, but others still seemed fascinated by the sight of the superb gems displayed before them; whereupon the Empress said: 'It is well that it should be so, if indeed the memory of these things should make you discontented with similar, though inferior, baubles hereafter.'"

At this time Napoleon wrote constantly to Josephine, and she made no concealment of the eager joy with which his letters were received. When the one reached her by special courier, telling her of the birth of his son, the infant "King of Rome," her own son, Prince Eugene, happened to be near her. For some time she was alone with him, but, whatever the agony of mind undergone by her during that hour, she presently came forth, and, whilst courteously confiding a congratulatory answer to the bearer of the dispatch, presented him with a diamond pin.

During her residence at Malmaison, especially in the earlier period of her divorce, Napoleon used frequently to visit her there; but the interviews which then took place between them must have been a source more of pain than pleasure to her, for it was so arranged that, though out of hearing, they were never beyond the sight of her court. Sometimes lookers-on could guess, by the action of her elegantly *mobile* hand, or a glimpse of her expressive face, that the conversation between them

was either painful or pleasing, though generally her demeanor after his departure was naturally overshadowed by an air of melancholy.

She loved him better than she loved herself, as was only too well demonstrated after his abdication. She thought of others more than of herself, as the following particulars concerning her last days may testify.

It was in the month of May, 1814; Napoleon I. was banished to the Isle of Elba; the allied sovereigns had just entered Paris; his second wife, Maria Louisa, and his young son, had taken flight from France, and sought a refuge in Vienna; the ex-Empress Josephine was at her suburban château of Malmaison; her son, Eugene de Beauharnais, was with her there; likewise her daughter, Queen Hortense, and that daughter's two surviving sons, the younger of whom has since become known to the world as Napoleon III.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was an assiduous guest at Malmaison. He was chivalrous in heart and conduct, a brave man, but none the less of an imaginative temperament; so much so, indeed, that by many of his contemporaries he was regarded as a mystic, a seer of visions, and a believer in more things than are generally supposed to belong to this world's philosophy. It has before been stated in these pages that Josephine was not free from superstition. The reader has here seen her listening to the prophecy of the old negress in her native Martinique, to the effect that she would some day be crowned both queen and empress: that prediction had come true. Cagliostro had also foretold strange things to her, which had since been realized; but one part of his prophecy, viz., that she would "die on a dung-hill," seemed as unlikely as ever to be fulfilled, even though she had descended from the throne, when she received, in that month of May, 1814, her illustrious guests at her château of la Malmaison. Amongst these guests was Lord Beverley, and to him Josephine expressed her extreme respect for and admiration of the English character generally. The battle of Waterloo had yet to be fought, but from the utterances of Josephine it seems that to England's honor she would rather confide the safety of one dear to her than to that of any other nation. Little could she tell that her daughter's youngest son, Louis Napoleon, would in after years not only succeed her own imperial but then banished and divorced husband on the throne of France, but eventually find a refuge and an exile's grave in the land of which she had formed so exalted an opinion! He, the child then, the Emperor in long after years, was present at Malmaison when Josephine there expressed her predilection for England; and the time when she did so express herself was

never likely to be forgotten by him, for he cherished and revered her memory.

Josephine, who had rejoiced less in her titles of empress and queen than in that which gratefully proclaimed her "Friend of the poor and unfortunate," played a brilliant part as hostess at Malmaison in that year of imperial misfortune, 1814; but her heart was breaking with sympathy for the husband who had put her away from him, and yet who was still passionately beloved by her.

When she heard that Maria Louisa had deserted him in his misfortune, she cried, "Oh! had I still the right to be near him and console him, how happy I should be in sharing his exile!" But this was impossible; and though surrounded by illustrious guests, though soothed in a measure by the presence of her children by her first marriage, the ex-Empress was evidently suffering acutely; and, despite her heroic efforts to conceal her intense unhappiness, despite her wish at that time to conciliate the allied sovereigns in behalf of the man still regarded and adored by her as her husband in sight of heaven—notwithstanding the fictitious letter of human law which had divorced her from him—the strain upon her sensitive nature was too strong for human endurance, and as the month of May progressed, and the flowers in which she seemed to take a sympathetic delight bloomed more and more, it was impossible for her any longer to deny that a severe illness had taken possession of her.

This illness, what was it? By some it was called a "quinsy," because it affected her throat and impeded the breath of life. By others it was regarded as nothing but that nameless thing of common name, a "severe cold." Yet the fact of intense suffering, no longer concealable albeit patiently borne, remained the same, and on Friday, the 24th of May, whilst entertaining the Russian Emperor Alexander and other invited guests at dinner, the symptoms were such that a sudden feeling of alarm pervaded the circle around her.

So restrained, however, had she been in uttering either a fear or complaint as to her own health, that the resident physician appointed to attend her (M. Horeau) had that day gone to Paris. To her children and her guests, however, it became painfully evident, as evening advanced, that no time was to be lost; and M. le Docteur Horeau being still absent, a local practitioner in the near neighborhood of Rueil was hastily summoned to attend the Empress. But it was already too late; and although all the usual remedies for inflammation of the chest and lungs were duly applied, the real cause of the malady was beyond the reach of human aid; for the Empress Josephine, though seemingly

brilliant and gay but a few hours since, was fast dying of what is vulgarly but expressively called a broken heart.

She knew that she was dying, and she did not wish to live; but, to the last, her thought was all for others rather than for herself. This was evident, even in her conduct towards the much-alarmed village doctor who had been so suddenly summoned to attend her. She saw that he was afraid of the grave responsibility which had unexpectedly devolved upon him; speech was every moment becoming more difficult to her, but she gave signs of kind encouragement to him; and when at last Dr. Horeau—having been fetched from Paris—arrived, she pressed his hand in a way to assure him that she was happy, and not at all appalled by the fate awaiting her. With another day there dawned some signs of amendment; speech was again possible to her, and when she heard that M. Redouté, a celebrated flower painter, had arrived at Malmaison, by appointment, to take a sketch of some exquisite and rare flowers then blooming in one of the conservatories there, she made those around her understand that she wished to see him. At the moment of his approaching her she kindly stretched forth her hand to greet him; but quickly remembering that the sore throat from which she was suffering might be infectious, she gently warned him not to come nearer to her, and said, "Next week, dear sir, I even now hope to see you at work on a new *chef d'œuvre*."

Not long after the utterance of these few kind words she fell into a state of lethargy; her son and daughter, Eugene and Hortense, were present, and the Curé of Rueil was summoned to administer the last sacraments to her; but, not expecting such a summons, the curé was absent, and the tutor of the young prince, Louis Napoleon, being in holy orders, but having for some time past ceased to officiate as priest, was called upon to supply his place.

In answer to the usual questions on such solemn occasions, and still in possession of her faculties, the Empress Josephine made her last confession. Every moment her voice became more and more weak; but her countenance was calm and her manner quite free from any evidence of fear or excitement.

Her children were sorrow-stricken and would not leave her. Queen Hortense, that loved daughter who in years long past had shared the sorrows and poverty of the beloved and gentle mother, now fast passing away from her sight, was in despair.

Her own unhappy marriage had thrown her back, as it were, into her mother's arms; and the very fact of her having been forced to become, in some sort, a political rival of that mother, as the unloving

and unloved wife of her stepfather's younger brother, was—strange to say—a bond of union, a tie of sympathy the more; for Josephine loved the children of Hortense as though they had been her own.

Just as the flickering flame of life was fast expiring the Emperor Alexander of Russia, shocked at the news which had reached him that the kind and brilliant hostess who, but a few days since, had welcomed him to Malmaison, was now lying at the point of death there, gained admission to the apartment where the awful mystery of separation between soul and body was impending. Josephine recognized him, and, by a great effort, articulated the words, "I have always desired the happiness of France . . . . . I can say with truth, in these my last moments, that I, the first wife of Napoleon, have never willingly caused a tear to be shed."

Soon afterwards, just before midday of the 29th day of May, 1814, the Empress Josephine expired; and it may be affirmed—let science call her last illness by any name that it may—she died of a broken heart; for her life and happiness, which is the essential breath of life to such an ardent and loving nature as she possessed, were inextricably, though mysteriously, involved in her love for her second husband, who, when he married her, when he first linked her passionate though faithful nature to his own, had nothing, as he himself said—nothing but a torn cloak, a blood-stained sword, and the reciprocity of love, to offer her.

The death of the Empress Josephine caused profound sorrow in France, and especially in Paris, the very heart of France . . . The road from the capital to the neighborhood of Malmaison was crowded by all sorts and conditions of people, who seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in making a pilgrimage thither. More than twenty thousand men and women of all classes flocked to the neighborhood consecrated by the residence there of the Empress, who, in the midst of her own deep sorrow, had, as she herself in her last moments said, "never voluntarily caused a human being to shed a tear." Tears enough, however, were dropped at the sight of her lying calm and beautiful in death, though her kind eyes could no longer shine on those who wept, nor her once smiling lips speak words of comfort, as had been their wont, to the afflicted.

The poor, who had long gratefully regarded her as their benefactress, claimed a large place in the cortége which mournfully followed "Josephine the Good" to the parish church of Rueil, where she sleeps her last sleep. Queen Hortense was agonized by grief; for a long time she remained absorbed in prayer in one of the chapels of the Church of

Rueil; but when she awoke, as it were, to the dread reality that the mortal remains of her mother were about to be lowered into the grave, she flung herself down upon the spot like one distracted, and it was with difficulty that she was at length removed from it.

There, where such passionate tears of sorrow were shed, a white marble monument has since been erected—a monument of filial love and piety (representing Josephine, clad in imperial robes, kneeling as though praying for France)—and inscribed "From Eugene and Hortense to Josephine."

Henceforth the best love of Hortense was given to her own surviving sons, of whom one, Louis Napoleon (the other having perished in an Italian revolutionary movement) eventually alone remained to her.

When the first Emperor Napoleon escaped from Elba, "knocked," as he himself said, "at the gates of Grenoble with his snuff-box," and found all France gladly prepared to welcome him—or, in the more figurative language of the time, the imperial eagle flying from tower to tower, from steeple to steeple, and resting at last with folded wings on the historic heights of Notre Dame—his step-daughter was ready to welcome him in Paris at the Tuileries. But their meeting was mournful, for the one object of their mutual love, Josephine, was dead; and when Napoleon, during the "Hundred Days" which followed, and before his own final banishment from France to St. Helena, after the battle of Waterloo, revisited Malmaison—the scene of his domestic happiness in brighter days, and the still more recent scene of Josephine's death for love of him—he exclaimed, "Ah! *she* would never have deserted me as the mother of my child has done!"

For the Empress Maria Louisa was not in France to hail his appearance in that land to which he had given glory; she was not there to cheer him by words of hope—woman's most heavenly utterance to the man beloved—nor to manifest to him the growth of life from his life in the person of their young son. Already was the proud head of "the conqueror" bowed with anxiety and sorrow; in heart depressed he went forth to the battle of Waterloo, after the "Hundred Days" in France were over; and when he momentarily returned, defeated, the last hours of his stay in France, ere going into new and more terrible exile at St. Helena, were spent at Malmaison, the scene of Josephine's last days and death. Here he wandered about disconsolate; and this not so much as it seemed for the loss of his glory but rather for the loss of the love—the love of the one woman who, while he was a mere soldier of fortune, had gladly "condescended," as her proud relatives deemed, to become his wife; and who, though he had put her away from him

because of ambitious motives, had died because she could not survive his misfortunes—unshared by her.

Her daughter Hortense, and her then two still surviving sons, were with him at Malmaison to the last moment ere his departure into renewed and fatal exile. By the lips of Josephine's daughter words of comfort were spoken to him; by her hand, help in case of need (help taking the form of a splendid diamond necklace inclosed in a belt to be invisibly worn by him) was provided, and the youngest son of Hortense, Louis Napoleon—favorite grandson of Josephine—clung about his knees, and seemed to regard him with almost superstitious reverence.

After she had wept her last farewell to her imperial stepfather, dreary years ensued for Hortense. Separated from her husband, banished from France, shocked, as time went on, at the intelligence of her stepfather's death at St. Helena, and resident chiefly in the chill region of Arenenberg, she devoted herself to the education of her two sons. Of these, as here before said, the elder fell during an Italian insurrectionary movement in 1830 at Forli; after which event she obtained an English passport, and, accompanied by her then sole surviving son, Louis Napoleon (unrecognizable in early manhood as the young imperial child long banished from France), ventured to Paris, and, once having arrived there under various disguises, made the fact of her presence known to King Louis Philippe. She besought an audience of him in reference to some property to which she had a claim. The audience was granted, but nothing can here be said with certainty as to the restitution of imperial property on the part of the Orleanist king. Crossing over to England, the ex-Queen Hortense was most cordially and courteously received in this land, for which, as here narrated in a previous page, her mother, the Empress Josephine, had expressed a strong predilection.

Three months Queen Hortense and her sole surviving son, Louis, Napoleon, remained in England, and it was then that the prince, destined at a later date to become emperor of the French under the title of Napoleon III., first learned to appreciate English institutions—social and political. Even at that date the Napoleonic prince believed, so some affirm who remember his conversation of the time, that he was born under a peculiar star, and predestined to extraordinary circumstances; but in this belief it was difficult for even his accomplished and devoted mother, Hortense, to coincide, when, after having passed a few years of comparative tranquillity at Arenenberg, the news reached her there of her son's arrest at Strasbourg (October 30, 1836), on the charge

of political conspiracy against the French government. Queen Hortense again left her solitary home at Arenenberg, and it is most probable that during her absence from it she, ever eager to prostrate herself at her mother's tomb whenever some rare occasion allowed her to do so, became acquainted with the singular manner in which the final clause of Cagliostro's prediction had become fulfilled; for the Château of Malmaison was by this time dismantled, its once beautiful grounds and parterres were furrowed by the plow; and—strange, though surely enough—it was discovered that this, the last residence of the Empress Josephine, the place where she died, was built upon what had formerly been a refuse-heap—in fact, a dunghill—and hence was derived the strange name given long since to the elegant Château of Malmaison. Cagliostro's prophecy, "Thou shalt be more than queen, but thou shalt die on a dunghill," had literally, therefore, been fulfilled (though the latter and revolting clause, unconsciously) by the Empress Josephine.

But to return to her daughter Hortense; she again addressed a letter in behalf of her son, the Strasbourg political offender, to Louis Philippe, dating that letter from Viry, where the imperialist Duchess de Ragusa, whose guest she was at the time, had a country house. But in vain was this appeal made by Queen Hortense, for the only answer to it was a brief note from one of his Orleanist majesty's ministers, advising her to induce her son at once to take up his abode in the United States of America for the term of ten years.

To part her from her son was death to Queen Hortense; for she, poetess, musician; a most accomplished, and still personally attractive woman; a woman who had caused many brave men to acknowledge only too sincerely the potent magic of her charms, was devotedly attached to this one son now alone remaining to her, on whose education, when a child, she had bestowed the most sedulous care, and who, as a man, had grown to be the best-loved companion and consoler of her stricken life.

But she was compelled to submit, and when she returned to her lonely home at Arenenberg her health was visibly suffering from the pain of his absence.

At last, on the 3d day of April, 1837, she wrote to him that she believed her days were numbered, and that she could not die peacefully save in his presence.

Immediately upon receipt of this sad letter, Prince Louis Napoleon, who, it was said, had four months previously reached New York, determined to risk every danger and rejoin his mother in Switzerland; but to do so he necessarily incurred great danger, not only in escaping

from the land of his banishment, but in traversing Europe; for Italy, France, and Austria, were all equally closed to him. To England, therefore, he came at first; and, after passing through Holland, then up the Rhine to Carlsruhe, he at length reached his mother's abode beyond the frontiers of the canton in which it was situated. He was there at last, but it was almost too late. In April she had written to him, but it was not until the month of October that he once more clasped her to his heart. It seemed as though she could not die until he came; but once having heard his voice, and felt herself encircled by his arms, Queen Hortense breathed her last sigh, at five o'clock in the morning, just as the dawn of a new day began to illumine the peaks and pinnacles of the snowy mountains near the abode of her exile.

Her fifty-four years of life were, each of them, more or less eventful; but the great misfortune of that life was her having been early wedded to a man who, unloved by her, had—notwithstanding his many noble and excellent qualities—never sought sufficiently to soothe the acknowledged anguish which her compulsory union with him caused her. Yet, in her last will, she did noble justice to him, and desired that he might know how great was her regret that she had never been able to make him happy. "As for my son," she added in this testamentary document, "I have no political counsel to give him, for I know that he knows his position, and all the duties imposed upon him by the name he bears."

Queen Hortense desired to repose in death by the side of her mother, and when her son became a captive at Ham, he consecrated some of the days of his imprisonment there by designing a monument to the memory of the one parent whose devotion to him was a cherished remembrance during the remainder of his eventful and strangely-checkered life—that life so recently ended in the land of his last exile—the land beloved both by Josephine and Hortense.

More sad even than the latter days of these two illustrious women, were the closing years of their kinswoman, Caroline Bonaparte, the adored wife and afterwards the inconsolable widow of Joachim Murat, Bonapartist King of Naples, who, when condemned to die by the Bourbon monarch whose throne he had mounted, held her portrait to his breast until that fatal moment when the death-shot entered his heart.

Taken prisoner, and conveyed to Trieste when King Ferdinand was restored to Naples, Caroline Bonaparte was eventually compelled to take up her abode in the Castle of Hairnbourg, near Vienna; and it was there that the awful intelligence of her husband's death reached her, in the month of October, 1815. Although originally richly endowed

by her brother, Napoleon I., when, as the happy wife of her brave and beloved Murat, she was proclaimed Queen of Naples, the whole, or nearly the whole, of her fortune was confiscated by Ferdinand after his restoration to the throne.

In widowhood and comparative poverty she resided for many dreary years at Trieste, where, and elsewhere, she consecrated her remarkable talents to the education of her four children—the living representatives of the husband she had devotedly loved, and never ceased to mourn. At last, in the month of June, 1838, a pension was voted to her by the French parliament, the chambers having been memorialized in her behalf; but this release from poverty came too late, for sorrow and anxiety had done their murderous work; cancer in the stomach, the same disease which had been fatal to her illustrious and exiled brother at St. Helena, had manifested itself; and this brave and beautiful woman, who, in her early youth, was said by Talleyrand to have the head of a diplomatist on the shoulders of a goddess, died at Florence the same year in which France had tardily granted her a pension.

After her husband's death she was generally known in Italy by the name of the Countess Lipona, the Italian name of Naples (Napoli) reversed.

The name of Murat was familiar as a household word under the "Second Empire" in France; and as the two daughters of Caroline Bonaparte, who once as a happy wife bore that name, were married, one to the Marquis Pepoli and the other to Count Rasponi, it is to be hoped that the noble type of womanhood personified in the gifted sister of Napoleon I. may not cease to exist in the land of poetry, love, and song, not less than of heroic aspirations.

SOME PIQUANT LETTERS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT TO M. DE REMUSAT AT MILAN.

St. Cloud, *Saturday*, 9 Germinal, Year XIII.
(March 30, 1805.)

In one of Madame de Sévigné's letters she says, "*What a day is that on which separation commences!*" Alas! I have experienced the pain of such a day, and I do not think there can be many moments more painful than those which follow on the departure of a person we love. The solitude that succeeds to the bustle of departure, the silence, the tears that stand in the eyes of all, but that one dares not acknowledge lest they turn into sobs, and for all the rest of the day the usual order of the house neglected! In short, every little circumstance that one dwells on although it only adds to one's grief! For myself, my dearest, I am not strong enough to bear such emotions frequently. I have taught myself to believe that we should always be together; I cannot exist alone and far from you. Do believe me, there can be no happiness for me away from you. Poor little Charles wept so bitterly, his unrestrained grief cut me to the soul. All the evening he kept telling me that he could not believe he should not see you in the morning. At last he was so distressed that I was obliged to try and amuse him, and only succeeded by taking him to the theater. . . .

I came here to St. Cloud, yesterday morning, and found everybody preparing for departure; this made me think of yours. They start tomorrow, and I return to Paris this evening. I do not want to stay here or to see anybody; it would only make me weep, and make people think I am sorry because *they* are going away. The Empress is in a state of perturbation which prevents me from seeing much of her. However, she seemed pleased to see me here these last two days. No one could form an idea of the confusion that prevails. Every place is encumbered; no one knows to whom to apply for orders, and yet everybody is giving them.

Amid this tumult Caulaincourt is loudly ordering that the men servants and the maids are to be seized by main force and packed off. The journey to Fontainebleau is to be made to-morrow, and on to Troyes on Tuesday. General Duroc thinks that the Emperor will be at Turin on the 22d. You will then be much farther away, but you will be resting yourself, and I shall be more at ease; for your journey disquiets me—the roads are so unsafe, and then the cold is so intense! To-day we are in mid-winter. When I opened my shutters, in order to write to you, I found everything covered with snow, and I sorrowfully reflected that you were traveling. I cannot, alas! ask you to be careful of yourself, for this letter will only reach you after you have, I hope, escaped all the dangers that I dread. I am entering on ten days of terrible anxiety; the grief of separation is not the only trouble absence brings with it.

I did not see the Emperor yesterday; he was at work all the morning, and retired at eight o'clock. Before closing my letter I will tell you if I do see him, and to-morrow I will just wish you good morning before I seal.

Saturday Evening.

I have passed a dreadful day, listening to people talking of the difficulties of your journey, of the want of horses, and consequently the diminution of your escort, and of the wretched Savoy roads and their ignorant postilions. I cried all day, and I spend my time in prayers for your safety, but I cannot beg you to be careful, for this letter will not reach you for a long time. How soon shall I hear from you after that fatal Mont Cenis? How I must suffer until I do! It is in these times of anxiety especially that I feel how dear you are, how necessary is your existence to mine. Oh, my dearest, be careful; without you I feel I cannot live.

I spent the day at St. Cloud, without, however, seeing the Emperor, who has been continually at work, and did not make his appearance. The Empress has been all kindness, but I was in a very unfit state to enjoy it.

PARIS, 13 Germinal, Year XIII.
(*Wednesday*, April 3, 1805.)

. . . M. Salembini wrote to me from Avallon; I am most grateful for his kindness, and rely on him to make up for your laziness by his punctuality. If you have been properly supplied with post-horses, you must have slept at Lyons on Sunday night; but where are you now? It was thought at St. Cloud that you would reach Turin on

Friday; but, for my part, I do not hope it; post-horses must be scarce and the roads bad. I cannot think you will reach Turin before Sunday, and only then if no accident has occurred to detain you. You see by all I write that I have but one idea, and I would therefore deny myself the happiness of writing to you and remain silent until I am more at ease only that you will want to hear some news of us. But I must try to speak of other things, and will avoid, if I can, making you a sharer in my trouble. But you must be indulgent until I know you are at Turin; until then I have but one subject of thought.

The next thing will be to regard my fears as presentiments! But hitherto I know to what to attribute them, and when I am calmer, I will tell you why your absence is more painful to me this time than ever before, and why I am absolutely unhappy without you.

The Emperor left Fontainebleau this morning; the archchancellor, whom I met at Madame Devaines's, told me he believed the Emperor's absence would last three months, although his Majesty had told him he should be back at the end of two, that he had no intention of visiting the departments of the south, and that the Empress expected to return on June 15th. If no special accident happens to you, through your mode of traveling, I shall be very glad that you have gone on first. You can have no idea of the confusion and disorder this journey is entailing; yours was nothing at all in comparison. Everybody is grumbling and already tired out, and they must thank God if they all come back safe. He knows what I ask of Him. You first, and then the master of us all. But I need not make myself anxious on his account; there are plenty of persons devoted to him, and eager to bring him back safe to us. It is for your health and your enjoyment that all my prayers are offered: first, that you may meet with no accident, and then that you may enjoy yourself. Yes, my dearest, enjoy yourself; I love you enough to wish that you may be amused. Let me bear all the pain of separation, so that your share be the pleasure of the journey. I shall be quite satisfied with this division.

I enclose a letter from Mademoiselle Mars; Corvisart asks your attention to it. He is to start in about three weeks, and will tell you how he leaves me. If my mind were at ease, I should be pretty well.

Adieu. I will write no more, because I can but repeat myself. I will chatter away when my anxiety is relieved; until then, I will only write in order to say that I love you and am well in health. I may say the same for Charles; Albert is getting on wonderfully; my mother scolds me, sends you her love, and says she ought to have been an old maid.

PARIS, *Saturday*, 16 Germinal, Year XIII.
(April 6, 1805.)

I had need of your letter. I was widowed and lonely, and my days hung heavily. I feel better now; your letter will keep me company. You know that I shall put it quite near me at night, that I may fall asleep thinking of you, and awake with the same thought in the morning. Oh, how sad a thing is absence! and to what end? Men throw away their happiness as they do their money; they squander both on an uncertain future, to which they sacrifice the present, which only is their own. They lose three or four months in a year living far away from those they love; they take change for their gold without looking at it; and life and fortune alike pass away from them unnoticed.

This is my third letter to you since you left me; but I do not feel great pleasure in writing, because my thoughts are always fixed on the dangers of your journey. In ten or twelve days' time, when I know you are safe at Milan, and can rest from all your bad nights, your joltings, and your shakings, if not the worse accidents of which I tremble to think, then I can chat with you unrestrainedly; I shall have no other pleasure but that of writing to you, of telling you about our children, about myself, the happiness I owe you, my most tender love, and, above all, of the confidence I feel in your affection for me, which is the foundation of all my joy.

The Emperor is on the road since Tuesday, and was to sleep last night at Sémur: he travels slowly, although people say he is pressed for time. The want of occupation to which I am reduced by his absence and yours, is something new. I should be lazy enough to like it if you were here with me. I have thrown myself into the society of the Faubourg, without, however, neglecting that other faubourg to which I owe a duty. To-morrow and the next day I shall take leave of the princesses; then I shall spend a week making a round of visits, after which I shall pay no more until you are with me. On May 1st I go to Sannois, whence I shall, once a week, bring Charles to M. Halma. Madame d'Houdetôt insists on having the whole family with her. I intend returning to Paris in June, and you, I hope, will decide what we are to do in July.

I have now given you an accurate account of my actions. If you wish for news of my thoughts, I may say that they will be entirely of you, for Charles is my principal occupation, and naturally leads me to think of his father. Once more let me repeat that, when my anxiety is relieved, I will write to you about him, the progress he makes, and

his little brother's health. Until then I feel stifled, and my heart tortured by anxiety; I get through the days, not in order to reach the happy one of your return—it is too far off, I dare not think of it—but to reach that one when you will write, "My dear one, I have arrived and am well." Picture to yourself, if you can, how these words will be received, and then say, if you dare, that you are not loved as you deserve.

My mother embraces you. She makes charming complaints of her misfortune in having daughters; she says that she is no sooner easy about the ruts on your road than her sympathy is claimed for the inundations on M. de Nansouty's. She writes to her friends, begging them not to leave her a prey to our dismal lamentations, but is so kind-hearted in reality that she always ends by sharing our anxiety. Morning and evening we look through the "Post Guide," and alarm ourselves at any sign of the "fourth horse;"* we make inquiries in every direction as to the dangers of the route; there is, I know, between Chambéry and Mont Cenis, a bad road, with snow and steep descents, and no wall on the outer edge. Did you leave the carriage at all those bad places? Did you think of your wife, whose life depends upon your health, and who could not bear up against any addition to her troubles? I expect you will find this all very tiresome reading, these dangers being already in the past. But what can I do? It would be easy to prove to each of us that we are really happy and really understand each other, only when we are not parted.

PARIS, *Wednesday*, 20 Germinal, Year XIII.
(April 10, 1805.)

After thoroughly enjoying your letter from Lyons, I have fallen back into a state of nervous anxiety, which will only cease, as I have already told you, when I get a letter from you from Turin. You must be there, I think, now. . . . .

The weather here is splendid; you must be enjoying the beautiful Italian spring, and I hope such a lovely climate will reward you for all your trouble in getting to it. Enjoy it all, my dearest, the beautiful scenery and the pure sky; I love you sufficiently to wish you may have pleasure, although far from me. I know so well in what you

*In those days an extra horse used to be charged for by the postmasters, and called the *third* or the *fourth* horse, when the road was heavy or fatiguing. This horse was paid for, but was never harnessed or seen.

place your happiness, that I do not desire any proof of your regrets that would interfere with your enjoyment of the journey. There is one kind of amusement only that I cannot, in conscience, allow you, and I trust that you will know how to resist any whispers of *mio bene* that may be offered to you, emphasized by sweet voices and bright eyes.

I hope your first care was to write to me from Turin. Indeed, it is necessary to me; for to be ignorant of the fate of him I love best in the world is a very heavy burden. But I am again complaining! I do wish to spare you my lamentations; I strive against them as much as possible, but I cannot command my feelings. How truly I feel that you are my life and my all, and that if sometimes the hours fly past without my appreciating your beloved presence as I ought, it is because our poor human nature uses happiness as it uses health; we learn its full value only when some accident deprives us of it.

I must tell you, by way of diverting my thoughts, that M. Guys has gone at last, that the Emperor left the affair in the hands of the archchancellor, and that it was settled on the spot. They are a fortunate family, and your sister shares in their happiness. By the way, she is sorry that you did not take Josephin with you, and so am I. He would have been one more man, and the dangers you have been exposed to, owing to the treasure in your charge, have not been the least of my anxieties, especially as the newspapers very stupidly announced your departure. Everybody thought this very imprudent.

If you would like news of your *tripot*, I can tell you that M. Chéron's piece was a great success; that it is in excellent verse, that two acts are extremely clever, that everybody speaks well of it, that Geoffroy praises it highly, and that we hope you will call the proper attention to it at the right opportunity. I have no further information respecting the comedy; my door has been closed against all actors and actresses since your departure, and I begged Mahérault to say that I was not in Paris.

I send you some memoranda on the unfortunate affair of M. de Villeblanche. When you see Maret, tell him I was much obliged by his letter, but that in informing me that Madame de Latouche had obtained a pension of three thousand francs, he does not fulfill his engagements with me, because that lady is stepmother to the admiral, being the second wife of his father, and I am petitioning for Madame de Tréville, his aunt. I see that Maret, and consequently the Emperor, has confounded the two, and thus I have unintentionally obtained a favor for a lady whom I do not know.

PARIS, *Saturday*, 22 Germinal, Year XIII.
(April 12, 1805.)

. . . I saw Isabey this morning. Your mantles will be sent off next Saturday. He has lost no time, and seemed to me rather annoyed at having to go; he no longer cares about it. The Princess Elisa will start on Thursday. I went to see her the day before yesterday; she was alone and had given orders that I should be admitted. I remained with her an hour and a half; she was most kind. When you see her you can say that I told you; she is really very amiable.

I must tell you, in confidence, something that happened to Carrion-Nisas and Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, which is just now amusing all Paris. The day before the Emperor's departure they each received an autograph letter from the chamberlains on duty, requesting their attendance that same evening at Fontainebleau. The Emperor had sent for them. You may imagine their state of excitement, each rushing to M. de Lavalette, asking for horses, and making as much fuss as you please. They set off at about nine in the evening. Carrion was the first to reach Fontainebleau; no chamberlain to be seen, but Duroc comes forward, and, after inspecting the proffered letter, goes to the Emperor to announce him. "I did not send for him," says his Majesty; "it is some mistake; I have no time to see him. Put him up somewhere, and he can go back in the morning." Carrion laughs over his nocturnal drive, and retires very good-humoredly. At midnight a second carriage dashes up, Regnault springs out, asks for M. Duroc, to whom he hands his letter, and is announced to the Emperor. "Depend upon it, it's a *poisson d'Avril*," says the latter. M. Duroc emerges from the cabinet. "It is a *poisson d'Avril*," he says. Regnault dashes headlong into his carriage, and drives full speed back to Paris, to find out who has played this trick. The postilions, who had not had an easy time of it coming to Fontainebleau, so great had been his eagerness to get on, repeat, as they crack their whips, "It's a *poisson d'Avril!*" The minister of police says the same thing, and it is very soon echoed by all Paris. I say so too; but you must not mention it at Milan, for the Emperor was, very justly, displeased with this stupid joke.

I inclose a poetical petition from a young man who has called on me a few times since you left—M. Morel de Clinchamp. He tells me you received him kindly, and promised him your patronage, and he wants his petition to be presented to the Emperor by the Empress, together with the little poem that I send you. He has written me some verses too; he seems to possess facility and some talent, if I may judge by

an epistle he showed me, addressed to Mademoiselle Duchenois. Do as you think fit about the petition; but I promised to commend it to you.

PARIS, *Tuesday*, 26 Germinal, Year XIII.
(April 16, 1805.)

At last I have news from Turin; yesterday I received a packet from M. Salembini, which has made me very happy. You have crossed those dreadful mountains, and that terrible Mont Cenis that caused me so much anxiety, and for the last six days you have been quietly at Milan. I hope you will now be thinking of writing to me, for since you left home, nineteen days ago, I have had only one little letter; you rely too much on the zeal of your secretary. . . .

I must tell you that in my next parcel I intend to inclose a letter to the Empress, in which I shall repeat part of what I said in the one I wrote to her some time ago, and which I did not send. You will read it, and then seal it up, because I don't want you to seem to know anything about it. If you approve, you will give the sealed parcel to Deschamps, at any time you think fit.

PARIS, 29 Germinal, Year XIII.
(*Friday*, April 19, 1805.)

When this letter reaches you, you will be with the Emperor. The newspapers say that he is to arrive at Milan on 1 Prairial. It would appear, therefore, that his progress is more rapid than was intended at first. People are wondering here what can be the cause of such haste, and as they are never at a loss, the Parisians are saying that preparations for war will bring you all back sooner than was expected. To see the delight which some persons take in confirming these rumors of war one would never think that no Frenchmen were to be engaged in it. Thus it is stated that party spirit destroys every generous sentiment. Talking of sentiment, we had a little dispute yesterday morning with mamma and a few other persons; one must quarrel sometimes, you know. We were speaking of the love of country, and my mother contended, half in jest, that there was no such thing as love of country; that it was simply a fine theoretical sentiment, and that, for her part, she should always prefer the country in which she was happiest to any other. Madame de Vintimille and I argued, like good Frenchwomen, on behalf of love of one's country, and declared that we had our share, although it was but a small one, in the glory of the nation. My mother was amusing herself by displaying the greatest indifference to our fine sentiments, when all at once Charles, who had been playing in a cor-

ner, got up, and approaching his grandmother, said to her in a tone that I cannot describe to you, "Oh, Gaga, don't you love your country?" and then he burst into tears. I cannot explain why he was so much moved, but the saying gave me pleasure, and I pass it on to you.

I took him to the theater yesterday evening, and was quite pleased with his behavior during the performance of "La Caverne," in which there is much noise of firearms, and a very exciting combat in the last scene. The boy did not show the least fear of the firing; his little face turned rather red, because of the restraint put upon himself, but he came well out of the ordeal.

While on the subject of plays, I wrote to you, did I not, about M. Chéron's. It is most successful; at the fourth performance the author was still called for; try to make the most of this. Only two days ago Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely said that the play was by a man not only talented but good; that M. Chéron was a most estimable character, and had acted an upright part all through the Revolution.

I have seen Mahérault; your actors are constantly asking him for leave of absence. They would like to come to me, but I have declined to receive them, thinking you would prefer my taking this course. I only saw Madame Suin, whose benefit night was very brilliant, and who came to thank me. I found her a really clever woman; she told me a great deal about the Comédie Française, and of the advantages belonging to such a post as yours. "In fact," said she, pointedly, "since I have lived in Paris, I have seen many ministers and many courtiers fall into disgrace, but the gentlemen of the chamber have always been in favor, and the post of purveyor of amusement, held by M. de Rémusat, is almost always a road to fortune." I got out of Madame Suin's benefit very well; I did not go; and I found some people to fill my box and pay my share of the benefit.

In twelve days from this I am to take up my abode at Sannois. I intend to see Lavalette to-morrow to try and obtain an exemption for my letters; I shall tell him that you *often* receive letters on the affairs of the Emperor, and that you require me to answer yours at once. If I can obtain nothing from him, I shall ask Madame de Ségur to take charge of my letters. I intend to pass the month of May with the children, at Sannois; the country will do us all good. . . .

PARIS, *Tuesday*, 3 Floreal, Year XIII.
(April 24, 1805.)

Before replying to all the interesting details you give me, with an account of the dull trifles that fill up my life, I must tell you how grate-

ful I am for the affection of which you so tenderly assure me, and how happy I am to be so greatly beloved. Every word that you write prints itself on my heart with all the force with which it emanates from yours. However strong your expressions, I believe them to be true. I say to myself that happiness exists for us only when we are together, that we need each other's presence, and that, though now separated, we are so continually together in spirit that we shall meet again in a few months' time without a moment's interruption of that feeling which makes the happiness of my existence. My dearest, put the same faith in my tender affection that I put in yours. Your absence and my loneliness make me feel how limitless it is. The long days, the sad nights that I pass without you, the solitude of my room, the study where you are not, the big empty rooms, the entire liberty which I know not how to employ—all these things continually draw my thoughts towards you, while numberless circumstances must turn yours away from me. I speak and think and feel like Lafontaine's pigeon, "*L'absence est le plus grand des maux,*" and especially for the one who is left behind.

You are good to give me so many details; I quite appreciate them. I am surprised of what you say of the weather; I fancied you were in mid-spring, and the accounts of the snow and the cold at Turin upset all our calculations. We had some splendid weather here, and during Holy Week a taste of perfect summer, but for the last week it has been cold again. Thus it is with life; a little sunshine and then the cold returns, to last much longer than the warmth. Everything changes and passes away, except your affection and consequently my happiness.

If you care for *pétoffes*, as Madame de Sévigné would say, I must tell you that Madame de Souza has at length taken her departure, but in great distress because M. de Souza refused to take Charles de Flahault with him. As a foreigner, and also as an ambassador, he thought that would not have been a prudent step. Our friends are all in confusion, and don't know where to settle down. Gallois has not yet appeared; M. Leroi is going away; Bertrand is half crying, half laughing over the departure of Count Rumford, who has returned to Munich to preside over some academy or other, and so has left the field free to others. The Abbé Morellet is, I fancy, rather struck with Princess Eliza. She was uncommonly gracious to him, and even told him to write to her. Do not forget to remember me to the princess.

Our friends the Chérons have gone; don't forget them. M. Chéron's play is more popular than ever; try to get a place for him. Now that the forests are being established, and the imperial hunts and *Capitain-*

cries, there must be some opening. Do not be vexed with me for adding my importunities to those with which you are already overwhelmed.

I do not know whether you see any French newspapers. If you do, you will have read a circumstantial account of the Emperor's extreme graciousness at Brienne. Madame de Brienne was beside herself with delight. It is true that it would be impossible to be more gracious than was the Emperor on that occasion. I saw some letters to M. de Damas, full of charming little speeches made by him; he laid himself out to be agreeable, and the effect has been excellent in our critical society. Our severest lady critics owned the amiability of our sovereign, and they are willing now to admit that he can make himself pleasant when he likes, but they add that he does not always like. What a treatise I could write on human vanity! What examples I could find in the very society that values itself so highly! There is not one woman of our acquaintance who would not have been as much enchanted as Madame de Brienne, yet they are all laughing at her enthusiasm.

Salembini writes to me about the shells and mosaics of Milan. With regard to the latter, General Caffarelli suggested, after you had gone, that I should allow him to order a set for me at Rome, saying that those he had brought to his wife are very handsome, and had only cost twenty-five louis. I agreed, and asked him to mention it to you. Please ask him for the little memorandum I gave him, and if you find that the set will come to too high a price, you might leave out the tiara and the bracelets. When we were at St. Cloud, I told the Empress that General Caffarelli had undertaken to bring home mosaics for Alix and myself; thereupon she very kindly said she would take that on herself, so you may *consult her* on the selection.

Adieu, since one must always end with that sad word. I was reading to-day one of Massillon's sermons, a favorite of mine, on the best way to bear the afflictions of this life, and on the thanks we should return to God when He vouchsafes to try our faith by the sorrows He sends us. After that I cannot but endeavor to submit to the grief of separation, but I am far from having arrived at perfection. . . .

PARIS, *Sunday*, 8 Floreal, Year XIII.
(April 28, 1805).

. . . I have just been reading Marmontel's "Memoirs of the Regency." You may perhaps have the work at Milan; it seems to me well written, but ill conceived. I am quite shocked at the judgment he.

passes on Louis XIV. He speaks of him with severity, that contrasts with his indulgence towards the regent. If you read the work, remark the passage he quotes from Saint-Simon, concerning the "Bed of Justice" that was held to remove the education of Louis XV. out of the hands of the Duc du Maine, and to restore precedence to the peers over the legitimized children of the king. The malignant joy felt by the duke, not only at this victory, but at the grief and depression of the vanquished party, the intoxication of vanity which he owns to having experienced—all those disgraceful passions, engendered by the pride of man, disgusted me so much that I felt quite sick of ambition and its aims. Far from us be all enjoyment procured at the expense of others! We can be happy, I hope, at a less cost, and without causing a single tear to flow on our account.

M. de Salembini writes that you are suffering slightly from gout; this, added to your silence, makes me uneasy. At such a distance everything becomes magnified, and I feel that, against my reason, I am needlessly anxious. Madame Devaines, who came to see me yesterday, says conjugal affection makes me very tiresome; but adds that you must be very amiable to be so much beloved. She introduced her daughter-in-law into society yesterday, and seemed rather proud of being so beautiful herself and the chaperon of so plain a young woman. Her son often comes to see me; he is sensible and kind-hearted. One must overlook a few little oddities that do no harm to anybody, and then one sees he is a reasonable man. I like him. He seems also to be pleased to be with me; and, moreover, he loves you with his whole heart. This last is a recommendation I cannot resist; any one who appreciates you has a claim on my affection.

Adieu. I am going to pay some visits, because I leave Paris in a week, and must bid farewell to all my friends. I intend to remain all May at Sannois, and I shall find there, if I choose to seek them, many sweet recollections, and perhaps some legitimate regrets.

I inclose a letter for the Empress, which I should like you to hand to her at once, and some days before that which Corvisart will take to you. As for the latter, it is undated, and you can give it when you like.

PARIS, *Wednesday*, 11 Floréal, Year XIII.
(May 1, 1805.)

. . . There is much talk now of the Toulon fleet, of the wonderful success of all the Emperor's designs, and the extraordinary incapacity of the English, in always letting us slip between their fingers. There

are different views on the subject. It is hoped, generally speaking, that our two sorties will have an effect on the English government, and give some chance of peace. On the other hand, the gloomy and discontented politicans assert that the English are only allowing us to assemble our naval forces in order to attack us at sea; but, on the whole, there is a hopeful feeling. For my own part, you may imagine, from my love of our country and my hatred of England, that I am delighted at this promising beginning; and I must admit that I assumed an air of superiority towards certain Anglo-maniacs whom you know.

I have very little social news for you. There is hardly anything going on this season, and everybody is on the eve of departure. I can only tell you of a few marriages, and of some interesting events that are expected to come off. Alexandre Laborde is engaged to Madame Gilbert. She is a very pretty woman, the widow of that M. Gilbert whom we saw with Madame de Vannoise. Then, Madame Juste is in an interesting condition, and (which has caused more sensation in the neighborhood) Madame de Lamoignon is in the same state. M. Molé is much depressed, people say, because Providence has left him out as regards this particular blessing. M. de Ségur, the grand master's brother, is absolutely dying, and it is probable that the grand master will not find him alive on his return. Is not life compassed in these few lines—its commencement and its end? This would be a fine opportunity for a little moral essay; but I will spare you, because, to quote our friend La Bruyère, everything has already been said.

Tell Madame Savary that I often speak of her two little girls to Bigot, and that they are quite well. He is anxious about Madame Davoust's daughter, who is very delicate, and over whom he watches carefully.

Adieu. I must leave you, or rather I must leave this letter, which will soon be speeding towards you. What more shall I say? No, I will say nothing, not another word, for fear of garrulousness; it is too soon, as yet, for that.

SANNOIS, *Friday*, 27 Floréal, Year XIII.
(May 17, 1805.)

I have just finished giving Charles his lessons, and can now have a chat with you, by way of recreation. Next to seeing you and hearing you speak, there is no greater pleasure for me than that of writing to you, so I give you leave not to be more grateful than the occasion demands, provided you appreciate the reason why it is so delightful an occupation to me.

The children and I are extremely well. A country life suits us so perfectly that I regret we cannot pass the whole summer here—less on my own account, although my health has improved, than for the sake of our two darlings, who are in splendid condition. I must tell you, too, that I went to St. Leu yesterday morning. The improvements in the grounds are making it a most delightful place. Prince Louis has purchased a large part of the forest. He has eight hundred acres of wood, through which he is opening the prettiest roads, and a broad stream runs through the middle. I repeated to the princess all you told me about her brother. She was much affected, and the more so that she had been distressed by receiving quite different accounts. She is devoid of all ambition, but feels and suffers from the dangers and stumbling-blocks to which her brother is exposed in the high position to which he has attained. She conversed with me, with great good sense, on the drawbacks and advantages of her own position. Although at an age when illusions are natural she seems to me to be absolutely free from them, and to weigh, too wisely perhaps, the enjoyments we meet with on life's somewhat thorny road. I was speaking to her of an ill-natured and certainly unfounded rumor, which has been ridiculously exaggerated in Paris, and which I heard from persons who profess to be well informed. I must repeat it to you, although I think it most absurd. It is this:—

There are proofs, it is said, that the Polignacs and others imprisoned in the fortress of Ham were planning an escape, that they carried on a correspondence with the princes, that they had the command of money and endeavored to bribe the soldiers, and that Prince Murat has had them removed to the Temple. It is likewise asserted that the Empress has continued to evince great interest in them; and that there are letters from her which would be compromising.

I am ignorant whether MM. de Polignac could be capable of such dishonorable conduct. In times such as these, when revolution has left demoralization behind it, one cannot, unfortunately, rely on the principles of any; but besides the absurdity of the complicity attributed to the Empress, you and I know how very little she is the habit of writing at all. I have been present occasionally when she has received Madame de Polignac with the kindness inherent in her, and which is always doubled by the sight of any kind of misfortune. I hardly think this tenderness of heart is to be imputed to her as a crime, nor can I conceive, if the rest be true, how any one can have invented so absurd a calumny. I have not the means of clearing it up at present; I will even admit that I am so happy in this quiet country life, only occupied

with you and our children, that I shrink from anything that might disturb my tranquillity. I cannot help trembling at the thought of soon returning to the vortex, where I am often so oppressed and agitated that I have barely time to give a thought to the beloved occupations for which I am so well suited. The latter part of my stay at court was so disturbed, so gloomy! It was then I began to lose that happy confidence with which one first enters society, and with which one parts so regretfully. It seems to me that the troubles of which I was a spectator, the quarrels, the intrigues, sometimes affected even the uprightness of my own intentions and conduct, and have rent asunder the delusive veil through which I used to love to look on human nature. It was to you, to my mother, to kind and loving friends, that I owed the unsuspecting disposition of which the court is depriving me. From childhood I breathed an atmosphere of affection and indulgence. I was happy later, in your tenderness and in the tranquil existence which was passed at your side. I was ignorant of evil; above all, I believed it could never reach myself. I suffered, therefore, and suffered acutely, when I saw that malice did not spare me. I walk in fear, so to speak; I prepare beforehand to ward off future attacks; I form plans for the future, first of which is to lead the most retired life possible, so as to give the smallest opportunity for the accusations of envy.

But I perceive that I have written myself into a vein of sadness, which has led me far from my subject. Try to do what you can about the wicked gossip of which I have told you; unfortunately I heard it from persons on whom I can depend, and whoever may be its author, it is of a mischievous tendency.

There is much talk in Paris of the tragedy of "Les Templiers," and consequently of the Templars themselves. People dispute about their innocence and the justice or injustice of their trial and sentence. M. Raynouard is also attacked, but the general feeling is in his favor. I send you a *feuilleton* of the *Publiciste* which seems to me impartially written. Every one whom I have seen admires the tragedy; M. Chéron, Alix, Madame de Vintimille, and M. Molé admit, however, that it is wanting in movement. But at last we have a well-written play, and in French! It is said that the author has written several others, all on French historical subjects; this is delightful. He is also writing an epic on the Maccabees; we can hear some of it if you like, because Chaptal is determined to introduce the author to me.

Alix arrived here yesterday. Our four boys, for I include Henri, are enjoying themselves thoroughly; when I see them so unconscious

of misfortune, so careless as to the future, so gay and happy, I feel my heart beat with pleasure and pain at once. What will be their fate? What future lies hidden in this stormy present? Shall we have exhausted both their share and our own of anxiety and trouble?

You see I am in a rather melancholy mood. I own it. You only could disperse the little cloud which, as Madame de Sévigné says, makes my reflections of a *grayish-brown*. But whatever my mood, you are never a loser; my heart never changes. Perhaps melancholy even adds another degree to tenderness, either because the latter is an effect of the former, or that it consoles and brightens the gloomy reflections caused by a somewhat lengthy contemplation of the afflictions of this life.

SANNOIS, *Monday*, 30 Floréal, Year XIII.
(May 20, 1805.)

Mon ami, I have this instant received a letter of the 23d, announcing the sudden return of Salembini. I am grieved and alarmed at the few words you write me, because I seem to read between the lines that he has been in fault, and gravely so, to incur so prompt a punishment. I will not, however, judge him too severely, without further information, and it would pain me to have to doubt the principles or the attachment of a man to whom you have done so many services. I think he is much given to vanity, and I will own to you that I have observed, in the few letters that I received from him, some indications of want of balance that surprised me, and also of a disposition to take offense at trifles. I had quite expected that this might prove a source of annoyance to you, but I was far from anticipating what you now tell me. At any rate, I will see him when he reaches Paris; I cannot be hard upon him now that he is in trouble. I will ask him some questions, and, if he has sinned against ourselves only, I feel I cannot condemn him altogether. From your habitual gentleness towards myself, I have earned indulgence for others that I hope to retain all my life long. Although I look upon ingratitude as the most odious of vices, yet it fills me rather with pity than with anger, and on this occasion, when Salembini perhaps is not wholly exempt from it, I will not allow myself to reproach him, if he seems sorry; and this especially on account of his sister, whom I like much. I have had frequent opportunities of seeing her, because her brother used to send me all his letters for her; and very long they were, if I may judge by their thickness. They were very frequent, too. Perhaps these letters

have been opened? Perhaps their contents were indiscreet? I cannot tell. Mademoiselle Salembini never opened them in my presence; she contented herself with saying that her brother spoke highly of you and appreciated your friendship, and I believed her, because that was but natural and right, because every one who knows you ought to love and esteem you.

I regret this event very much, and I regret it for my own sake also. He was very attentive in giving me news of you, and you are too much occupied for me to hope to hear very often directly from you. Under present circumstances you are far less to be pitied than I; first, because, whatever you may say, you do not want to write to me so much as I want to receive your letters; and secondly, because your time is occupied in the service of the Emperor, whom you love, and who I fancy is a very potent solace to the pain of absence. Nevertheless, my dear one, notwithstanding the agreeable necessity of proving your zeal by your assiduity, think of your poor wife who is very lonely away from you, and whose one solitary pleasure is that of receiving your letters.

From what you tell me, I see that the Emperor has arrived at Milan as you predicted, that his presence has produced its customary effect, and that the Italians, in their turn, have been compelled to admire the hero who is going to protect them. While on this subject I must tell you that you wrote me two very eloquent pages; your theme inspired you. I would almost wager that you are not aware of this; they were dashed off so quickly, because your heart as well as your head guided the pen. *Mon ami*, what I have just said would, if uttered aloud, seem like flattery, and yet, between us, it is but truth. Here, in the solitude of the fields, I often reflect on all the sorrows we have experienced. This neighborhood reminds me of our misfortunes, and painful though they were, you know by what feelings their recollection has been sweetened for me; but when, after sadly counting them over, my thoughts revert to the peaceful times we are now enjoying, to the well-regulated liberty that I find all-sufficient, to the glory with which my country is covered, even to the pomp and magnificence that I like, because they are proofs that all is an accomplished fact—in short, when I remember that this prosperity is the work of a single man, I am roused to admiration and gratitude. *Cher ami*, this is quite between ourselves, for some persons would impute to these sentiments a very different motive from the real one, and besides, it seems to me that praise from the heart is less anxious for publicity than that which proceeds from the intellect. . . .

Tuesday, 1 Prairial.
(May 21, 1805.)

"Les Templiers" continues to be a great success. Every one says that nothing better has been written for twenty years. Opinions differ a little as to the choice of subject and the truth of the characters. Parisian critics get warm, it is said, over Jacques de Molay and Philippe le Bel, and their greater or less guilt; but the fact remains that the tragedy draws immense houses, and is incessantly applauded.

To return to poor Salembini. Can he have written some piece of foolery? But, then, how comes it that his letters were opened, since they were brought by the Emperor's couriers? I am inclined to think it is some wicked calumny; in fact, I am sure he must have been imprudent rather than guilty. He always seemed to me such an honorable man.

SANNOIS, *Saturday*, 5 Prairial, Year XIII.
(May 25, 1805.)

I saw Salembini yesterday. He was quiet enough, relying on your friendship and his own innocence. He regrets most having occasioned vexation to you, and I was touched by the tone in which he said that he could never forgive himself for having caused you trouble and annoyance in return for all the kindness you have shown him. I endeavored to console him; and, in truth, he appeared so confident, so calm, so entirely ignorant of any misconduct deserving of the severity with which he was banished, that I cannot believe him to have been anything worse than a little imprudent.

I am now very anxious to hear from you, and whether this unfortunate affair has had any unpleasant consequences. You do not mention the Emperor, and this makes me uneasy. Ah! how many vexations and troubles are caused by absence! I can only endure it when I know you are well and happy; but, alas! my lamentations are unavailing. I must wait, I must watch the hours pass by, before I can again be with you, and able to speak to you at every moment of my life.

I am dining at St. Leu to-day, in order to take leave of the princess, for I return to Paris on Thursday. We shall be talking of our kind protectress, to whom I beg you will frequently speak of me, if she is still at Milan. I hope you have given her all my letters. I preferred sending them through you, because I feared they might otherwise get lost. Tell her how greatly I am attached to her; how I wish her a long-lasting happiness, and that since Thursday I have sympathized in all the emotions that she must have experienced.

Salembini has described the beautiful presents you are bringing me,

and for which I am half inclined to scold you. *Mon ami*, you have been extravagant in spending money on a wife whose reasonableness you are good enough to praise. I was far from wishing for so much, and there was no need thus to glorify your return home. On my side, all I can offer you in exchange are my two little jewels, Charles and Albert, and, like the Roman lady, I shall say, as I show you their fresh and smiling faces, "Here are my treasures, and with them the happiness that you have bestowed on me."

I have just been reading an excellent article on the "Templiers." It is in the *Mercure*, and is an answer to the censure showered on M. Raynouard by Geoffroy. That wretched journalist took into his head to discover his dreaded philosophers among the defenders of the order of Knights Templars, and to attribute the wildest projects to the author of the tragedy, who endeavors, he said, to move people to compassion for their fate. You will have to take part in all the dissertations on your return; for you know it is not allowable to remain neuter on any subject, and at present disputes rage almost as fiercely on Philippe le Bel and the Templars as on Gluck and Piccini. It must be admitted that we are a singular nation in the importance we attach to little things, while we often let great ones slip by with scarcely a glance. One need only cut off one's dog's tail to turn off the attention of the Parisians. But to return to the Templars: *Le Mercure* quotes two phrases of Pascal's and Bossuet's in their defense, and surely the authority of those great writers is sufficient to justify a poet in making them interesting. "The Templars," says Bossuet, "confessed under tortures, and denied when brought out to die; there was perhaps more of avarice and revenge than of justice in their execution." These words occur in an abridged history of France, composed for the dauphin by the Bishop of Meaux, and notwithstanding the restrictions that he said he had to impose on himself in a work produced under such circumstances.

Geoffroy can scarcely call these two witnesses *philosophers*, according, at least, to his own interpretation of the term.

SANNOIS, *Tuesday* 8 Prairial, Year XIII.
(May 28, 1805.)

. . . You are severe, I think, in your judgment of Raynouard; the piece is much more successful than you fancy. Every box was taken, last night, for the sixth performance, and people were fighting for admittance at the doors. The play is far from being as spiritless

as you think. All whom I have seen tell me they shed tears over it, and that they were moved by the same emotions that Corneille habitually arouses. It is written in simple and touching verse; the sentiments are generous without being bombastic, and such as are inspired by religion; the character of the king is cleverly drawn; in short, the interest is sustained for five acts without love-making, extraordinary events, or machinery. Surely the author's success is justified. You will judge for yourself when you return, and, for my part, I intend to see the piece when I get back to Paris.

While on the subject of the theater, I find myself suddenly struck by that phrase of Mazarin's that you quote to me. What does it mean? How does it affect you? This and other words in your letter go to my heart. The depression in which you write does not proceed only from the grief of separation from those you love; I fear that you are hiding some secret sorrow from me. *Mon ami*, I have a right to share all things with you, and you must not deny me my half of your troubles. Perhaps, however, they exist only in my imagination, which in your absence is gloomy, and would be still more so without the assurance in which I find all my comfort.

Mon ami, I really think I am becoming religious; our new separation is developing the feelings caused by that of last year. Do not let this alarm you, for, if my character be at all changed by it, it must be for the better and to the advantage of us both. I already feel that my study of religion and the meditations I make, after reading pure and devout books, are rendering me more gentle and good. The habitual recollection of God makes me wish as much as possible to avoid offending Him. My thoughts revert naturally to Him and to you, and at such times, in presence, as it were, of the Divinity, I renew my vows to love you and make you happy. Adieu. Do not smile over these few last lines; let me enjoy the comforts of religion.

PARIS, *Sunday*, 20 Prairial, Year XIII.
(June 9, 1805.)

. . . Prince Eugene's appointment did not surprise me. It was spoken of here for some days past, and Madame d'Houdetôt sent me the news yesterday. She had seen the Princess Louis, who told her of it with tears, and confessed that after her first feeling of gratitude to the Emperor, the next had been grief at the separation from her brother. If he is still at Milan, pray offer him my good wishes and my homage. From my heart I trust that his happiness will be equal to his glory. I

shall write to the Empress, whose mother's heart must be alternately glad and sorrowful. Poor mothers and wives often pay with tears for the prosperity of their sons and husbands. My sister is now doing this. M. de Nansouty has just been appointed to the command of the reserve cavalry, and is to accompany Prince Louis. Although it is a most honorable mission, and he is delighted, Alix only sees the separation and possible danger, and she is in tears. The expedition to England is more than ever talked of. It is said to be certain, and that on his return the Emperor will go to Boulogne. There are reports, on the contrary, of a congress to be held at Brussels; in fact, each day brings forth some fresh rumor which is sure to be succeeded by another on the following.

I have been to the "Templiers." I was delighted, and cried a great deal. There are grave defects in the work, but greater beauties, which are so striking that the former are only perceived on reflection. It attracts great crowds; the Français is as full as in the height of the winter season, and the eleventh performance produced four or five thousand francs. "Madame de Sévigné" was performed at your theater the night before last, with only moderate success. It is an ill-conceived work, in which, by making Madame de Sévigné declaim in three-quarters of an hour all that she wrote in twenty years, the author has contrived to represent her as the most affected and stilted person in the world. I saw also Duport's ballet of "Acis et Galatée," which is very pretty. I have now concluded my course of theaters, for the weather is beginning to be too hot to shut one's self up in a box. I am going to stay at home and get through my time as best I can. Do not forget that all the emotions and regrets you describe so well are experienced by me also, and that, although I endeavor to resign myself to your absence, I can never become accustomed to it.

PARIS, *Thursday*, 24 Prairial, Year XIII.
(June 13, 1805.)

I passed a pleasant day yesterday, conversing, about you principally, with real friends. The Abbé Morellet, Gallois, and Bertrand dined with us, and afterwards M. Devaines made his appearance; he takes compassion on our solitude, and improves on acquaintance. We talked till midnight. Paris is so empty that they do not know what to do. Gallois feels quite lost, and is going to take himself and his reveries to Switzerland.

Madame de Souza (the mention of her is purely accidental, believe

me) has arrived at Berlin, where she is *fêted* and caressed by the queen and all the best society. Her literary reputation had preceded her, and procured her a most gracious reception. It is no longer quite certain that her husband goes to Russia; he is said to be inclined to give up diplomacy and retire into private life. As you may imagine, the conversation yesterday turned for a time on our friend the ambassadress; the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" was the immediate cause. Abbé Morellet declares that the writings of women are what embarrass him most as to the meaning and employment of words. Our favorite Madame de Sévigné reduces him to despair, and as he has no high opinion of the sentimental trifles which are the greatest charm of feminine compositions, he would willingly burn them all and forbid us ever to attempt the art again. Gallois, as a chivalrous knight, took our part. He argued that literature would be deprived of an important branch if women were forbidden to write, and asserted that their so-called negligences of style are but a more graceful way of expressing their thoughts. During the discussion I kept saying to myself that I would willingly submit to such a prohibition if I were allowed to tell my dearest one that I love him with my whole soul; and that if I were to make a dictionary, I would multiply in every possible way the modes of expressing that affection, which I never succeed in describing as strongly as I feel it in my heart. . . .

Saturday, 26 Prairial, Year XIII.
(June 15, 1805.)

Mon ami, I received two letters from you to-day: one that Corvisart sent me in the morning and another that I have this instant read. You can understand my surprise at the first. I keep my reflections on the subject to myself; you were my first thought and my first anxiety, Heaven knows. I will follow your advice and see the person you mention. As to the lady of whom you speak, I have paid her but three visits since your departure: one on the occasion of her daughter's confinement, which then occupied her thoughts exclusively; another, one evening in the midst of preparations for a little party that she was giving in honor of her daughter's recovery, and for which I did not remain because it would have bored me; and a third time, when I went to take leave of her as she was going into the country. This is all. You can imagine my feelings, therefore, and I hasten to leave so unpleasant a subject.

We were struck, as you were, with the Emperor's speech at Genoa;

it was very remarkable, and in all respects worthy of him. The union of the states seems to give general satisfaction, and all the Provençaux whom I know say it can do no harm at Marseilles. What an empire it is that extends from those countries to Antwerp! And what a man must he be who holds it all in his hand! How few do we find in history like him!

These reflections are suggested to me by the study of history, which I have taken up in order to occupy my leisure time. Such a study is of special interest and use after a revolution like ours, which throws a new light on many brilliant deeds, by which we had at first been dazzled, and at the same time makes us appreciate others that we had hitherto hardly noticed. How many circumstances and characters are explained by it! How many actions justified! It is a kind of labyrinth, in fact, of which the plan has at last been found out. I believe it would be most useful to recur in this way when one's reason is matured to the histories read during youth. We should thus escape the danger of retaining the impressions received at a period when our judgments are dictated by our feelings, and we only esteem that which we happen to like. Oh, happy, happy time of our youth, that flies so fast and that we waste so recklessly! How sweet are its illusions and how far from me already! *Mon ami,* what thanks do I not owe you! Without you, without the happiness I derive from you, I think I could not resist the gloom and melancholy of life's disappointments.

You must try to put up with the extreme dullness of my letters just now. I know nothing, I see nobody, my life is as monotonous as possible, and yet in this dearth of all news you wish me to write to you every day. I must therefore write my thoughts, and you must be patient with their occasional sadness. I am not always able to control it, and I give way to feelings of melancholy, especially when unexpected trials are added to those of my everyday life. Your return only can dispel them; they cannot then master me, for their place will be taken by the sweetest emotions of joy.

I do not know whether I told you that the success of the "Templiers" had aroused all our tragic geniuses, excepting only Lemercier, whose line is decidedly epic poetry. He is writing on the most extraordinary subject. The scene is laid in the infernal regions, and the devils, by way of amusement, are acting plays in which they represent the various scenes of life. There will, no doubt, be something diabolic in the style, and I fear the whole will not be as clever as the devil.

Sunday.

I finished my evening, yesterday, with the "Templiers," which my mother had not yet seen. She was delighted, and we both shed tears, not of tenderness, but those that are excited by greatness of soul. The interest aroused by the piece is so great that its defects are not noticed until after the performance is over. Meanwhile one admires, one is moved, and any fault is overlooked. It is now going to be published, and will consequently have to pass a severe ordeal. It still attracts great crowds; the house was full last night, and the applause continual. There is one line which is always seized upon. *Philip* is speaking of the King of England, and says—

"La terreur de mon nom le poursuit dans sons île."

Saint Prix is splendid in the part of the *Grand Master*, the principal and best-written character in the play; Talma also does well, but his acting is somewhat injured by his state of health. He is ill and suffers from frequent nervous attacks. "Madame de Sévigné" has improved a little, but it will never be anything more than an indifferent play, proving, however, that the author has the ability for writing another on a better subject.

I have seen a most beautiful house this morning, belonging to Mr. Crawfurd. He has bought the Hotel de Monaco, and furnished it superbly—the most splendid carpets and hangings, a quantity of china, and, more than all, the finest collection of portraits of celebrities, both men and women, from the time of Henry II. to our own days. All Louis XIV.'s century by Mignard! You can imagine my mother's delight with pictures of Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan, Madame de Montespan and Madame de la Vallière. I spent nearly two hours in admiring all these fine things, though I felt sorry to think they will eventually find their way to the heirs of this wealthy individual in England; I was annoyed, too, I must confess, to see such a collection in the possession of an Englishman. However, we wandered about as if in an enchanted palace, without meeting a soul. The former owner has given it up to strangers; his wife, Madame Sullivan, the mother of Madame d'Orsay, keeps herself out of the way. Visitors come and go and examine everything, and nobody interferes. Mr. Crawfurd is one of the richest of rich Englishmen. He has lost over here a hundred thousand francs of income ($20,000) and does not even feel it. He spent a million on this new house in a period of two years, without the slightest difficulty. He likes living in Paris, is hospitable, spends his money liberally, and enjoys life.

I do not require so large a fortune to be happy, and I think we could lead a pleasant life at less cost. Here is an opportunity for a fine panegyric of moderation in fortune, but I could say nothing new, and although the older I grow the more I lean to a simple and quiet life, I could amuse you by telling you what I have felt in scenes of dazzling splendor and magnificence. On the whole, I think I dread such splendor as much as life in a hut.

You tell me that the Empress is good enough to say that I do not write to her sufficiently often. It is because I fear to be intrusive. I picture her to myself so occupied, so agitated, and so overwhelmed, that I fear my letters might arrive at some inconvenient moment. I will write to her, however, in a few days, and will send my letter through you, as I am uncertain as to where she may be.

PARIS, *Friday*, 9 Messidor, Year XIII.
(June 28, 1805.)

We have been greatly shocked by the almost sudden death of poor Neny. He was struck with apoplexy on Sunday evening; in two hours he completely lost the power of speech and movement, and after lingering for thirty-six hours, he expired, quite unconscious of everything. The suddenness with which death strikes us suggests many reflections to a dreamer like me. What trouble, what anxiety we give ourselves, in order to reach death at last! A little pleasure, more or less, and all is over! Where now are all the trifling vanities which yet had such power to wound us? I do not include the feelings of the heart which adorn our life, and afford us comfort at its end. If in eternity we retain any remembrance of this life, it must surely be of our love for a tender, dear, and faithful friend to whom we have been indebted for all our happiness. And then perhaps, if we are permitted to make a prayer, it is that we may continue to enjoy that same happiness.

Poor Madame Dupuis is in great grief. Her son has just died of malignant fever, after a long and painful illness. On her return from Plombières, whither she had accompanied Princess Joseph, she found the child dangerously ill. He seemed to have waited for her in order to die, for she lost him a very few days afterwards. But I have written enough about death; I will try, if I can, to throw off the melancholy into which these sad events have cast me. A letter from you just now would do me great good, for I find it difficult to bear up against depression.

Paris is duller than ever. Nobody is here; the theaters, not being

attractive in hot weather, are empty; nor can we enjoy the season, for it rains unceasingly, and we have the fire lighted every day. My mother and I are much together; we read or converse, and the order and regularity with which my days are passed makes them glide by so quickly as to convince me that the right way to get through one's time is to spend it according to a fixed rule. I am sorrowful at being so far from you, but, strictly speaking, I am not dull; I read and think and muse, and the latter occupation affords me pleasure. You would laugh could you know with what plans, what wishes, and even with what delusions, my imagination fills up the void around me. Sometimes I build castles in the air of every kind; at others I hold conversations with interesting people; I imagine speeches for my interlocutors, which I answer; I narrate and descant, and all this with my arms folded, in an easy-chair, or in my bed, waiting for sleep, which does not come so easily as of yore. Do not think, however, that I amuse myself with mere empty dreaming. There is something serious and reasonable in my reveries. I moralize, I argue, I strengthen within myself the principles in which I was brought up, and which have been confirmed by the happiness that you have bestowed on me. I replace the fond illusions of my youth with truths from which I endeavor to get all the consolation possible. Although I have learned, by an experience I did not seek, to distrust human nature, I nevertheless try not to mistake my true friends. To conclude: I tell myself that real wisdom is not to be found in heart-breaking suspicion, but that to preserve one's own heart pure, and to allow one's self to be deceived with a certain facility, is perhaps the best way of obtaining all the happiness this world affords.

PARIS, *Monday*, 12 Messidor, Year XIII.
(July 1, 1805.)

I am writing to you in the midst of constant interruption. Since early this morning I have a stream of visitors to console me in my solitude. I dare not close my door against them, for friends and kinsfolk, knowing that my mother has left me, seem to have agreed to meet each other here; and yet the real way to make myself forget the slow lapse of time is to spend it in conversing with you. When writing to you, I regret nothing but your absence. I am thinking, therefore, by way of consolation in my retirement, of always keeping on my desk a letter to you partly written, to which I can add a few words when I feel more sorrowful than usual. You may be sure, too, that my book of sermons will not be neglected. The grand answer to unbelievers is

the need of religion which we are always brought to feel by sorrow and trials. For my own part, I know that religion has given me comfort that I could have found in no other way; and yet I am but little advanced on the path, and I even feel that I should never wish to advance so far as to prefer anything to the dear and beloved friend of my heart.

What are you now doing? How I dread that you may be suffering from heat and fatigue! How your migratory life must tire you; mind and body in constant movement, only the heart in repose! For, notwithstanding all that our returned travelers have told me of the beauty of Italian eyes, I cannot for one moment doubt that you have always turned away at once from their glances, rather than fail in those vows of fidelity to me, from which I will, on no pretext whatever, relieve you. I must not, however, include Corvisart among the admirers of the ladies of Milan. He took with him the *ennui* with which his life is everywhere burdened, and he came back dissatisfied with all he had seen. M. de Tournon appeared to me better pleased,* and I suspect he employed his time better than our Esculapius. He rather amused me by his account of the busily idle life you are leading now. He declares that he is quite convinced that pleasure does not abide in palaces. I believe it, alas! but I feel how easily it might dwell with us, if we could abandon ourselves to the delicious sentiments on which you, as it were, nourished my youth. Were those golden and swiftly passing days the happiest that I shall ever know? I greatly fear so. I know not whether it is that our years, as they accumulate, bringing with them an involuntary knowledge of the truth, fill us also with dread of the future, or whether I possess a secret presentiment of the fate that awaits us, but in any case I own to a fear that we shall never again enjoy a peaceful existence. Far from being prodigal of my time and my happiness, as I used to be five or six years ago, I am becoming miserly over them. I grieve for the loss of either; I begin to perceive that if we suffer the present to escape us, it is irretrievably lost, and I suffer acutely, for instance, at the thought that I am perhaps destined often to be deprived of your dear presence.

I saw yesterday two of our friends who are far more fortunate than we, Mollien† and his wife. They have bought a small country house in

*M. Camille de Tournon-Simiane, chamberlain to the Emperor, prefect of Rome, and subsequently prefect of Bordeaux, was born in 1778. He died in 1833.

†M. Mollien was not as yet at the head of the treasury; he directed the Caisse d'Amortissement. He was born in 1758, and died in 1850. His wife, who was an amiable and superior woman, died, aged more than ninety, in 1880. To the last she clung to the memory of her husband and of those early times, so peaceful for her, while for others they were so disturbed. She was lady-in-waiting to Queen Maria Amélie.

which they reside. Every morning the husband goes to the Caisse d'Amortissement, where he is employed, and labors honorably for his master and his country. At five o'clock he comes home to dinner, and passes the evening with his family. He has invested all his money in this little property; there are seventeen acres of land, which he amuses himself in laying out, and on which he counts every bit of timber. He is contented with his lot; talked at length with me on the subject, and he wishes for nothing beyond. His salary is sufficient for his wants, the Emperor trusts him, he is respected by worthy people, and he smiles in private at the fear of him which certain ambitious enemies feel, and at the dislike they choose to cultivate, whereas had they taken the trouble to know him, they would see he is too moderate a man to be in any way a dangerous rival. I listened to his account of his position, of his devotion to the Emperor, of his simple, quiet tastes, with the more pleasure that I discerned some likeness to you in his description of himself, and this similarity, flattering to both, lent a great charm to his conversation. Both he and his wife seemed pleased at my visit, and I promised to go there again with you.

PARIS, *Tuesday*, 13 Messidor, Year XIII.
(July 2, 1805.)

I went yesterday to Romainville. I had given offense by my neglect; it was my first visit there since you left me, and Madame de Montesson * scolded me for not taking advantage of my liberty to go a little more into society. This is a very general reproach, and I feel it is deserved, yet I have no wish to correct my failings in that respect. What I like most, when you are away, is to divide my time between my mother and my son. . . .

To return to Madame de Montesson. I found her looking ill and trying to amuse herself by superintending improvements in her house. She is so changed, and the contrast is so great between her appearance and the elegance and luxury surrounding her, I could not help being struck by it. It was as if she were adorning her grave. You see that I am still somewhat inclined to melancholy thoughts caused by solitude and separation from you; and I do not reject them, for they are not really saddening except when the effect of a sorrow for which there is no remedy; when they have hope for a companion there is a charm about them, to which I willingly abandon myself.

* Madame de Montesson died a few months later, on February 6, 1806. She was half-sister to Madame de Genlis.

I have already told you, I think, that I have taken up Roman history, which I had not looked at since I was a girl of fifteen. It used to delight my youthful imagination, and I like it still but in a different way. Alas! *mon ami*, I have grown old.* I feel no enthusiasm, as formerly, for those austere republicans; our own troubles have opened my eyes to their ostentatious virtues. I admire something I read by Saint-Evremond on this subject. He gives an excellent explanation of the rustic simplicity of the early inhabitants of Rome, which he contends was not virtue, but simply ignorance of any other mode of life. "In spite of what posterity has tried to make us believe," he says, "their valor was nothing but ferocity, and obstinacy, with them, took the place of knowledge. Far from being urged on by a sense of superiority, the Romans, in the early days of their republic, were but dishonest neighbors, who by main force cultivated the fields of others." However, I do not expect that you will find in the Italy of to-day any trace of those early Roman manners, whether they were the outcome of virtue or of ignorance, and nothing less than the presence of a great man like our master would suffice, I believe, to rouse the nation from the lethargy in which she is steeped, and which made Duclos always say, *the Italians of Rome*. To such a mind as yours it must be a curious and interesting study to watch the point to which his glory will succeed in arousing them. While he creates new peoples, so to speak, during his triumphant progress, France herself must be a striking spectacle to all beholders. Her navy, formed in two years, after a destructive revolution, and at the present moment taking the offensive against an enemy that has long carelessly despised it; her tranquillity in the absence of her ruler; and, lastly, her government that has not suffered in any part of its administration during this long absence! All these things are sufficient to excite surprise and admiration, and to kindle the imagination of the ardent. I own that I am not yet too old for enthusiasm of this kind. . .

PARIS, *Wednesday Morning*, 14 Messidor, Year XIII.
(July 3, 1805.)

. . . Pray tell the Empress that I saw at Guérin's a portrait of her that only requires two sittings more, and is an admirable likeness and painting. It is really charming. It gives all the delicacy of her features and the expression of her eyes; in fact, it is perfection, and I wish it were mine. Thank her also for the kindness with which she receives my letters. Of course I should like to have a few lines from

* She was then twenty-five years of age.

her, but I do not presume to expect it. Herbaut, whom I have just seen, tells me she is going direct to Plombières. Shall we join her there? Would you be free?

I saw Mademoiselle Contat yesterday; she had written so often and pressed me so much to receive her, that I thought I could not continue to refuse. She told me that Talma's illness is taking the form of such violent nervous attacks that sometimes he is not quite himself. If this be true, the poor Comédie Française will be in a bad way. At the present time there is absolutely no money taken; the best pieces fail to attract. It is not the fault of the actors, for their repertory is good and they all act; but the weather is warm and the small theaters are crowded. The latter constantly give pieces which excite curiosity, either by their extravagance or, what is worse, their indecency and Racine and Molière are forsaken for the coarse farces of the Boulevards. I saw some of them last week with mamma, and we had great difficulty in obtaining places for "Le Revenant de Bérézule," and "La Guerrière des Sept Montagnes." * Poor Mahérault is quite paralyzed, because your actors all complain that they are not earning anything. "Les Templiers" would bring in some money, but Talma's illness has put a stop to it. Thus, you are longed for and expected; they come every day to inquire about your return, and perhaps when they have seen you and given you no end of trouble they will be no better pleased, for such are comedians—I was going to say, such are men.

PARIS, *Friday*, 16 Messidor, Year XIII.
(July 5, 1805.)

I resume my journal, *cher ami*. I was unable to continue writing it yesterday, although I was for the greater part of the day at home. After beginning the morning as usual by thinking of you, I next went out to buy the chairs for your room. I have now arranged them and your books also, so all is ready to receive you. I made haste to prepare the room, as if by so doing I could hasten your return. At any rate, it made me think of it, and thus almost enjoy it beforehand. Afterwards I amused myself by putting my papers, as I call them, in

* The melodrama, "Le Revenant de Bérézule," was brought out at the Ambigu, on 7 Messidor, Year XIII. (June 26, 1808). The ostensible author was M. François, and the real author, Madame de Bawr, narrates in her "Memoirs" that the piece failed so utterly, that, after having made her escape at the end of the first act, she could still, from the Boulevards, hear the hisses. No doubt it was improved afterwards. "La Guerrière des Sept Montagnes," or "La Laitière des Bords du Rhin," is also a melodrama.

order, and by reading over the effusions of my childhood, to which in early days I attached so much importance, and which have acquired it since, from the happiness of the time to which they carry me back. This interesting reading and my sweet reveries whiled away the time for me until two o'clock, and then Madame de Ganay arrived, with whom I had a pleasant talk. She is nice and seems friendly; I like her extremely. Afterwards I saw Corvisart, who annoyed me about my health, and pleased me by the good opinion of you which he is always ready to express.

I dined alone; but did not pass a solitary evening, for Madame Devaines, M. Simeon, Abbé Morellet, Gallois, my sister, MM. de Lacretelle, Desfaucherets,* and Raynouard came in rather early. The latter, to whom I had written a note of thanks for the two copies of his play that he had sent me, had asked my permission to be introduced to me. His slight Provençal accent delights me; he is simple in manner and well bred. He speaks modestly of his success, and gratefully of the kindness of the public. He is not blind to the faults of his piece, and desires very much to obtain for it the approbation of the Emperor,† to whom he says he is indebted for valuable criticism on the occasion when it was read to his Majesty by Fontanes.

He recited some beautiful lines from his "États de Blois," which, however, he is no hurry to produce, fearing that after his recent triumph very much will be expected of him. He is quite ready to cede his rights to other authors; for instance, to Legouvé, who has just finished his tragedy, "La Mort de Henri Quartre," to which he attaches great importance. On the whole, I am pleased with M. Raynouard. We read together Geoffroy's last attack on him and M. de Lalande. He says he is under an obligation to Geoffroy's paper for censure, which has given him celebrity, and he is determined never to reply to it, because Fontenelle was greatly admired for his silence under similar provocation; his enemies being driven at last to entitle their pamphlets "Résponse au Silence de M. de Fontenelle."

I have finished "Saint-Evremond," which I like very much. I am now reading "La Décadence des Romains," and I think with M. Ber-

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* M. de Lacretelle, junior, the friend of Madame d'Houdetôt, was a member of the French Academy. M. Desfaucherets, author of the comedy called "Le Mariage Secret."

† He did not obtain this approbation, if we may believe the "Memoirs de M. de Beausset." "It is probable," said the Emperor, "that if M. Geoffroy's paper had not said so much against the piece, others would have said less for it."

trand, that Montesquieu has made great use of this early author, who is not now sufficiently read. Their opinions are often the same, and expressed sometimes in identical language. What I like least, as the result of these studies of mine, are the Romans themselves—the turbulent, irritable Romans. Notwithstanding the courage and tenacity of their senate, whose conduct through whole centuries I cannot help admiring, my opinion is—and it is shared fortunately by many others—that a monarchy is the best form of government for a nation, and I have a womanly inclination even for a little despotism. When I have finished Montesquieu I shall take up Tacitus, if you give me enough time. Had I leisure I would try it in Latin, in which I beg to inform you that I am improving. Charles's Latin lessons are of great use to me, and I am present at them as much for my own sake as for his. I feel that it would be my favorite study, perhaps because of the beauty of the language in itself, or because I have a natural turn for that kind of work, or—and this is the most likely—because it recalls a time when you first taught me, and there was a charm in every pursuit that brought us together.

I have just been interrupted by M. Dudemaine,* who came to take leave; he goes into Provence on Monday, and hopes to see the Emperor there, because he has been told that a petition was to be addressed to his majesty, praying him to visit that part of the country. I dare not hope that he may be disappointed, for I am half a Provençale myself, and it seems that our province needs sorely a visit from its master. People say he is displeased with the prefect; but does mankind ever speak well of those in authority over them? and does not their pride almost always lead them to revenge themselves on those who rule them by censure?

PARIS, *Saturday*, 17 Messidor, Year XIII.
(July 6, 1805.)

I am beginning to care less for my desk, and the anticipation of a far higher pleasure rather spoils that of writing. Is it possible that I shall soon see you again? The very thought is a delight to my poor heart, so saddened by your long absence. I rejoice over it more than I can express. Time no longer hangs heavily, the house no longer is gloomy; it will soon be your abode, and I begin to take pleasure in it once more.

After this little outpouring, I take up my journal again, which cannot be very lively reading for you, but amuses me to write. Yesterday,

* M. Dudemaine was son-in-law to Madame de Foresta, my grandfather's half-sister.

after finishing my letter, I gave a very nice little dinner to Mesdames de Ganay, Sannoise, Nansouty, and M. Bertrand. After dinner they went to the opera, and I stayed at home with the Abbé Morellet, who had come in to see me, and with M. Pasquier. I took a little walk with these two gentlemen, and so ended the day. I went to breakfast this morning with Mesdames de Sainte-Aldegonde, who are no others than Mesdemoiselles d'Aumont;* they were both married a few days ago. I inclose a letter which they beg you to present to the Empress. They do not forget what they owe to her Majesty, and they are both happy and grateful. This is very nice and also very rare. There was nothing very noteworthy in the remainder of the day. I dined alone, and then showed myself at the archchancellor's; he has resumed his receptions after a serious illness. The crowd was immense; people just came for a moment and then disappeared. I met Madame de Lucchesini; she told me she had frequently seen you, that the Empress looked lovely at the coronation, and that the Emperor has grown stout. She also told me about the fêtes, which, she said, were splendid. I finished my evening at the Français. "Le Philosophe sans le savoir" was admirably acted, but nobody there to see it. Your actors are in despair at this desertion of their theater, and Talma's illness is a crowning misfortune. He is a little better, but in a state of depression and melancholy that requires attention, and his comrades want him, ill or well, to act with them. I was greatly pleased at seeing "Le Philosophe" again, though it made me cry.

You will find us all here together on your return, but when are you coming? The archchancellor told me the Emperor had said nothing on the subject. On the other hand, M. de Fleurien † has gone to Fontainebleau. Are you going to Marseilles? Will our master take that additional journey? What activity! what strength! I think Boileau's line might be applied to him:

"Le ciel met sur le trône un prince infatigable."

Sunday Evening.

I will begin my letter while waiting for your Bouffons, who are to be presented to me this morning by Picard, and to sing something

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* Mesdemoiselles d'Aumont were two sisters, who had a great friendship for my grandmother. She had succeeded in obtaining the restoration of their property as emigrants. They were married on the same day to two brothers. One of these was a deputy under the Restoration.

† M. de Fleurien, formerly a naval officer, was intendant of the Emperor's household.

for me. Their public performances will begin soon, but they wished me to see them first, and I very willingly consented.

I received this morning a letter from Deschamps, which the Empress was so good as to direct him to write to me. She kindly says that she would write herself but for her grief at this painful separation from her son. I can sympathize with her. There is no heartfelt sorrow that I cannot compassionate. Poor mothers and wives too often pay for your vanities with their tears, but, if I may say so without offense, those acute feelings procure them a joy of which you can form no idea; and this seems to me so precious an advantage, that in spite of all the drawbacks of a woman's position, in spite even of the delicacy of my health, which I owe probably to my sex, I would not exchange it for yours. What is the reason of this preference, *mon cher ami?* I leave it for you to guess. Ask your own heart, and you will soon be answered.

I am going to dine with the elder Madame Devaines, and afterwards to pay a few visits. I am taking advantage of my liberty, for on Wednesday my little schoolboy comes back to me, and then I shall have but very few leisure moments. My mother writes to me that his improved health convinces her more than ever that he ought to spend a part of every year in the country, to strengthen his constitution. I have several ideas on the subject which I will confide to you. I don't think they will be difficult to carry out. But I hear our musicians arriving; so adieu, until after the concert.

Sunday Evening.

I am quite tired out with listening and talking to so many persons, whom I could barely understand. Your Bouffons, however, met with approval from the amateurs who came here to listen to them. However, we made some criticisms; none, however, on their appearance. The ladies are all pretty, very pretty. La Crespy—for I must call her as she calls herself—is very nice-looking, and her voice is, I think, very fine. Madame Megliorruchi's is worn, and she sings out of tune. Mademoiselle Salucchi has a beautiful voice, but does not know how to use it. The *bouffon*, I think, will make us regret Martinelli, but you know that particular style is not adapted for a room. There is one superb bass, and another rather the worse for wear, but good nevertheless. Nozzari is best of all, but he complains of being the only tenor.* We hear there will be another beautiful female voice. I have

* The Italian opera had been opened in Paris, at the Olympic Theater, Rue de la Victoire, in 1801, under the management of Mademoiselle Montansier, who in 1802 re-

now given you my opinion, which perhaps you did not want. You are a judge of beauty, *monsieur*, and will be congratulated, when you arrive, on the pretty faces you have picked up on your travels. Whereupon I kiss you and say adieu. I am now going to Madame Devaines's. All the morning I have been talking the most wretched Italian, which, however, delighted the poor foreigners, who do not know a word of French.

PARIS, *Monday Morning*, 19 Messidor, Year XIII.
(July 8, 1805.)

. . . I must tell you that I am delighted with Montesquieu. I had never read the "Décadence" steadily before, but this time I read it at leisure and with profit. I wished for you, however, first because I like you to share in all my pleasures and pursuits, and next because you could have explained certain things to me, and set me right on others; it would have been a help. Only that I know your time is fully occupied, I would tell you all that struck me most in the book. It must be an excellent guide for those who want to write or *make* a history. The author seems to have been in the secret of every political movement, he points out so accurately the hidden springs of each. One thing struck me very much; on several occasions he seems to have foreseen and explained our Revolution. If we read him attentively, we can understand all our misfortunes and all our triumphs as well. "There can be no state," he says, "so threatening to others as the state involved in the horrors of a civil war. Every man becomes a soldier, and when peace is made within it, such a state has great advantages over others whose subjects are mostly mere citizens."* What think you of this? But I should copy the whole book, if I were to write you all that struck me. I am so pleased with the "Décadence," that I feel inclined to try the "Esprit des Lois;" but would it be too difficult? I shall wait for you to decide.

I went to Suresnes this morning to breakfast with Madame de Vaudemont. She has a charming place there; one would never think the village was near. Everything is very simple and in good taste; the

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moved it to the Salle Favart. In 1804 Pickard was appointed manager of the opera under the direction of the first chamberlain, and established it at the Salle Louvois, where his company acted together with the Comédiens Français. It was there that the tenor Garcia, father of Mesdames Malibran and Viardot, made his first appearance in 1808.

* "Considerations sur les Causes de la Grandeur des Romains et de leur Décadence," chapter xi.

garden is full of flowers, the air is scented, there is a lawn, and a lovely view; in fact, I was charmed and envious. It would suit us exactly! It is but a mile from St. Cloud, and quite near Paris, and then it is a tiny place, and just fit for us. I should never wish for anything better.

On returning I called to take leave of Madame de Ganay, who goes away to-morrow. I shall miss her very much. Both my mother and I like her. During her stay here, she had become intimate, I don't know how, with Madame de Fontanes, who often spoke to her of you. Among other things, she told her that Fontanes thought very highly of your keen and sound judgment, and that you were highly informed and yet agreeable. Only that I fear to offend your modesty, I should say that he estimates you rightly, and that, for my own part, I must admit (and this without laying myself open to a charge of partiality) that the more I see of society, and the more I listen to others, the more also do I appreciate you. By-the-by, somebody asked me yesterday if you were ambitious? The question surprised me at first; not that I should have found any difficulty in replying, but because experience, which I am gaining in spite of myself, warns me always to seek for the motive of questions before answering them. Alas! the time is past when I believed them all to proceed from good-natured interest!

TO M. DE RÉMUSAT AT STRASBURG.*

PARIS, *Saturday*, 26 Fructidor, Year XIII.
(September 13, 1805.)

I intended writing to you yesterday, but I was tired out, and lay down all day. To-day I am perfectly well. You may believe me, for in an hour's time I shall be starting for St. Cloud, and you know I never stir unless my health allows of it. I received a short letter from you on Thursday, which would have deeply grieved me, only that by the time it reached me I hoped your mind was set at ease. It is true that I was ill after you left me, but not so ill as you imagine, and I should not now say a word about it but for your affectionate inquiries.

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* The Emperor, who had returned to Paris from Genoa, in July, 1805, went again at the beginning of August to Boulogne, in order to be present at the departure of the army. War had just been declared. He returned shortly afterwards to Malmaison, and prepared to set out for Germany (where he gained the victory of Austerlitz), and his first chamberlain received orders to proceed to Strasburg and prepare for the arrival of the Emperor and Empress. The latter was to remain at Strasburg during the war, while the Emperor and part of his household went to the front.

I am quite well; pray do not be anxious and add unnecessary pain to the grief of separation.

I spent Thursday evening at St. Cloud. There was a performance in the theater of two pieces by the Opéra Comique. It was a little languid, but in other respects amusing, and the Emperor seemed pleased. After the play he went to his own apartments, and I remained for nearly an hour with the Empress and a few other persons, among whom was our new companion, Madame de Canisy, who had been appointed that morning. She is extremely pretty.

Her Majesty told me that the "Femmes Savantes" would probably be performed in a short time. The actors have been warned, so the piece is ready. Mahérault, who called on me this morning, is my informant. He is taking the Tivoli baths, and this prevents him from writing to you as often as he would like. He asked me to tell you that he had proposed to punish Mademoiselle Georges, but that the committee opposed it, as she is not altogether in the wrong, and that they had decided on a fine, with the proviso that, if you thought fit, severer measures should be resorted to. Mahérault says the word *prison* struck terror into them all. He is always wishing for you, for he feels too unwell to rule with a strong hand. The actors are complaining of Mademoiselle Raucourt, who is still in the country and never acts. Your commissioner will write you particulars of all this in a few days. But as delay is the darling sin of the majority of mankind, Desfaucherets has not yet drawn up his statement; he sends me continual excuses and completes nothing. I scolded him both on your account and my own, and he assures me that you shall soon have it.

We are in very low spirits here. Alice spends her time crying because Nansouty has joined the army, and my own regrets are silenced by her grief. Moreover, our friends the Chérons leave Paris to-morrow, and my mother will miss them greatly. Our winter will be a dull one; the future is so misty that we dare rely on nothing, and we are again in the state of uncertainty from which we were just beginning to emerge. It is a curious fact, but the uneasiness and anxiety I cannot help feeling under the circumstances disappear when I find myself in the presence of him who nevertheless is their cause. On Thursday night, at the St. Cloud theater, when I beheld the calm countenance of the Emperor, I felt tranquilized and assured of peace and of our future. When he first entered his box, he looked grave but not anxious. Towards the end he often laughed, and I felt tempted to thank him for his gaiety, and to augur well from the hopes it permitted me to entertain.

If you care for a piece of news, I may tell you that Count Rumford

has come back, and all the members of Madame Lavoisier's * circle have fled at his approach. As they know not where to go, I have taken pity on them without one reproach for their assiduity elsewhere. A coquette complains; a lover suffers; a friend alone can always enjoy without drawback the pleasures of the present moment.

Did I give you the names of the ladies-in-waiting who go to Strasburg? I cannot recollect. Writing so frequently, I fear to repeat myself; there is so little for me to tell! I seldom go out; I see few persons, and always the same few, and they always say just the same things. When alone, I read; that is my great resource. During your stay in Italy, I used to write to you on Roman history; now the history of France, which I have just taken up, will be my subject. It is not an edifying one. Our proud and boastful nation has always been as inconsistent, and frequently as unjust and as cruel as others. The following reflection occurred to me: judging from the excesses into which she has plunged, France is less adapted than other nations for liberal self-government. I ventured on airing this opinion before our old friend,† but you should have heard him lecture me on my hankering after despotism! "He was not surprised, however—all women have a leaning that way." This reminds me that one evening, when with two other ladies I was playing at cards with the Emperor, and he had been amusing himself with some of the small gossip of which feminine conversations usually consist, he said laughingly, "*Nous autres femmes*," and I was greatly inclined to answer, "*Nous autres rois.*" But how I am gossiping! Adieu. I am now going to St. Cloud, and will resume my letter when I get back.

Sunday Morning.

Bon jour, mon ami. I begin my day, as usual, by thinking of you, and I allow myself the pleasure, besides, of telling you so directly I wake. I went to St. Cloud yesterday. The Empress, who as usual was kindness itself, expressed a wish to see me oftener. I asked her permission to stay a few days with her, to which she consented with a readiness that went straight to my heart. To-morrow, therefore, I shall take up my abode in that royal palace, which, between ourselves, seems to me gloomier than ever. I know not how it is, but each day seems to increase the general reserve and suspicion. People seem half afraid of conversing even on the most trivial subjects; there seems to

* Count Rumford, a German, born in America, was paying his addresses to Madame Lavoisier, whom he afterwards married.

† This old friend must be the Abbé Morellet.

be a prevailing want of harmony, and yet, could all hearts be opened, I feel sure that the sentiments of each would be extraordinarily alike. For my own part, I glide quietly on my way, without pretensions of any kind, and as I stand in no one's path, I am treated with great civility, and I think I am not disliked. Only that I have a real affection for the Empress, I confess I should have found it hard to leave my mother and children while you are away, but I owe her so much love and gratitude, and I have no opportunity of showing them except by attending on her. I must not complain, therefore, since my actions are nearly always regulated by my affections.

ST. CLOUD, *Tuesday*, 30 Fructrido, Year XIII.
(September 17, 1805.)

I am writing to you from St. Cloud. I arrived here yesterday evening, and now I am far from all those I love best. My mother was rather depressed at my leaving her, for she will be quite alone. Our friends the Chérons are on their way to Poitiers. You can imagine how she will miss them and what a deprivation it is for Charles; they were both quite sorrowful at losing me. But the Empress is so kind to me; and then, as she herself is on the point of departure, I was anxious to spend a few days with her. She is delighted at the return of Princess Louis. Both mother and daughter wept with joy on meeting; they have been truly happy together, which is rare in their high station, and perhaps not very frequent in a lower rank of life.

Prince Louis strikes me as being thinner and feeble; his little son is a fine child. They left us at eight o'clock, and we remained, a party of ladies only, until it was time to retire. As you may imagine, the conversation was not very lively. It turned partly on the neglect with which we are treated by you gentlemen of the Emperor's household, and we asked ourselves, but of course without obtaining any satisfactory answer, why you are not more attentive to us. Afterwards the Emperor sent for the Empress and we withdrew. I saw M. de Caulaincourt for a moment and gave him your message. He thinks the court will depart on the 1st or 2d of the month, so you will soon see their majesties, and we shall be reduced to solitude again.

Immediately on waking this morning I threw open my shutters, and the first person I saw was the Emperor walking in the park. He is the first to rise and the last to retire, always ready and active. May Heaven protect and watch over him! You may be sure that this will be the subject of my morning prayer.

You are very good to tell me about your Alsatian family; I quite

love the kind people who know how to appreciate you. Your assurances of affection give me such pleasure! I rely with entire confidence on their sincerity! Oh, *mon ami*, how sweet it is to have such a feeling! Our mutual affection seems like a haven of rest amid the storms of life; it will soothe all the sorrows that we are perhaps destined to endure, and will add to all our joys.

My mother begs you to thank Madame Dietrich* for her remembrance; she says she found her a charming woman, and retains a great regard for her. Adieu for the present. I must dress and go down to the Empress; I shall return to my letter afterwards.

Wednesday.

I was unable to resume my letter yesterday; not that I had much other occupation, but you know how the time slips by here, and although it is not actually employed in any way, still it is not at one's own disposal. In the morning the Empress received a great number of persons as usual, and while she was giving audiences and hearing petitions and complaints of all kinds, I sat at work in a corner of the room, thinking of you, my dearest, and of the devoted affection that makes my life happy and dear to me. Madame de S—— was by my side, and, without malice, I could perhaps tell of what or of *whom* she was thinking; for, between ourselves, she makes no attempt to conceal the object of her thoughts nor the pleasure they give her. She is very often here, and says *openly* that their majesties take great pleasure in her society and in her conversation. This I can easily believe; but by proclaiming the fact she excites a good deal of jealousy. She forgets that the world seldom forgives, especially in a woman, any triumph of which she appears in the least conscious.

Everything is being got ready here for immediate departure, and you will soon be in the midst of bustle, and I in profound quiet. How dull and sad I shall be until the day of your return! How uninteresting everything is when you are away!

I have been acting as first chamberlain this morning. The Emperor has commanded the "Menteur" for to-morrow at St. Cloud. I wrote immediately to Mahérault; I gave orders about the scenery; in fact, you would be pleased with all the pains I have taken with the performance. I should like his majesty to recognize your zeal in the perfection

* Madame Dietrich was the widow, I believe, of the Mayor of Strasburg, who had perished in the Revolution, and the mother of Madame Scipion Perier and Madame de Sahune.

of the piece, and to feel that you and I are in partnership in our desire to please him.

My mother writes that her little favorite is perfectly well. I saw her for a moment last night at the opera, whither I accompanied the Empress. "Don Giovanni" was performed, but, notwithstanding the beauty of the music, was not a great success. Parisians follow the fashion in affecting to admire Mozart, but they are not sufficient musicians to appreciate his genius. I must admit also that the opera was not particularly well rendered. The Emperor was not present—he waited to hear the verdict; perhaps he will go on Friday to take leave of the Parisians.

Adieu. I must now rise and find my way downstairs. I am expecting my poor Alix, who is full of all sorts of anxiety; you can understand why. What vexations and crosses there are in life! On the other hand, what blessings and delights when the journey is made with you!

THE WILL OF NAPOLEON.

This 15th of April, 1821, at Longwood, Island of Helena. This is my Testament, or Act of my last Will.

1. I die in the Apostolical and Roman religion, in the bosom of which I was born more than fifty years ago.

2. It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well.*

3. I have always had reason to be pleased with my dearest wife, Maria Louisa. I retain for her, to the last moment, the most tender sentiments. I beseech her to watch, in order to preserve my son from the snares which yet environ his infancy.

4. I recommend to my son never to forget that he was born a French prince, and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirs who oppress the nations of Europe: he ought never to fight against France, or to injure her in any manner; he ought to adopt my motto:—*Everything for the French people.*

5. I die prematurely, assassinated by the English oligarchy and its tool. The English nation will not be slow in avenging me.

6. The two unfortunate results of the invasions of France, when she had still so many resources, are to be attributed to the treason of Marmont, Augereau, Talleyrand and Lafayette.† I forgive them—may the posterity of France forgive them as I do!

7. I thank my good and most excellent mother, the cardinal, my brothers Joseph, Lucien, Jerome, Pauline, Caroline, Julie, Hortense,

* This wish remained unfulfilled till 1840, when the government of Louis Philippe brought back Napoleon's body and deposited it in the Invalides.

† Marmont had destroyed all hopes of resistance in 1814 by taking over his corps to the enemy. Augereau had resisted the enemy in the south without any energy. Talleyrand had assumed the government in 1814, and had handed over all the foreign fortressess still held by France to the allies. Lafayette in 1815 had stirred up the Chambers against the Emperor; see "Du Casse," tome x. p. 234.

Catherine, Eugene, for the interest they have continued to feel for me.* I pardon Louis for the libel he published in 1820; it is replete with false assertions and falsified documents.

8. I disavow the "Manuscript of St. Helena," and other works, under the title of "Maxims, Sayings," etc., which persons have been pleased to publish for the last six years. Such are not the rules which have guided my life. I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be arrested and tried because that step was essential to the safety, interest and honor of the French people, when the Comte d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances I should act in the same way.†

II.

1. I bequeath to my son the boxes, orders and other articles, such as my plate, field-bed, arms, saddles, spurs, chapel-plate, books, linen which I have been accustomed to wear and use, according to the list annexed (A). It is my wish that this slight bequest may be dear to him, as recalling the memory of a father of whom the universe will discourse to him.

2. I bequeath to Lady Holland‡ the antique cameo which Pope Pius VI. gave me at Tolentino.

3. I bequeath to Count Montholon§ two millions of francs, as a proof of my satisfaction for the filial attentions he has paid me during six years, and as an indemnity for the losses his residence at St. Helena has occasioned him.

4. I bequeath to Count Bertrand‖ five hundred thousand francs.

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* "The Cardinal" was Fesch, half-brother of Napoleon's mother (by a second marriage of her mother). "Julie" was Julie Clary, the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. "Catherine" was the daughter of the King of Würtemberg and wife of Jerome Bonaparte.

† This work, "Manuscrit Venue Sainte de Hélène d'une manière inconnue" (London, Murray: Bruxelles, De Mat, 1817), was really written by the Marquis Lullin de Chateauvieux ("Matternich" vol, i. p. 312). See Savary (tome ii. pp. 377-378) as to the view that this statement about the Duc d'Enghien is not to be taken literally, but rather as a protest against the idea of any of Napoleon's functionaries daring such an act without his orders. His judgment might be deceived, but his power could not be trifled with.

‡ Lord and Lady Holland had been perseveringly kind in sending to St. Helena all that could alleviate the weariness of Napoleon's captivity.

§ Count Montholon afterwards accompanied the nephew of Napoleon, Prince, (afterwards the Emperor) Louis Napoleon, in his attempt on Boulogne in 1840. When tried the count declared that he who had received the last sigh of the martyr of St. Helena, and who had closed his eyes, could not abandon his nephew: he was sentenced to twenty years' detention, but pardoned after the escape of the prince. He only died in 1853, seeing Louis Napoleon Emperor of the French.

‖ General Comte Henri Gratien Bertrand, a distinguished engineer officer, had taken

5. I bequeath to Marchand, my chief *valet de chambre*, four hundred thousand francs. The services he has rendered me are those of a friend; it is my wish that he should marry the widow, sister or daughter of an officer or soldier of my Old Guard.

6. Item. To Saint Denis one hundred thousand francs.

7. Item. To Novarre (Noverraz) one hundred thousand francs.

8. Item. To Peyron one hundred thousand francs.

9. Item. To Archambaud fifty thousand francs.

10. Item. To Corsor twenty-five thousand francs.

11. Item. To Chandell the same. *

12. To the Abbé Vignale † one hundred thousand francs. It is my wish that he should build his house near the Ponte Novo de Rostino.

13. Item. To Count Les Cases ‡ one hundred thousand francs.

14. Item. To Count Lavallette § one hundred thousand francs.

15. Item. To Larrey, ‖ surgeon-in-chief, one hundred thousand francs. He is the most virtuous man I have known.

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the post of Grand Maréchal du Palais when Duroc was killed in 1813. He accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, and in 1840 was one of the commission sent out by the French government to bring back the body of Napoleon. His body now lies close to that of the master to whom he was alike faithful in good and bad fortune.

* Marchand, Saint-Denis, Novaore, Peyron, Archambaud, and Corsor had all accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, and were sent in 1840 as part of the expedition to bring back the body of the Emperor of France. Chandell came out as cook with the *Abbés* and *Antommarchi* in 1820.

† The young Abbé Vignale had been sent out in 1820 by Cardinal Fesch with the Abbé Buonavita, who had returned to Europe in March, 1821. Vignale had performed the last rites for Napoleon.

‡ The Comte (Dieudonné) de Las Cases, originally a naval officer, had retired to England during the Revolution, where he composed his historical "Atlas" under the name of "La Sage" ("Memorial," tome iii. p. 279), but re-entered France during the consulate and became one of the chamberlains of Napoleon. He accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, but was ordered away by Sir Hudson Lowe in 1816, when he himself was anxious to return to Europe, partly for the health of his son and partly to plead the cause of Napoleon. Arrived in Europe he tried to induce the sovereigns of the alliance to intervene in the treatment of Napoleon, but failed. He wrote the "Memorias de Sainte Helene." His son, Emmanuel, who was with him at St. Helena, was the Las Cases who accompanied the expedition to bring back the body in 1840.

§ Lavallette had married a niece of Josephine, but the mention of him here is due to his condemnation by the Bourbons.

‖ Baron Jean Dominique Larrey served as surgeon with Napoleon for many years, earning a high reputation with the army for his skill, courage and devotion. This gift is due to the fact mentioned in the "Memorial," tome. vi. pp. 371-374. Napoleon in 1813 became uneasy at the number of conscripts who were found after the battles injured in their hands, and who were believed to have maimed themselves purposely to avoid service. Larrey opposed this belief, and eventually braving Napoleon's anger at his interference, proved that the injuries were caused by the inexperience of the men who, when in the rear ranks, fired against the hands of those in front—a thing easy to do in the three and four deep formation of the French.

16. Item. To General Brayer * one hundred thousand francs.

17. Item. To General Lefebvre-Desnouettes † one hundred thousand francs.

18. Item. To General Drouot ‡ one hundred thousand francs.

19. Item. To General Cambronne § one hundred thousand francs.

20. Item. To the children of General Mouton Duvernet ‖ one hundred thousand francs.

21. Item. To the children of the brave Labédoyère ¶ one hundred thousand francs.

22. Item. To the children of General Girard, ** killed at Ligny, one hundred thousand francs.

23. Item. To the children of General Chartran †† one hundred thousand francs.

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* General Brayer, with General Travôt, had been employed in 1815 in putting down the royalist insurrection in La Vendée, and was exempted from the amnesty. He was condemned to death on the 18th of September, 1816, but he had escaped abroad. See Vaulabelle's "Histoire des deux Restaurations," tome iii. p. 3, and tome iv. p. 210.

† General Comte Charles Lefebvre-Desnouettes, with the Lallemands, had attempted an *émeute* before Napoleon reached Paris, and was exempted from the amnesty and condemned to death. After fighting at Waterloo he fled to America, helped to form the Champ d'Asile in Texas, and perished in 1822 in a shipwreck on his passage to England.

‡ Drouot had accompanied Napoleon to and from Elba, and after Waterloo was retained by Davoust with the army as his influence with the Guard was important to keep that body in subjection to the Bourbons. He was tried by the Bourbons on 6th April, 1816, but as he had never taken service under them three members out of seven of the court acquitted him, and the charges, by French military law, dropped ("Vaulabelle," tome [illegible] pp. 193–195). See Napoleon's remarks on him in the "Memorial," tome ii., p. 369, and tome iv., p. 30, also the note in Alison, chap. lxxv., para 51, on Drouot's religious character. [illegible] took no further part in affairs. Lacordaire himself pronounced his funeral sermon.

§ General Baron de Cambronne, a rough old soldier, was in the same position as Drouot, and was tried on 20th April, 1816, but the court acquitted him ("Vaulabelle," tome iv., pp. 195–197).

‖ General Baron Mouton Duvernet, a distinguished general of division, exempted from the amnesty, after remaining a year in concealment gave himself up, and was tried on 15th July, and shot at Lyons on 29th July, 1 [illegible] ("Vaulabelle," tome iv., p. 207).

¶ Charles Hubert, Comte de Labédoyère, colonel of the Seventh Regiment, at garrison in Grenoble in 1815, brought his regiment over on the approach of Napoleon. He was tried on 14th August, and shot on 19th August, 1815, his widow having to pay the men who shot him; see "Vaulabelle," tome iii., pp. 455–466.

** Napoleon said to Girard's widow at Malmaison, "If all my generals had acted like the brave Girard I should not be here" ("Du Casse," tome vii., p. 15).

†† General Chartran had been sent by Napoleon, when he returned from Elba, to the south, where he stopped the efforts of De Vitrolles to form a royalist government and center of resistance, and escorted Vitrolles to Vincennes; see "Vitrolles," tome ii., pp. 407, 435. Although not exempted from the amnesty he was tried at Lille on 9th May, and shot there on 22d May, 1816 ("Vaulabelle," tome iv., p. 199). It is strange that he should have been then in France, as when Napoleon was at Malmaison Chartran had gone to him to get funds for leaving France; see "Vaulabelle," tome iii., p. 160.

24. Item. To the children of the virtuous General Travôt * one nundred thousand francs.

25. Item. To General Lallemand, the elder,† one hundred thousand francs.

26. Item. To Count Réal ‡ one hundred thousand francs.

27. Item. To Costa de Bastilica,§ in Corsica, one hundred thousand francs.

28. Item. To General Clausel ‖ one hundred thousand francs.

29. Item. To Baron de Meneval ¶ one hundred thousand francs.

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* General Travôt had been employed, in 1815, in putting down the insurrection in La Vendée, as he had been also in the earlier insurrections there. His name did not appear in any of the exemptions from the amnesties: indeed, he practically had the protection of three amnesties. But just befor the publication of the last amnesty, covering the cases of those against whom no sui had been begun, Clarke, the minister of war, telegraphed, using the old signal post (r telephores), to begin immediately a suit against Travôt. The former royalist Vendéean officers were now in the ascendant, and one of them, Canuel, wh in the days of the republic had foug t in the ranks of the "Bleus" against the Vendéans, and in 181 in the Vendéean ra ks against Travôt, was now appointed president of the court whi h tried Travôt on 18 h Mar h, and on 20th March condemned him to death, after which Canuel commenced an attack on the lawyers who had defended his victim. Trevôt owed hi life to the popu ati n of Rennes, who threatened to rescue him: only a weak military force was avail ble, so, at sixty years of age, his sentence was reduced to twenty years' imprisonment. He b..me insane; see "Vaulabelle," tome iv., pp. 189-212.

† General Baron Charles François Antoine La.lemand (with his brother, General Baron Henri Dominique Lallemand, and Lefebvre-Desnouettes) had attempted a military *emeute* before Napoleon reached Paris. He accompanied Napoleon to Plymouth, but not being allowed to go to St. Helena he fled to America, and formed the Champ d'Asile in Texas. He eventually returned, and was made a peer by Louis Philippe.

‡ Comte Pierre François Réal, employed under the empire in the higher police functions. His non-receipt of Napoleon's order to go to Vincennes was one of the causes of the death of the Duc d'Enghien. He was préfect of police during the *Cent Jours*, but fled. He was exiled by the Bourbons, but eventually returned to France.

§ Costa de Bastilica had protected the flight of Napoleon's mother and family on 23d May, 1793, when their house was burnt by the partisans of Paoli—an event which brought all the Bonapartes permanently to France (Iung's "Bonaparte," tome ii., p. 262). Truly, as his bitter critic has it, N poleon had a m mory.

‖ General Comte Bertrand Clause. w uld have been made a marshal by Napoleon had it not been for the disasters of 1814. lau l in 1813, commanded the Army of the North in Spain when his conduct, blamed by Joseph, was approved by Napoleon; see "Du Casse," tome ix. In 1815 h for ed th Duchesse d'Angoulême to abandon Bourdeaux. He was sentenced to dea h n 11th September, 1816 ("Vaulabelle," tome iv., p. 210), but the sentence was remitted by the interposition of the Duchesse d'Angoulême (Lacretelle, "Histoire de France depuis la Restauration," tome ii., p. 18). lausel had, however, got to America. He commanded in Algeria under Louis Philippe in 183 , and from 1835 to 1837. He was made marshal in 1831.

¶ Meneval, the successor of Bourrienne as secretary to Napoleon from 1802 to 1812, when he became chief secretary to Maria Louisa. He accompanied the Empress to Austria, but was allowed to rejoin Napoleon in 1815.

30. Item. To Arnault,* the author of "Marius," one hundred thousand francs.

31. Item. To Colonel Marbot one hundred thousand francs. I recommend him to continue to write in defense of the glory of the French armies, and to confound their calumniators and the apostates.

32. Item. To Baron Bignon† one hundred thousand francs. I recommend him to write the history of French diplomacy from 1792 to 1815.

33. Item. To Poggi de Talaro one hundred thousand francs.

34. Item. To Surgeon Emmery one hundred thousand francs.

35. These sums will be raised from the six millions which I deposited on leaving Paris in 1815, and from the interest at the rate of five per cent. since July, 1815. The account thereof will be settled with the banker by Counts Montholon, and Bertrand, and Marchand.

36. Whatever that deposit may produce beyond the sum of five millions six hundred thousand francs which have been above disposed of, shall be distributed as a gratuity amongst the wounded at the battle of Waterloo, and amongst the officers and soldiers of the battalion of the Isle of Elba, according to a scale to be determined upon by Montholon, Bertrand, Drouot, Cambronne, and the surgeon Larrey.

37. These legacies, in case of death, shall be paid to the widows and children; and in default of such, shall revert to the bulk of my property.

III.

1. My private domain being my property, of which I am not aware that any French law has deprived me, an account of it will be required from the Baron de la Bouillerie, the treasurer thereof: it ought to amount to more than two hundred millions of francs:—namely, 1. The portfolio, containing the savings which I made during fourteen years

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* Antoine Vincent Arnault, author of several tragedies, at one time an emigrant, accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, and was made member of the Institute. He sat in the chamber of representatives during the *Cent Jours*. On the second restoration he was exiled, and was deprived of his chair on the purgation of the Institute by Vaublanc, the minister of the interior under Richelieu's ministry. He happily apologized for his bitter epigrams by comparing himself to a flint. "If sparks fly from me, the fault is not mine, but that of the striker." See Merlet's "Tableau de la Litterature Française,' 1800-1815 (Paris, Didier, 1883), tome i. p. 414. He is described as wishing to praise Napoleon only after his fall. He lived to regain his chair.

† Baron Louis Pierre Edouard Bignon, long engaged in the Emperor's diplomatic service, and who was under secretary of state during the *Cent Jours*. He signed the capitulation of Paris in 1815, as in temporary charge of the Foreign Office. He commenced this contemplated history, in which he would have been assisted by Maret, Duc de Bassano (see Ernouf's "Life of Maret," p. 194), but he died in 1841, leaving it incomplete.

out of my civil list, which savings amounted to more than twelve millions per annum: my memory is good. 2. The produce of this portfolio. 3. The furniture of my palaces, such as it was in 1814, including the palaces of Rome, Florence, and Turin. All this furniture was purchased with moneys accruing from the civil list. 4. The proceeds of my houses in the kingdom of Italy, such as money, plate, jewels, furniture, equipages; the accounts of which will be rendered by Prince Eugene and the intendant of the crown, Compagnoni. NAPOLEON.

2. I bequeath my private domain, one-half to the surviving officers and soldiers of the French army who have fought since 1792 to 1815 for the glory and the independence of the nation, the distribution to be made in proportion to their appointments upon active service, and one-half to the towns and districts of Alsace, Lorraine, Franche-Comté, Burgundy, the Isle of France, Champagne, Forez, Dauphiné, which may have suffered by either of the invasions. There shall be previously set apart from this sum one million for the town of Brienne, and one million for that of Méry.

I appoint Counts Montholon and Bertrand, and Marchand, the executors of my will.

This present will, wholly written with my own hand, is signed and sealed with my own arms.

(L. S.) NAPOLEON.

LIST (A).

Annexed to my will.

I.

1. The consecrated vessels which have been in use at my chapel at Longwood.

2. I direct Abbé Vignale to preserve them, and to deliver them to my son when he shall reach the age of sixteen years.

II.

1. My arms; that is to say, my sword, that which I wore at Austerlitz, the saber of Sobieski, my dagger, my sword, my hunting knife, my two pairs of Versailles pistols.

2. My gold dressing-case, that which I made use of on the morning of Ulm and of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Eylau, of Friedland, of the Island

of Lobau, of the Moskwa, of Montmirail. In this point of view it is my wish that it may be precious in the eyes of my son. (It has been deposited with Count Bertrand since 1814.)

3. I charge Count Bertrand with the care of preserving these objects, and of conveying them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

III.

1. Three small mahogany boxes, containing, the first, thirty-three snuff-boxes or *bonbonnières;* the second, twelve boxes with the imperial arms, two small eye-telescopes and four boxes found on the table of Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries on the 20th of March, 1815; the third, three snuff-boxes, ornamented with silver medals habitually used by the Emperor, and sundry articles for the use of the toilet, according to the list numbered I., II., III.

2. My field-bed, which I used in all my campaigns.

3. My field-telescope.

4. My dressing-case, one of each of my uniforms, a dozen of shirts, and a complete set of each of my dresses, and generally of everything used in my toilet.

5. My wash-hand-stand.

6. A small clock which is in my bedchamber at Longwood.

7. My two watches, and the chain of the Empress's hair.

8. I intrust the care of these articles to Marchand, my principal *valet de chambre*, and direct him to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

IV.

1. My cabinet of medals.

2. My plate and my Sèvres china, which I used at St. Helena. (Lists B and C.)

3. I request Count Montholon to take care of these articles, and to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

V.

1. My three saddles and bridles, my spurs which I used at St. Helena.

2. My fowling-pieces, to the number of five.

3. I charge my *chasseur*, Novarre, with the care of these articles, and direct him to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

VI.

1. Four hundred volumes, selected from those in my library which I have been accustomed to use the most.

2. I direct Saint Denis to take care of them, and to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

NAPOLEON.

VII.

1. None of the articles which have been used by me shall be sold: the residue shall be divided amongst the executors of my will and my brothers.

2. Marchand shall preserve my hair, and cause a bracelet to be made of it, with a little gold clasp, to be sent to the Empress Maria Louisa, to my mother, and to each of my brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, the cardinal, and one of larger size for my son.

3. Marchand will send one pair of my gold shoe-buckles to Prince Joseph.

4. A small pair of gold knee-buckles to Prince Lucien.

5. A gold collar-clasp to Prince Jerome.

Inventory of my Effects which Marchand will take care of and convey to my son.

1. My silver dressing-case, that which is on my table, furnished with all its utensils, razors, etc.

2. My alarm-clock: it is the alarm-clock of Frederick II., which I took at Potsdam. (In box No. III.)

3. My two watches, with the chains of the Empress's hair, and a chain of my own hair for the other watch: Marchand will get it made at Paris.

4. My two seals (one the seal of France, contained in box No. III.).

5. The small gold clock which is now in my bedchamber.

6. My wash-hand-stand, its water-jug, foot-bath, etc.

7. My night-tables, those I used in France, and my silver-gilt bidet.

8. My two iron bedsteads, my mattresses, and my coverlets, if they can be preserved.

9. My three silver flasks, which held my *eau de vie*, and which my *chasseurs* carried in the field.

10. My French telescope.

11. My spurs, two pairs.

12. Three mahogany boxes, Nos. I., II., III., containing my snuff-boxes and other articles.

13. A silver-gilt perfuming pan.

Body Linen.

Six shirts. Six handkerchiefs. Six cravats. Six napkins. Six pairs of silk stockings. Four black stocks. Six pairs of under-stockings. Two pairs of cambric sheets. Two pillow-cases. Two dressing-gowns. Two pairs of night-drawers. One pair of braces. Four pairs of white kerseymere breeches and vests. Six madras hand-kerchiefs. Six flannel waistcoats. Four pairs of drawers. Six pairs of gloves. One small box filled with my snuff.

One gold neck-buckle, one pair gold knee-buckles, one pair gold shoe-buckles, contained in the little box No. III.

Clothes.

One uniform of the Chasseurs. One uniform of the Grenadiers. One uniform of the National Guard. One green-and-gray greatcoat. One blue cloak (that which I had at Marengo). One sable-green pelisse. Two pairs of shoes. Two pairs of boots. One pair of slippers. Six belts.

*Inventory of the Effects which I left in the possession of Monsieur le Comte de Turenne.**

The saber of Sobiesky. [It is, by mistake, inserted in list (A), that being the saber which the Emperor wore at Aboukir, and which is in the hands of Count Bertrand.]

The Grand Collar of the Legion of Honor.

One sword of silver gilt.

One Consular sword.

One sword of iron.

One velvet belt.

The Collar of the Golden Fleece.

One small dressing-case of steel.

One night-lamp of silver.

One handle of an antique saber.

One hat *à la* Henri IV., and a *toque*.† The lace of the Emperor.

One small cabinet of medals.

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* Grand-Maitre de la Garde Robe.

† A velvet hat, with a flat crown, and brims turned up.

Two Turkey carpets.

Two mantles of crimson velvet, embroidered, with vests, and small clothes.

1. I give to my son the saber of Sobiesky.

Do. the Collar of the Legion of Honor.
Do. the silver-gilt sword.
Do. the Consular sword.
Do. the iron sword.
Do. the Collar of the Golden Fleece.
Do. the hat *à la* Henri IV., and the *toque*.
Do. the golden dressing-case for the teeth, which is in the hands of the dentist.

2. To the Empress Maria Louisa my lace.

To Madame the silver night-lamp.

To the cardinal the small steel dressing-case.

To Prince Eugene the wax candlestick, silver gilt.

To the Princess Pauline the small cabinet of medals.

To the Queen of Naples a small Turkey carpet.

To the Queen Hortense a small Turkey carpet.

To Prince Jerome the handle of the antique saber.

To Prince Joseph an embroidered mantle, vest, and small-clothes.

To Prince Lucien an embroidered mantle, vest, and small-clothes,

NAPOLEON.

16*th April*, 1821, LONGWOOD.

This is a Codicil to my Will.

1. It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in midst of the French people whom I loved so well.

2. I bequeath to Counts Bertrand, Montholon, and to Marchand, the money, jewels, plate, china, furniture, books, arms, and generally everything that belongs to me in the Island of St. Helena.

This codicil, entirely written with my own hand, is signed and sealed with my own arms.

(L.S) NAPOLEON. *

This 24th of April, 1821, LONGWOOD.

This is my Codicil, or Note of my last Will.

Out of the settlement of my civil list of Italy, such as money, jewels, plate, linen, equipages, of which the viceroy is the depositary, and

* In the "Refutation de la Relation du Capitaine Maitland," by Barthe (Bruxelles, De Mat. 1828), p. 95 ("Memorial," tome ix.), there is a note to this codicil, saying that it is

which belonged to me, I dispose of two millions, which I bequeath to my most faithful servants. I hope that, without availing himself of any reason to the contrary, my son, Eugene Napoleon,* will pay them faithfully. He cannot forget the forty millions which I gave him in Italy, and in the distribution of the inheritance of his mother.

1. Out of these two millions I bequeath to Count Bertrand five hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit one hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, to be applied according to my dispositions in payments of legacies of conscience.

2. To Count Montholon two hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit one hundred thousand in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

3. To Count Las Cases two hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit one hundred thousand in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

4. To Marchand one hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit fifty thousand in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

5. To Count Lavallette one hundred thousand francs.

6. To General Hogendorf, of Holland, my aid-de-camp, who has retired to the Brazils, fifty thousand francs.

7. To my aid-de-camp, Corbinau, fifty thousand francs.

8. To my aid-de-camp, Caffarelli, fifty thousand francs.

9. To my aid-de-camp, Dejean, fifty thousand francs.

10. To Percy, surgeon-in-chief at Waterloo, fifty thousand francs.

11. Fifty thousand francs, that is to say:

Ten thousand to Peyron, my *maître d'hôtel.*

Ten thousand to Saint-Denis, my head *chasseur.*

Ten thousand to Novarre.

Ten thousand to Corsor, my clerk of the kitchen.

Ten thousand to Archambaud, my *piquer.*

12. To Baron de Meneval fifty thousand francs.

13. To the Duke of Istria, son of Bessières, fifty thousand francs.

14. To the daughter of Duroc fifty thousand francs.

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often omitted in copies of the will, as it appears only to be a repetition. "The will was the real and secret document intrusted to the care of the testamentary executors. This codicil was the fictitious and apparent document which, when presented to Sir Hudson Lowe, left the executors in full liberty to carry out their instructions. Without this necessary precaution the governor would not have failed to place seals on all which belonged to Napoleon, and would have transmitted it to Europe to his government."

* Napoleon had adopted Eugene Beauharnais, the son of Josephine.

15. To the children of Labédoyère fifty thousand francs.

16. To the children of Mouton Duvernet fifty thousand francs.

17. To the children of the brave and virtuous General Travôt fifty thousand francs.

18. To the children of Chartran fifty thousand francs.

19. To General Cambronne fifty thousand francs.

20. To General Lefebvre-Desnouettes fifty thousand francs.

21. To be distributed amongst such proscribed persons as wander in foreign countries, whether they be French, Italians, Belgians, Dutch, Spanish, or inhabitants of the departments of the Rhine, under the directions of my executors, one hundred thousand francs.

22. To be distributed amongst those who suffered amputation, or were severely wounded at Ligny or Waterloo, who may be still living, according to lists drawn up by my executors, to whom shall be added Cambronne, Larrey, Percy, and Emmery. The Guards shall be paid double, those of the Island of Elba quadruple, two hundred thousand francs.

This codicil is written entirely with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms. NAPOLEON.

[On the back was written:]

This is my codicil, or act of my last will, the exact execution of which I recommend to my son, Eugene Napoleon. It is all written by myself.

NAPOLEON.

This 24th of April, 1821, AT LONGWOOD.

This is a third Codicil to my Will of the 15th of April.

1. Amongst the diamonds of the crown which were delivered up in 1814 there were some to the value of fifty million livres not belonging to it, but which formed part of my private property; repossession shall be obtained of them in order to discharge my legacies.

2. I had in the hands of the banker Torlonia, at Rome, bills of exchange to the amount of two or three hundred thousand livres, in bills of exchange, the product of my revenues of the Island of Elba since 1815. The Sieur de la Peyrusse,* although no longer my treasurer, and not

* Baron Peyrusse had been treasurer to Napoleon at Elba. In 1829 General Bertrand, with the other executors of this will, certified that Peyrusse had properly accounted for the funds in question, and that this paragraph had been dictated in ignorance of the facts of the case; see "Meneval," tome ii. p. 95.

invested with any such office, possessed himself of this sum. He shall be compelled to refund it.

3. I bequeath to the Duke of Istria * three hundred thousand francs, of which only one hundred thousand francs shall be reversible to his widow, should the duke be dead before payment of the legacy. It is my wish, should there be no inconvenience in it, that the duke may marry Duroc's daughter.

4. I bequeath to the Duchess of Frioul, the daughter of Duroc, † two hundred thousand francs; should she be dead before the payment of this legacy none of it shall be given to the mother.

5. I bequeath to General Rigaud ‡ (to him who was proscribed) one hundred thousand francs.

6. I bequeath to Bosnoid, the intendant-commissary, one hundred thousand francs.

7. I bequeath to the children of General Letort,§ who was killed in the campaign of 1815, one hundred thousand francs.

8 These eight hundred thousand francs of legacies shall be considered as inserted at the end of article thirty-six of my testament, which will make the legacies I have disposed of by will amount to the sum of six millions four hundred thousand francs, without including the donations I have made by my second codicil.

This is written with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms.

(L. S.) NAPOLEON.

[On the outside, nearly in the center, is written :]

This is my third codicil to my will, entirely written with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms.

[The words are intermixed with the signatures of Bertrand. Montholon, Marchand, and Vignale, with their respective seals; and a

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* This refers to the son of Marshal Bessières; the marshal had been killed in 1813; his son married a daughter of Joseph, Comte de Lagrange.

† Duroc, the grand maréchal du palais, had been killed in 1813. His widow, a daughter of the Spanish banker and minister, Hervas d'Almenara, after Duroc's death married a M. Fabvier. The duchy was given by Napoleon to Duroc's daughter.

‡ General Rigaud had been tried at Paris and sentenced to be shot on 16th May, 1816, but had escaped abroad ("Vaulabelle," tome iv. p. 210).

§ General Letort, who was mortally wounded on 15th June, 1815, when ordered by the Emperor to charge the Prussians with his escort, some squadrons of cavalry of the guard. "No officer," said Napoleon, "possessed in a higher degree the art of leading a charge and communicating an electric spark to men and horses. At his voice and example the most timid became the most intrepid" (Auvergne's "Waterloo," p. 69).

piece of green silk runs through the center. On the upper left corner are the following directions :]

To be opened the same day, and immediately after the opening of my will. NAPOLEON.

This 24th of April, 1821, LONGWOOD.

This is a fourth Codicil to my Testament.

By the dispositions we have heretofore made we have not fulfilled all our obligations, which has decided us to make this fourth codicil.

1. We bequeath to the son or grandson of Baron Dutheil, lieutenant-general of artillery, and formerly Lord of St. André, who commanded the school of Auxonne before the Revolution, the sum of one hundred thousand francs, as a memento of gratitude for the care which that brave general took of us when we were lieutenant and captain under his orders.*

2. Item. To the son or grandson of General Dugomier, who commanded in chief the army of Toulon, the sum of one hundred thousand francs. We, under his orders, directed that siege, and commanded the artillery ; it is a testimonial of remembrance for the marks of esteem, affection, and friendship which that brave and intrepid general gave us. †

3. Item. We bequeath one hundred thousand francs to the son or grandson of the deputy of the Convention, Gasparin, representative of the people to the army of Toulon, for having protected and sanctioned with his authority the plan we had given, which procured the capture of that city, and which was contrary to that sent by the committee of public safety. Gasparin, by his protection, sheltered us from the persecution and ignorance of the staff-officers who commanded the army before the arrival of my friend Dugomier. ‡

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*The Baron Dutheil or Duteil commanded the school of artillery at Auxonne when Lieutenant Bonaparte rejoined his regiment there in May, 1788. General Duteil was at Nice when Bonaparte, then captain of artillery, joined there in June, 1793, and he had the young captain attached to one of the companies of artillery.

†General Jean Francis Coquille Dugomier, highly praised by Napoleon, was nominated by the influence of the two Robespierres and of Barras to supersede Carteaux (or rather nominally Doppet) in the attack of Toulon in 1793. After his arrival the siege rapidly progressed. He was killed in 1794, while in command of the army of the Eastern Pyrenees.

‡Gasparin and Salicetti, the two representatives of the assembly with Carteaux's army when it attacked Toulon, nominated Bonaparte to succeed the head of the artillery, Donmartin, wounded on the 7th of September, 1793. Gasparin was much taken with Bonaparte, and patronized him and his family, then in distress in France. Gasparin, writing to Salicetti on 30th September, 1793, says, "Bonna Parte [*sic*], the only

4 Item. We bequeath one hundred thousand francs to the widow, son, or grandson of our aid-de-camp, Muiron, killed at our side at Arcola, covering us with his body.

5. Item. Ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer, Cantillon, who has undergone a trial upon a charge of having endeavored to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that *oligarchist* as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify it by pleading the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had really assassinated that lord, would have pleaded the same excuse, and been justified by the same motive—the interest of France—to get rid of this general, who, moreover, by violating the capitulation of Paris, had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs, Ney, Labédoyère, etc., and for the crime of having pillaged the museums, contrary to the text of the treaties.*

6. These four hundred and ten thousand francs shall be added to the six million four hundred thousand of which we have disposed, and will make our legacies amount to six million eight hundred and ten thousand francs; these four hundred and ten thousand are to be considered as forming part of our testament, article thirty-six, and to follow in every respect the same course as the other legacies.

7. The nine thousand livres sterling which we gave to Count and Countess Montholon should, if they have been paid, be deducted and carried to the account of the legacies which we have given him by our testament. If they have not been paid, our notes of hand shall be annulled.

8. In consideration of the legacy given by our will to Count Montholon, the pension of twenty thousand francs granted to his wife is annulled. Count Montholon is charged with the payment of it to her.

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captain fit to plan operations, has already too much work in the management of all details of the artillery" (Iung's "Bonaparte," tome ii. pp. 380–386). Napoleon at St. Helena said that Gasparin got his plan for taking Toulon adopted, and opened his career ("Memorial," tome i. pp. 164–166).

* On the 11th of February, 1818, a pistol shot was fired at the Duke of Wellington as he entered his hotel at Paris. A retired officer, Cantillon, or Catillon, and a M. Marinet, *avocat au conseil d'Etat* (already under the sentence of the law), were tried for this but acquitted ("Lacretelle," tome ii. p. 238). This item of the will must be taken as merely dictated by irritation produced by ill-health and confinement, as it is at complete variance with Napoleon's ordinary sentiments and actions. We have it on the authority of Henry Greville (Second Series, p. 216) that the legacy to Cantillon was paid by Louis Napoleon in 1855.

9. The administration of such an inheritance, until its final liquidation, requiring expenses of offices, journeys, missions, consultations, and lawsuits, we allow that our testamentary executors retain three per cent. upon all the legacies, as well upon the six million eight hundred thousand francs as upon the sums contained in the codicils, and upon the two hundred million francs of the private domain.

10. The amount of the sums thus retained shall be deposited in the hands of a treasurer, and disbursed by drafts from our testamentary executors.

11. Should the sums arising from the aforesaid deductions not be sufficient to defray the expenses, provision shall be made to that effect at the expense of the three testamentary executors and the treasurer, each in proportion to the legacy which we have bequeathed to them in our will and codicils.

12. Should the sums arising from the before-mentioned subtractions be more than necessary, the surplus shall be divided amongst our three testamentary executors and the treasurer, in the proportion of their respective legacies.

13. We nominate Count Las Cases, and in default of him his son, and in default of the latter General Drouot, to be treasurer.

This present codicil is entirely written with our hand, signed, and sealed with our arms. NAPOLEON.

This 24th of April, 1821, LONGWOOD.

This is my Codicil, or Act of my last Will.

Upon the funds remitted in gold to the Empress Maria Louisa, my very dear and well-beloved spouse, at Orleans, in 1814, she remains in my debt two millions, of which I dispose in the present codicil, for the purpose of recompensing my most faithful servants, whom moreover I recommend to the protection of my dear Maria Louisa.

1. I recommend to the Empress to cause the income of thirty thousand francs, which Count Bertrand possessed in the Duchy of Parma, and upon the Mont-Napoléon at Milan, to be restored to him, as well as the arrears due.

2. I make the same recommendation to her with regard to the Duke of Istria, Duroc's daughter, and others of my servants who have continued faithful to me, and who have never ceased to be dear to me: she knows them.

3. Out of the above-mentioned two millions I bequeath three hundred thousand francs to Count Bertrand, of which he will lodge one

hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, to be employed in legacies of conscience, according to my dispositions.

4. I bequeath two hundred thousand francs to Count Montholon, of which he will lodge one hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

5. Item. Two hundred thousand francs to Count Las Cases, of which he will lodge one hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

6. Item. To Marchand one hundred thousand francs, of which he will place fifty thousand in the treasurer's chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

7. To Jean Jérôme Lewie,* the Mayor of Ajaccio at the commencement of the Revolution, or to his widow, children, or grandchildren, one hundred thousand francs.

8. To Duroc's daughter one hundred thousand francs.

9. To the son of Bessières, Duke of Istria, one hundred thousand francs.

10. To General Drouot one hundred thousand francs.

11. To Count Lavallette one hundred thousand francs.

12. Item. One hundred thousand francs: that is to say:
Twenty-five thousand to Peyron, my *maître d'hôtel*.
Twenty-five thousand to Novarre, my *chasseur*.
Twenty-five thousand to Saint-Denis, the keeper of my accounts.
Twenty-five thousand to Santini,† my former usher.

13. Item. One hundred thousand francs; that is to say:
Forty thousand to Planat,‡ my orderly officer.
Twenty thousand to Hébert, lately *concierge* of Rambouillet, and who belonged to my chamber in Egypt.
Twenty thousand to Lavigne, who was lately *concierge* of one of my stables, and who was my *piqueur* in Egypt.
Twenty thousand to Jeanet Dervieux, who was overseer of the stables, and served me in Egypt.

14. Two hundred thousand francs shall be distributed in alms to the inhabitants of Brienne-le-Château who have suffered most.

15. The three hundred thousand francs remaining shall be distributed

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* Jean Jérôme Lewie or Levie, a connection of the Bonapartes, installed by their party as mayor of Ajaccio in 1789; see Iung's "Bonaparte," tome i., p. 238.

† For the later adventures of Santini see the "Memorial," tome viii. p. 410.

‡ Planat, who had accompanied Napoleon to the *Bellerophon*, but who had been left at Plymouth, had suffered much distress until relieved by Jerome. He had, too late, received permission to go out to St. Helena; see the "Memorial," tome viii. pp. 348, 392.

to the officers and soldiers of the battalion of my guard at the Island of Elba who may be now alive, or to their widows and children, in proportion to their appointments, and according to an estimate which shall be fixed by my testamentary executors; those who have suffered amputation, or have been severely wounded, shall receive double; the estimate to be fixed by Larrey and Emmery.

This Codicil is written entirely with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms. NAPOLEON.

[On the back of the Codicil is written:]

This is my codicil, or act of my last will, the execution of which I recommend to my dearest wife, the Empress Maria Louisa.

(L.S.) NAPOLEON.

[Attested by the following witnesses, whose seals are respectively affixed:]

MONTHOLON
BERTRAND
MARCHAND
VIGNALE
} Attached to a piece of green silk.

Letter to M. Lafitte.

Monsieur Lafitte, I remitted to you in 1815, at the moment of my departure from Paris, a sum of near six millions, for which you have given me a receipt in duplicate. I have canceled one of the receipts, and I charge Count Montholon to present you with the other receipt, in order that you may pay to him, after my death, the said sum, with interest at the rate of five per cent. from the 1st of July, 1815, deducting the payments which you have been instructed to make by virtue of my orders.

It is my wish that the settlement of your account may be agreed upon between you, Count Montholon, Count Bertrand, and the Sieur Marchand; and this settlement being made, I give you, by these presents, a complete and absolute discharge from the said sum.

I also, at that time, placed in your hands a box containing my cabinet of medals. I beg you will give it to Count Montholon.

This letter having no other object, I pray God, Monsieur Lafitte, to have you in His holy and good keeping. NAPOLEON.

LONGWOOD, ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.
The 25th of April, 1821.

Letter to M. Labouillerie.

Monsieur le Baron Labouillerie, treasurer of my private domain, I beg you to deliver the account and the balance, after my death, to Count Montholon, whom I have charged with the execution of my will.

This letter having no other object, I pray God, Monsieur le Baron Labouillerie, to have you in His holy and good keeping.

NAPOLEON.*

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* For the Will of Napoleon see "Refutation," by Barthe, pp. 80–108, and "Norvins," pp. 721–732. The legacies in the Will were not fully paid until by Napoleon III. in 1855.

END OF VOLUME THREE.